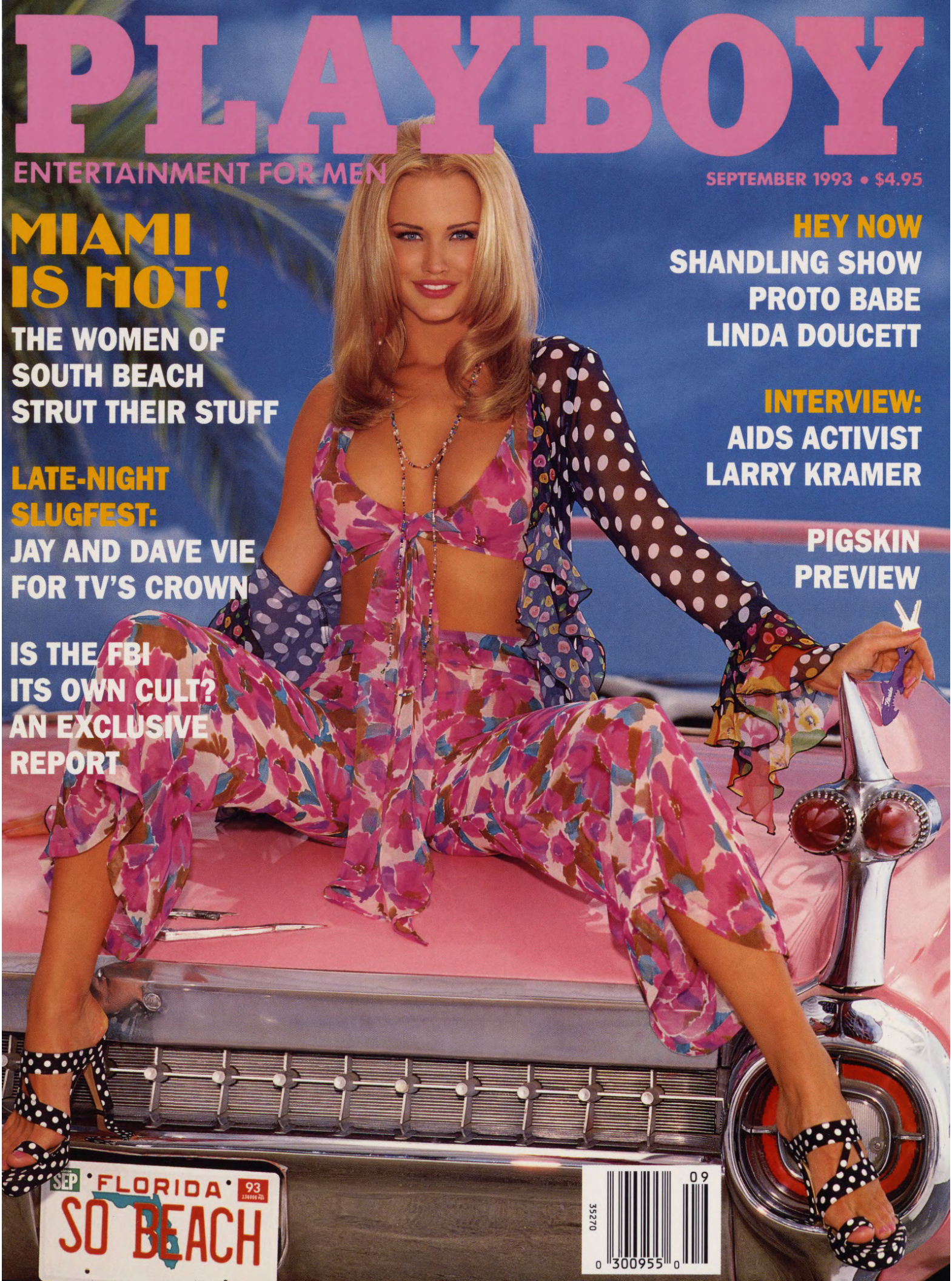
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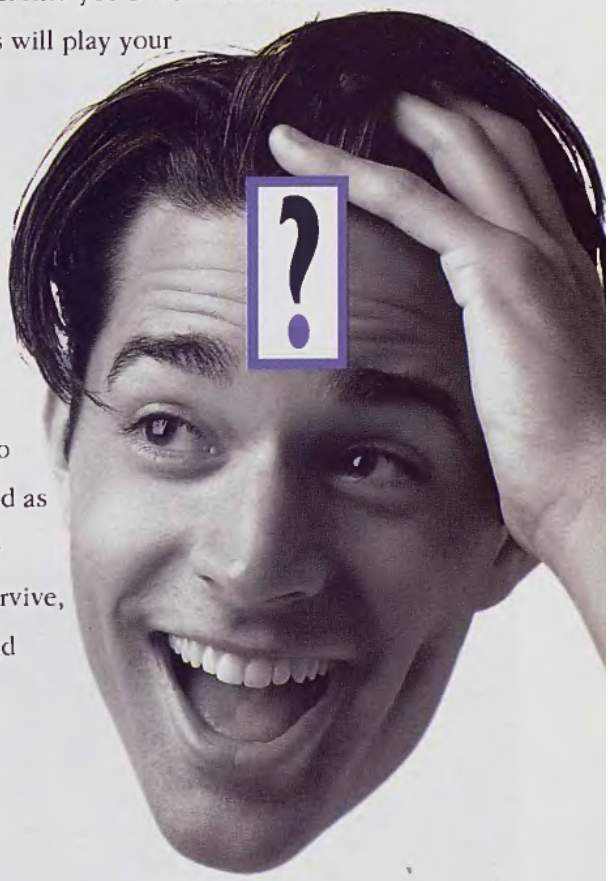

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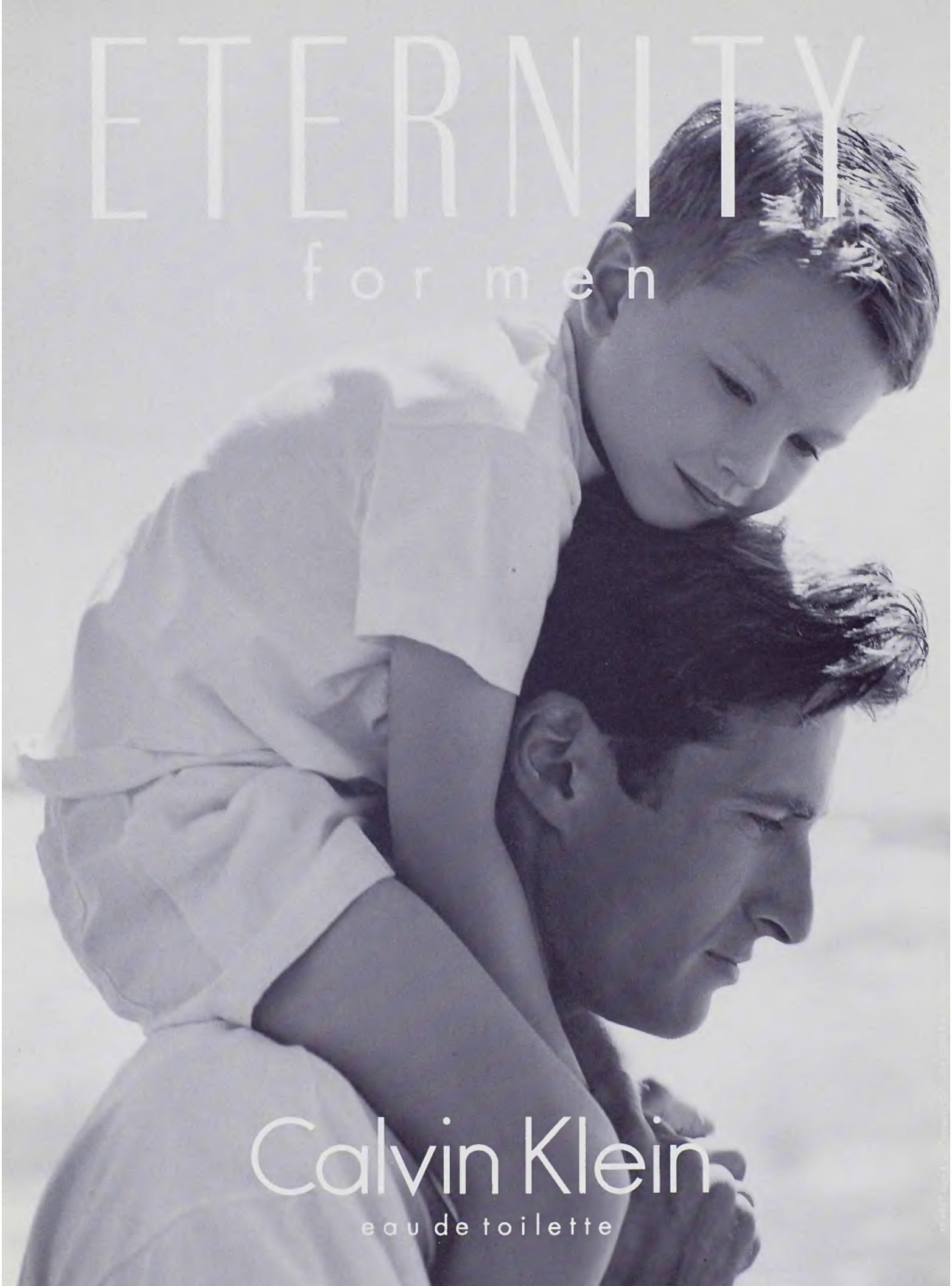
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IN COMEDY'S fun house, nobody likes the hall of mirrors more than Garry Shandling. In an upcoming episode of Shandling's cable TV series, *The Larry Sanders Show*, Darlene—sidekick **Hank Kingsley's** able-bodied assistant, played by **Linda Doucett**—catches the eye of PLAYBOY founder **Hugh M. Hefner** (guest-starring as himself) and poses for PLAYBOY. And in a fantasy come true, Doucett the actress does the same for Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** in this month's pictorial, *Showstopper*. Kingsley, the lucky guy, volunteered to write her story.

It's what Hollywood calls high concept: An issue with both the top fictitious TV talkfest—Sanders' show—and *Late-Night Wars* by *New York* contributing editor **Eric Pooley.** As David Letterman moves to Jay Leno's side of midnight, Pooley sets the stage for the clash of the true talk-show titans. **Carter Goodrich** provides the art.

The FBI myth has suffered lately. Weeks before David Koresh's federally funded funeral pyre, former Manhattan assistant D.A. **David Heilbroner** inspected the FBI Academy at Quantico. In *Blundering Toward Waco* (art by **Wilson McLean**), Heilbroner—who tested as a crack shot—takes aim at the hostage rescue teams that tried to outfox the Waco wacko.

Despite the odds, filmmaker **John Singleton** made the grade and received two Oscar nominations for *Boyz N the Hood*. In *John Singleton Talks Tough*, with Contributing Editor **David Rensin,** the brash B-boy slams racism and talks about his next effort, *Poetic Justice*, and getting laid. Rensin softens for his next gig, a *20 Questions* with sweet, petite **Sarah Jessica Parker.** The spunky actress opens her pantie drawer and tells how she handled a gun in her new flick, *Striking Distance*. If there's anyone less like Parker and more in-your-face than Singleton, it's volatile AIDS activist **Larry Kramer.** PLAYBOY alum **David Nimmons** conducted this explosive *Playboy Interview*, in which Kramer says that the government's big money battle against the disease is a joke.

For mafiosi, after *omerta*—their code of honor—good food makes life worth taking. **"Joe Dogs" Iannuzzi,** author of *The Mafia Cookbook* (excerpted from Simon & Schuster's *libro* edited by Robert F. X. Druryard and Carolyn Beauchamp), may have lost his honor (he turned informant), but he still has recipes. It's a matter of survival, as is our fiction this month. In an excerpt from *To the White Sea* (Houghton Mifflin), by award-winning novelist **James Dickey,** a U.S. airman is on the run in World War Two Japan. **Kent Williams** did the art.

Why Is Sex Fun? asks **Jared Diamond,** author of *The Third Chimpanzee*, in his *Mantrack* guest opinion. He compares our sexual habits with those of animals. Fortunately for us, we're a lot kinkier. In *The Playboy Forum* **Peter McWilliams** attacks our laws on consensual crimes in an excerpt from *Ain't Nobody's Business If You Do*, his book due out from Prelude Press this fall. Fall means football and, unlike most fans, PLAYBOY's Sports Editor **Gary Cole** commits his college picks to *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* well before the season starts—which is also a good time to think about a winter vacation. Peruse our package, *Miami Heat* (photos by **Byron Newman**), and let sizzling writer **Pat Booth** (*All for Love*, Crown 1993) guide you. She tells you *Where the Girls Are* and recommends you get there on a Harley. Of course, our resident gearhead, **Ken Gross,** suggests the 1957 Chevy Chezoom in his *Return of the Rod* feature. And if you can't get away, you might as well look good—check out Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne's** *Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*.

At last, we come upon *Water Baby*, **Carrie Westcott,** our mermaid, er, Playmate of the Month. She loves the ocean. Don't you love the ocean, too?

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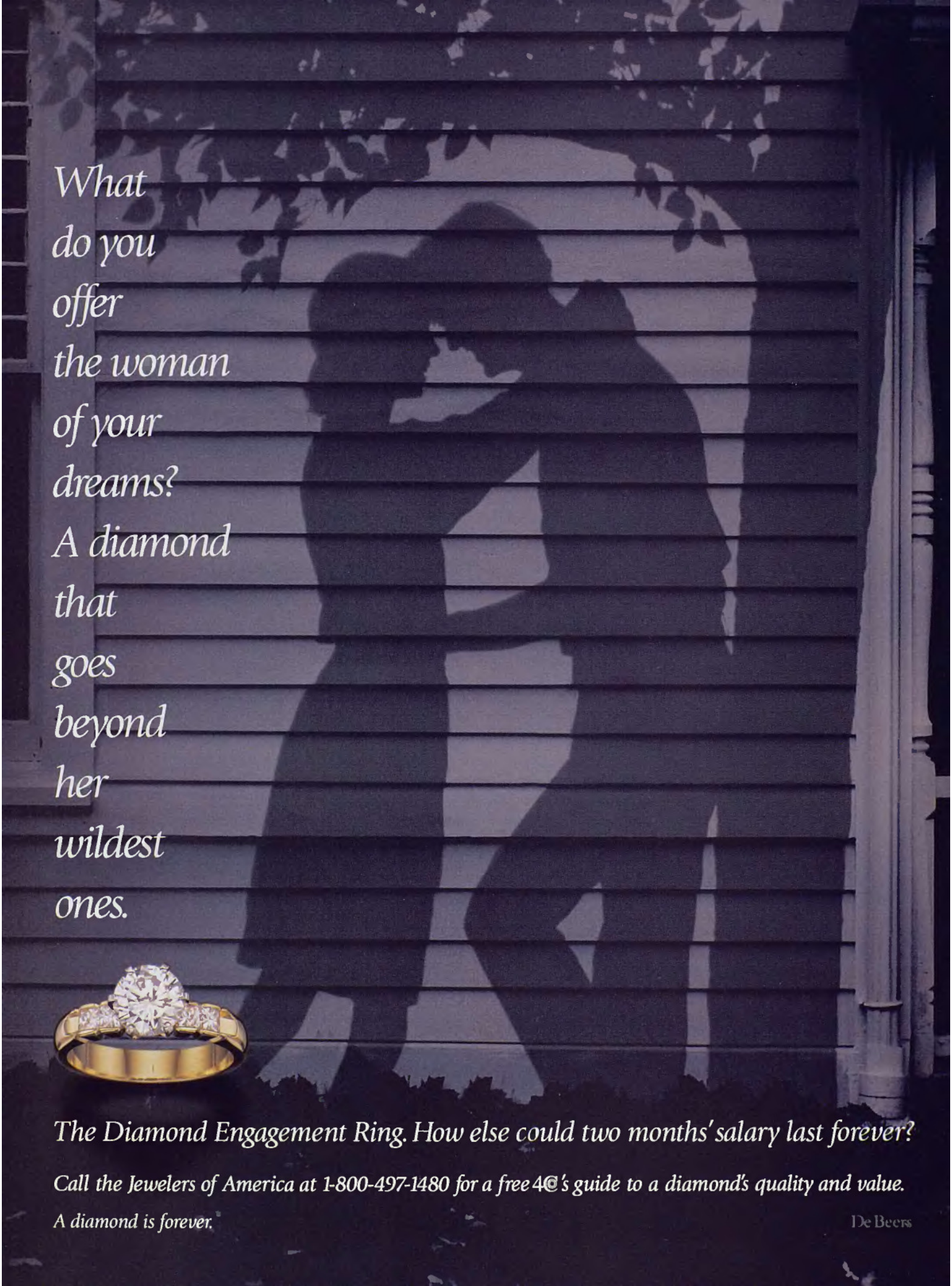

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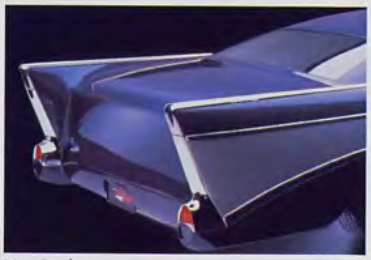

Hot Rods P. 92

COVER STORY

Cover girl Jennifer Driver (for Rumor Model Management, Miami) welcomes you to Florida's South Beach—the girl-watching capital of the universe, where models jet in from around the world to get tan, get lean and be seen. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for styling Jennifer's hair and makeup. By the way, when it comes to beautiful women, our Rabbit holds the key.

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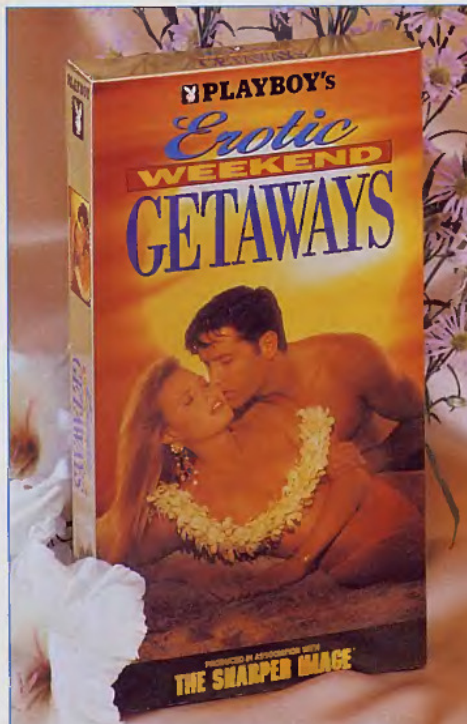

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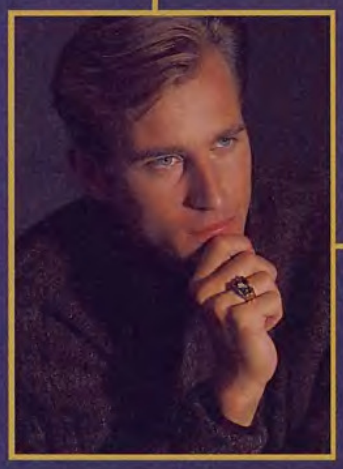

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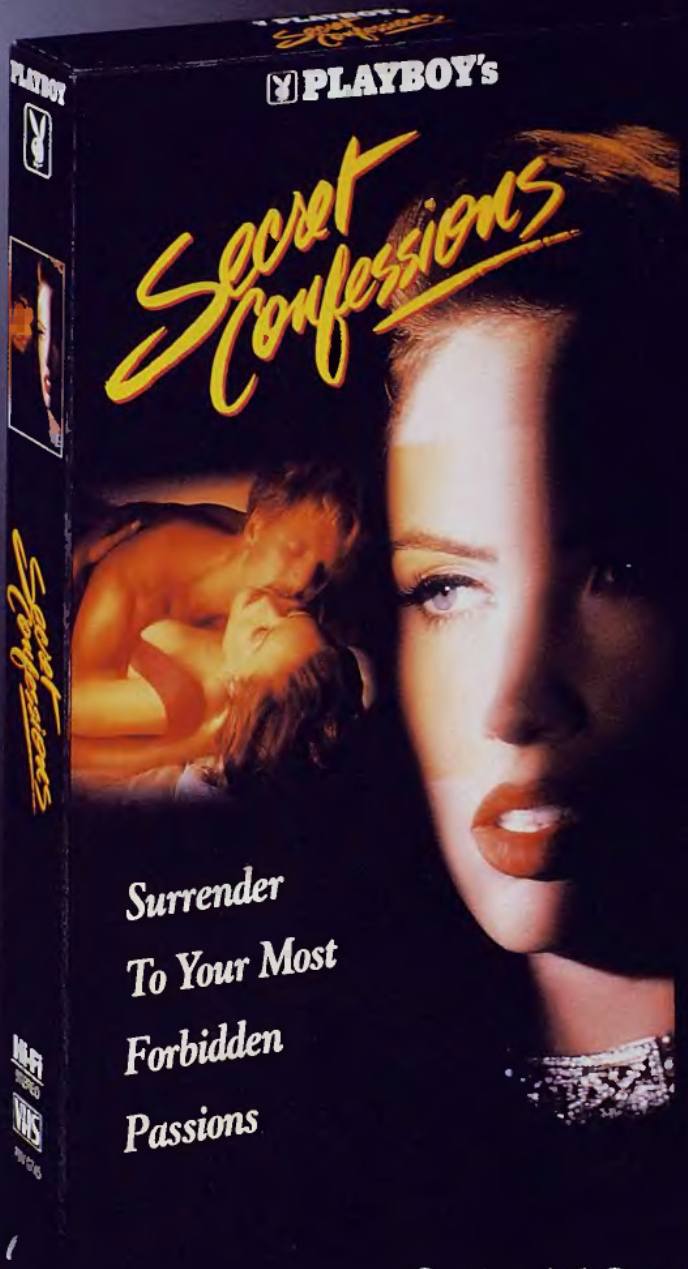

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ROSEANNE AND TOM ARNOLD

I realize you are aware that a large segment of the population will slow down to look at the smeared remains of a run-over dog on the road. Perhaps you appealed to that segment with your June *Playboy Interview* with Roseanne and Tom Arnold. I, for one, resent the sensationalism of this opportunistic couple and their hideous portrayal of themselves to Contributing Editor David Rensin.

I never had an opinion on Roseanne and her husband before I read this interview, but I sure do now: Yuck!

Dawn E. Woltz
Bakersfield, California

For years I have read your interviews in my husband's PLAYBOY and usually I love them. But I can't get over the filthy mouths of Roseanne and Tom Arnold. Roseanne is a disgrace to women, and both of them are gross. As if we really care about him throwing her fat ass up against the wall, etc.

I figure that the only reason her show does so well is that there are a lot of ignorant people in the world. As for her getting an Oscar—ha! She's no actress. She just plays her own fat, sarcastic self.

Nanci Jensen
Knoxville, Tennessee

In no way do Tom and Roseanne Arnold offend me. I applaud them for their honesty and their devotion to each other. They have succeeded in two areas where it is difficult to find success: love and a high-rated sitcom. My only problem is that I don't think either one of them is funny.

Chris DeGuire
Kenosha, Wisconsin

DEATH IN BANGKOK

Dan Simmons' *Death in Bangkok* in your June issue is the most compelling short story I've read in a long time. Once caught up in Simmons' hypnotic and captivating style, I couldn't tear myself away from this erotic and chilling tale. I'm hoping Simmons writes another thriller like this one soon.

Thom Syzdek
Plainville, Connecticut

REBECCA DE MORNAY

Contributing Editor David Rensin's *20 Questions* with Rebecca De Mornay in your June issue is intriguing, particularly after she showed so much anger and passion in *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*. The interview reveals an intelligent and modern woman with a wide range of views. I like her ideas about the mysteries of male–female relationships.

Clarence Kidd
Dana, Kentucky

OF LUST AND ARMS

The earnest tone of William Broyles, Jr.'s, *Of Lust and Arms* (PLAYBOY, June) had me fooled right up to the end. But it was, at last, only a pastiche of PC rhetoric cloaked in neo-macho anecdotes and half-digested notions of the Freudian death instinct.

While his characterization of how and why we make a soldier seems wholly accurate, what am I to conclude from Broyles' assertion that we shouldn't care who or what our soldiers hump, so long as they are hard-brawling S.O.B.s?

T. Gabriel Thrower
Baltimore, Maryland

Of Lust and Arms is the first plausible argument I've encountered that makes me hesitate to give my wholehearted support to the idea of allowing admitted homosexuals into the military. The delicate balance of the homoerotic bonding that takes place in fighting units is, indeed, a dangerous one to upset, and I can understand why an overt homosexual would make that bonding more difficult, if not impossible.

But underlying Broyles' theory is a deeper truth, which is that preparing

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men for the inherent ugliness and horror of war begins with a basic, and necessary, bending and distortion of the human spirit. Broyles rightly calls it "stupid, sexist and degrading." Why anyone—women, gays or whoever—would be eager to submit to this fundamental distortion (from which, as we know, many soldiers never recover) is beyond me.

Paula Martin
Rochester, New York

THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE

Having recently become engaged, I read Denis Boyles' *The Thinking Man's Guide to Marriage* (PLAYBOY, June) with great interest. The article is full of wit and wisdom that I'm glad I read now, rather than later. I remain confident that despite the possible pitfalls Boyles describes, I've made the right decision by asking my fiancée to marry me. On the other hand, I now understand the wisdom of staying engaged as long as possible.

Tom Wright
Canton, Ohio

ALESHA MARIE ORESKOVICH

I was struck breathless and speechless by the centerfold of June Playmate Alesha Marie Oreskovich. She is almost too beautiful to be human. If Alesha isn't voted the Playmate of the Year, there isn't justice in the world.

Dan Jacobson
Thunder Bay, Ontario

I couldn't help but notice the similarities between Alesha Marie Oreskovich and another favorite past Playmate of mine, Nancie Li Brandi (PLAYBOY, December 1975). A side-by-side comparison of the two centerfolds shows a remarkable similarity.

Robert F. Condor
Gloucester, Ontario

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

The selection of Anna Nicole Smith as Playmate of the Year (PLAYBOY, June) was the perfect choice. Not only is she as beautiful as her name, but she has all the attributes to qualify her for a high place on anyone's top-ten list of all-time fabulous Playmates, along with Donna Michelle, DeDe Lind and Kathy Shower. Her features are those of the goddess Venus personified.

Bill Nelson
Phoenix, Arizona

Thanks, PLAYBOY, for giving the world a look at a real woman—not some small, thin beauty that women feel pressured to look like, but a full-figured woman. Anna Nicole Smith is breathtaking. Real thighs, real hips, real size. A break from all those diets and hard times on the Stairmaster. Speaking for all women with full figures, my gratitude goes to Anna Nicole, and my thanks to PLAYBOY for giving men a vision of real beauty.

Elizabeth Juergens
Denver, Colorado

I'm happy to say that my collection of Anna Nicole Smith's Guess ads is growing large. Ever since receiving my June PLAYBOY, I've gathered every magazine

that might possibly have a Guess Jeans advertisement in it. Anna has a combination of Marilyn Monroe–like beauty and a Jane Russell figure.

In this age of the skeletal model, Anna Nicole is the happy exception.

Sean Foster
West Decatur, Pennsylvania

THE FEMALE SIDE OF THE STREET

I very much respect and appreciate Contributing Editor Asa Baber's *Men* column, "The Female Side of the Street," in your June issue. I was recently shooting pool at a bar in Jackson, Wyoming and had to go to the ladies' room. A group of men were playing Foosball near the door, shouting and having a good time. I know they probably meant me no harm, but I was scared to death to walk through them. I wished I could make them treat me as I think they would have treated my mother. My mother had a way of carrying herself with a look of respect and got it without saying a word. I consider myself a pretty tough bird, so it pissed me off that I allowed myself for a moment to fear that group of men.

As I walked by, one guy made an out-of-line comment, but as my mother would have done, I simply ignored him. This incident is an example of what Asa Baber was writing about. Again, I thank him for taking the time to see the woman's side.

Susan Harvell
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Get real, Asa. Sure, the streets are unsafe—for both men and women. We all take our chances. Sure, women can be intimidated by men when crossing the street. Life's a bitch. But that's life today. Were I a woman, I'd be insulted by your rules. As a man, I'm ashamed that you believe women to be nothing more than helpless victims of male depravity. If my mere presence is enough of a threat to cause a woman anxiety, it's her problem. I do not feel obligated to take steps to make her feel better just because I'm standing there minding my own business. In conduct and speech I do nothing to warrant such anxiety.

As a white, heterosexual, single male, I already take too much crap from society in general to consider doing as you suggest.

Phillip H. Campbell
Gresham, Oregon

As a man whose wife works the afternoon shift at a hospital and has to catch a bus home at midnight, and who has a daughter who has to walk three blocks home from high school, I wish there were more men like Asa Baber out there on the street, willing to keep their distance from a woman out alone, yet ready to come to her aid if she's in trouble. It may be old-fashioned, but that's my concept of a gentleman.

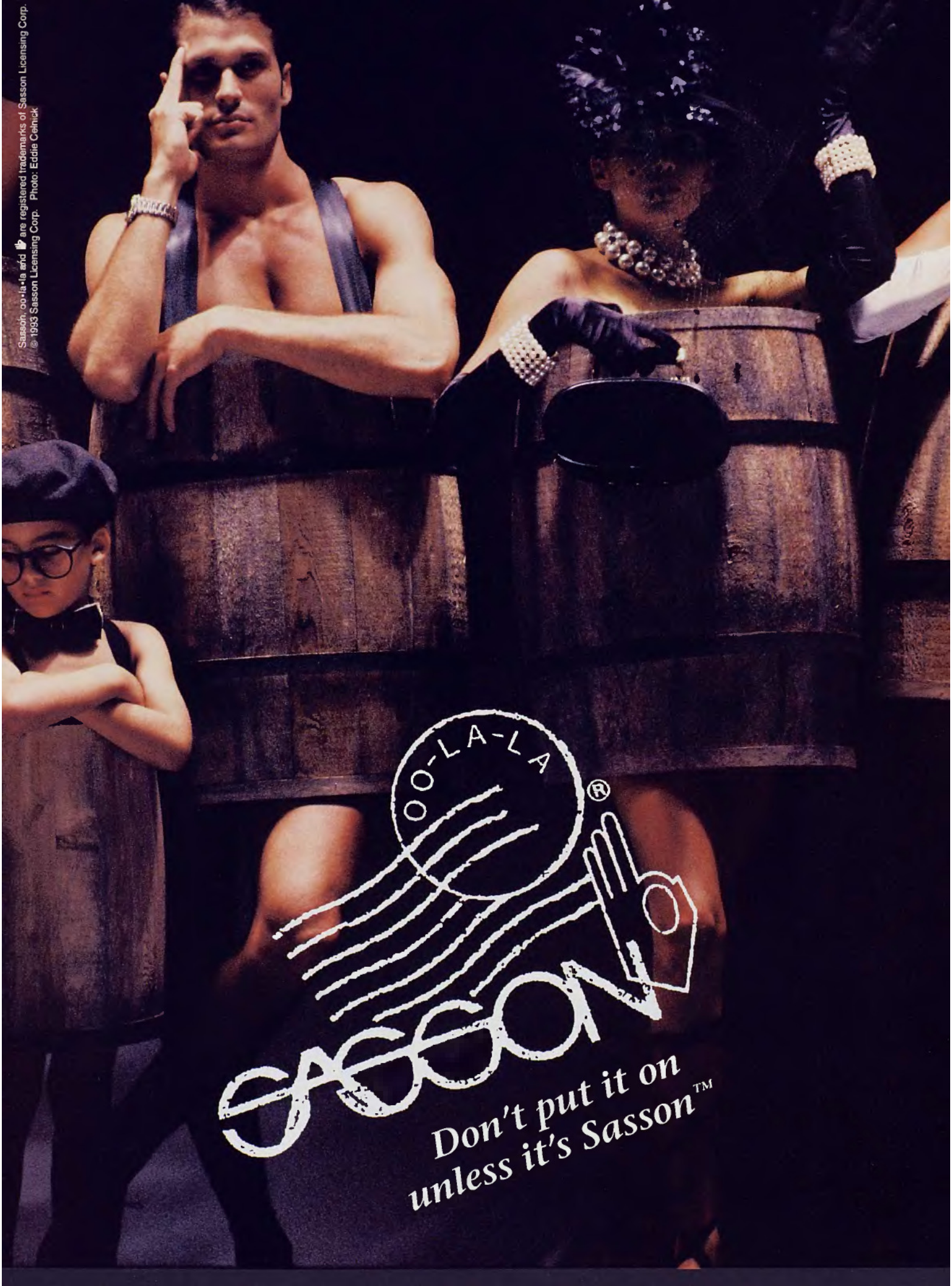
Steve Perez
Brooklyn, New York

Baber, of all people, should know that men are not the bad guys in society. I, for one, will not apologize for the sins—legitimate and imagined—of my sex. It is not a male problem if some women are scared of us. Just as it is ridiculous to suggest that blacks change innocent behaviors so as not to intimidate whites, it is equally reprehensible to suggest that men change their innocent behaviors so that women will not be intimidated by our presence.

Ed Selby
Alpharetta, Georgia

Thank you, thank you, thank you for Asa Baber's column on how men can make women feel more at ease walking on the street with them. I have been trying for years to discuss these real and sometimes debilitating fears with male friends and co-workers but for the most part have been unsuccessful. Female and male experiences in this world are definitely different and I respect, admire and appreciate Baber's willingness to admit this and offer practical instructions for men in regard to their behavior toward women.

Deborah Ryan
Phoenix, Arizona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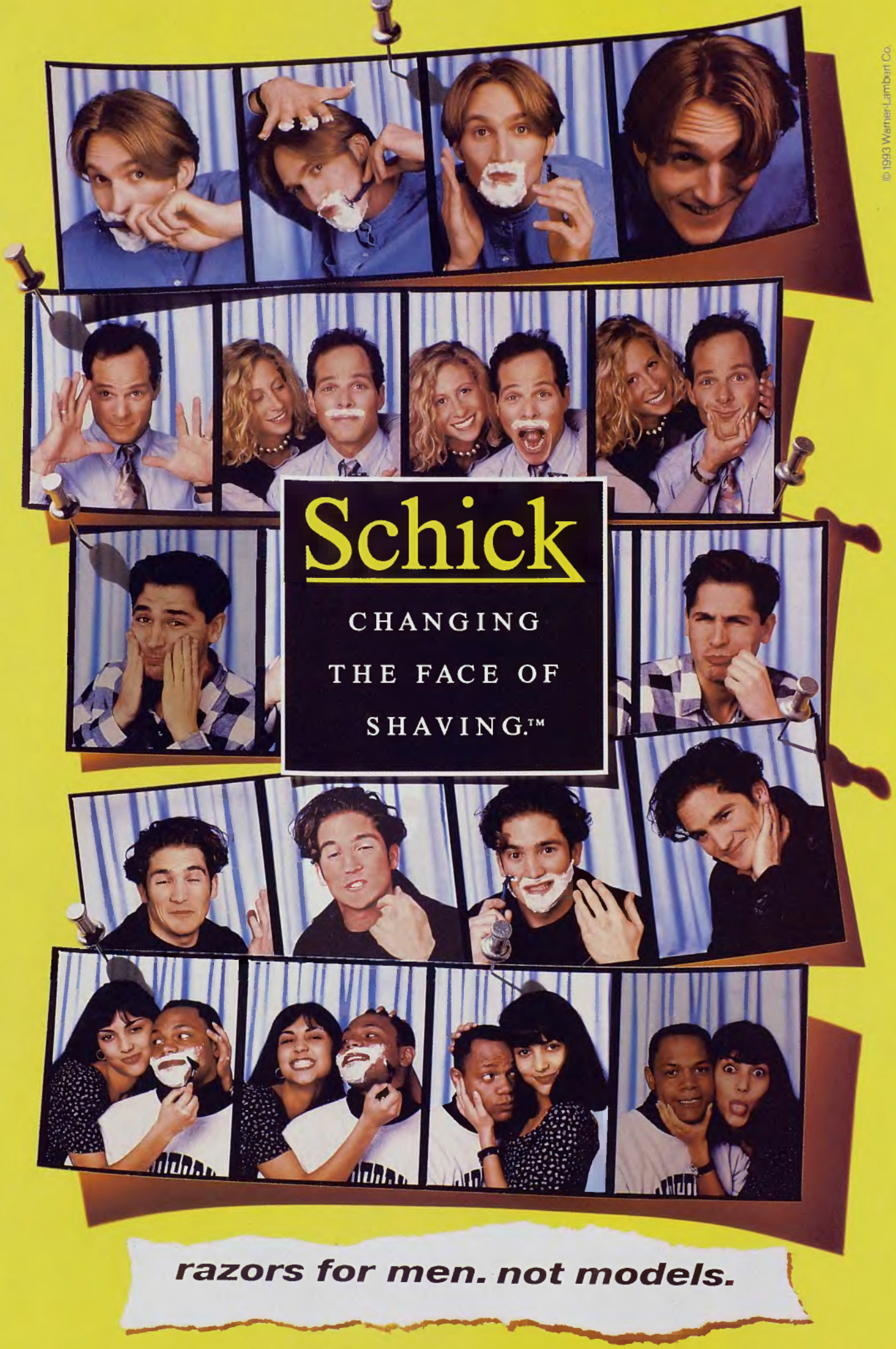

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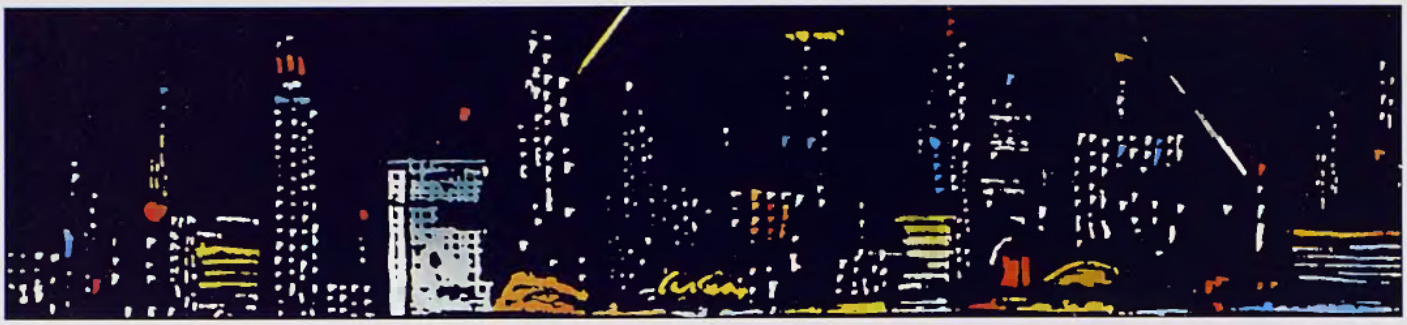
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE 50-MINUTE LEER

We have been taught that therapists are paragons of neutrality, but beneath that unflappable Freudian exterior may lurk rage and loathing. A national study reveals that 31 percent of 285 therapists surveyed reported feeling hatred toward a client. Forty-six percent said they felt so angry that they did something they later regretted. According to survey coauthor Dr. Kenneth Pope, this included being unreasonably critical of the patient, shouting, canceling appointments or abruptly ending therapy. Surprisingly, 87 percent of the group reported feeling sexually attracted toward a client. No wonder it takes so long to work out our problems.

CAN DO

Perhaps you missed it, but the International Toilet Symposium was held in Kobe, Japan this past June. According to a circular, the conference addressed "for the first time in an international context . . . the simple lack of awareness of the present condition of the toilet and the critical need for change." One discussion was titled "Toilet Culture—Past, Present and Future. Our Changing Cities and Lifestyle in the Context of the Toilet." Some see the bowl half full, others half empty.

THE DOG ATE MY EXCUSE

Douglas A. Bernstein, a professor of psychology at the University of Illinois, petitioned his colleagues for the most amazing student excuses they've received. Among such perennial favorites as ill grandparents, broken cars and pregnant pets were these standouts:

I was bereaved: "I couldn't be at the exam because I had to attend the funeral of my girlfriend's dog."

I was making bacon: "I didn't make it to class because a truckful of pigs overturned on the freeway and I had to stop and help the driver round them up."

Bad timing: "I'm too happy to give my presentation tomorrow."

Bad timing, part 2: "I'm too depressed to take the exam. I just found my girlfriend in bed with another man."

It's inconvenient: "I am unable to come to lab because I don't have time."

I was inconvenienced: "I missed the final exam because when I went to the convenience store yesterday, it was robbed and the robber locked the clerk and me in the basement until this morning."

I'm leaving town: "I need to take the final early because the husband of the woman that I'm seeing is threatening to kill me."

Lost sight of deadline: "My paper is late because I lost a pair of eyeballs and couldn't do anything else until I found them." (The student was employed by an eye bank.)

Lost mind: "I flunked the oral exam because I have a split brain and the side that knows the information isn't connected to the side that controls my speech."

THE POINT OF NO RETURN

David Bridges, a 24-year-old Grapevine, Texas man, had stolen a television set from a home and had made a successful getaway. However, he was arrested when he returned to take the remote control unit he had forgotten on the first trip. Meanwhile, in Troy, New York, a man pleaded guilty to robbing a store twice. The second time, he broke the same window and stole the same sort of stuff as he had the first time. The store's name is Déjà Vu.

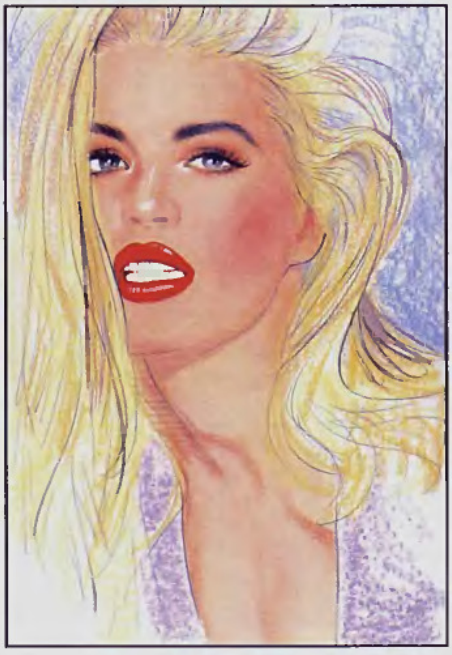


ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

NO PETTING

Citing "many complaints" and the need for a "safe and clean environment," Disney Studios has instructed its animators that they are no longer permitted to bring their pets to the studio. It's a strange rule for a company that made a fortune from animal stories, but inconsistency has been a Disney hallmark since the mustachioed Walt banned facial hair among Disneyland employees. According to one Disney creative consultant, the company is now so rule-bound that some of its employees have taken to calling it Mouschwitz or Duckau.

DID WE SAY THAT?

When foreign films hit our shores, their titles often wind up mangled. American films suffer similar problems when they travel abroad. *City Slickers* became *Life, Love and Cows* when it went to France. *Wayne's World* was *Fused in the Head* in Italy. But our favorite is the Spanish version of *White Men Can't Jump*, which became *White Men Don't Know How to Stick It In.*

A STROKE OF THE PEN

Poet Harry Mathews' slender new book of prose, *Singular Pleasures* (Dalkey Archive), is a handful. In it, he manages to describe 61 images of masturbation in as many pages. A 60-year-old Japanese woman masturbates in front of her pet Siamese, a Canadian adolescent aims a Water Pik at her clitoris, an Eskimo lubes up with dissolved blubber. Some do it on the job: A female museum guard does it near an unfrequented exhibit. Some do it with nerves frayed: a Turkish guy

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Space Marketing Inc. of Roswell, Georgia plans to launch a display satellite in 1996 made of a mile-wide, thin plastic sheet. It will reflect sunlight and will appear at night as a floating billboard the size of the moon.

QUOTE

"No one gets a newspaper without shelling out a quarter. That's pay per read."—TNT CABLE NETWORK OWNER TED TURNER, JUSTIFYING THE INCREASE IN PAY-PER-VIEW SPORTS EVENTS

LOAN STAR STATE

Amount paid by Texas Senator Phil Gramm to contractor and campaign contributor Jerry Stiles for $117,000 of work done on Gramm's vacation home: $63,000. Estimated cost to taxpayers of three failed savings and loans owned by Stiles: $200 million.

•

Amount former Texas Senator and current Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen invested in company started by S&L operator J. Livingston Kosberg four months after Bentsen met with federal regulators on Kosberg's behalf: $100,000. Value of Bentsen's investment three years later: $600,000. Fines paid by Kosberg for violations of federal banking laws in setting up the company: $2.4 million.

•

State with highest number of defaulted savings and loans: Texas.

RETURN TO SENDER, PART 1

Number of suggestions for postage-stamp designs received by the Postal Service's citizens advisory committee each year: 30,000. Average number forwarded to Postmaster General: 24.

THE NEW SERVANT INDUSTRY

Number of Americans working full-time jobs for poverty wages in 1979: 7.8 million. Number in 1990: 14.4 million.

DAINTY DINERS

Percentage of people who believe they have an allergy to food: 25. Percentage who actually have an allergy to food: 2.

HOT SHOTS

Amount the CIA will pay to buy back Stinger missiles secretly supplied to Afghan rebels during the Afghan civil war: $70,000 each. Original price of a Stinger missile: $20,000.

RETURN TO SENDER, PART 2

According to *Congressional Quarterly*, average total amount of public money spent on postage per congressman from 1986 to 1992: $3346. Amount spent by Congressman Dan Rostenkowski during same period: $29,672.

BIG EATERS

In a survey of 47 formerly obese people, number who said they would rather have a leg amputated than be fat again: 43. Number who said they would rather be blind: 42. Number who said they would rather be deaf, dyslexic or diabetic: 47.

ALARMING TENDENCIES

Of the 94 million homes in the U.S., percentage that have alarm systems: 14. Current cost of an alarm system: $1250. Cost in 1970: $3250.

IF THE FERRAGAMO FITS

Percentage of Americans earning less than $15,000 a year who say others are materialistic: 39. Percentage earning $50,000 or more who view others as materialistic: 67.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

trapped in an overturned car and a woman in an airplane that's going down. But the book is not intended as an erotic sliver of life. The critically acclaimed Mathews instead aims to evoke complete people in their most solitary moments. Perhaps he also seeks to capture the sound of one hand clapping.

BEAR FACTS

We note with pleasure Kathleen Meyer's *How to Shit in the Woods* (Ten Speed Press), a book that describes the joys, the challenges, the responsibilities of alfresco dump-taking. The book's primary mission is to instruct those of us who have lost touch with this art as we moved up the ladder of civilization—and moved indoors. So take it along the next time you go out in the great void.

DOING THE WRIGHT THING

The American Institute of Architects is proud of its library and archives. A recent AIA release that announced the library's expansion boasted of its helpfulness to just about anybody—and included in its examples a prisoner in California who "requested information on underground tunnels."

MOPE ART

The Whitney Museum of New York's Biennial—a showcase of contemporary art—was so poorly received that one reviewer called for a boycott of the exhibit. One reason may have been the emergence of a new style of art. According to Whitney curator Elizabeth Sussman, the new trend of mope art—or pathetic art—"uses low culture to think through some very big issues; ideas about the sublime, childhood, child love, sexual roles, adolescence." It can be any number of things that appear to be inept or moronically rendered—a metal basket jammed with beer cans, stick figures painted on canvas or a sculpture made of previously worn, unwashed underwear. "It is supposed to look stupid or laughable," said Ralph Rugoff, a Los Angeles curator who three years ago opened an exhibit of the works of 11 artists he titled *Just Pathetic*, "because it pokes fun at society's fear of failure and it rejects the idealism of high art." Gustave Stern, a former German cultural attaché, produced a rambling 63-page intentionally bad novel about a man who, confusingly, has the same name as his dog. The man wants to be a poet, has no talent—which makes him sad—and dies halfway through. The book bombed: proof the artist succeeded. The Whitney folks must have figured that formula would work for them, too.

PARTING THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

What did hurricanes sound like before there were freight trains?

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

BOTH MADONNA and Kim Basinger were committed at various times to play the title role in ***Boxing Helena*** (Orion Classics). Basinger lost a widely publicized suit for damages after backing away from the part finally taken by Sherilyn Fenn, who makes the most of it. Helena, as you must have heard by now, is a sexy adventuress dallying with a roustabout named Ray (Bill Paxton). Her flagrant promiscuity arouses the jealousy of Nick (Julian Sands), a famous surgeon who thinks he can't live without her. After she suffers a nasty accident near his place, Nick holds Helena captive, secretly amputates her limbs—first her legs, then her arms—and finds his voluptuous Venus no less seductive, icy and distant than she was before. Young writer-director Jennifer Lynch (daughter of David, Fenn's director on *Twin Peaks*) proves that she is a formidably talented chip off the old block. While never bloody or disgustingly explicit, *Boxing Helena* lives up to its reputation for outrageousness. As Fenn's defiant violator, Sands gives a jarring performance as Nick, whose compulsive behavior seems weirdly wimpy at times. Even as you gulp in disbelief at her excesses, however, Lynch's tangled tale of erotic obsession turns out to be a cinematic spellbinder—slick and provocative, a debut shrewdly calculated to create shock waves. ¥¥¥

•

The best news about ***Me and Veronica*** (Arrow Entertainment) is that Elizabeth McGovern plays the "me" role. Creating psychedelic art in a shack on the Jersey shore, she has a mentally disturbed sister (TV's Patricia Wettig as Veronica) whose eccentricity is far less interesting than McGovern's effort to seem normal. The sibling relationship with Wettig isn't any more credible than her overnight success as a fabric designer, but McGovern is a magnetic actress whose talent outweighs mere logic. ¥¥

•

In ***Amongst Friends*** (Fine Line), 26-year-old writer-director Rob Weiss takes a close look at the affluent Five Towns area of suburban Long Island, and suggests that you wouldn't want to live there. He tracks the lives of three well-off young men who prefer the high life to attending college. After Trevor (Patrick McGaw) does jail time for dealing drugs, the men decide to rob a local nightclub. When that caper goes wrong, Andy (Steve Parlavecchio), a gangster's grandson, is able to get the group off the hook

Sands, Fenn: *Boxing* partners.

Erotic obsessions, privileged hustlers and some stylish Irish blarney.

by working off their debt to some ruthless mobsters. Billy (Joseph Lindsay) has a yen for Trevor's former sweetheart Laura (played by Mira Sorvino), which sets the stage for betrayal. Weiss' grim cross section of a cultural wasteland is lightened by sharp humor. Throughout, the inside touches made *Amongst Friends* a hot ticket at this year's Sundance Festival, and make Weiss a new Hollywood bonus baby. His movie, bristling with the energy of aimless, overprivileged youth, will show you why. ¥¥¥

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It was a pop novel you couldn't put down. On film, ***The Firm*** (Paramount) is slower and softened up. But it's still compelling, with Tom Cruise, Jeanne Tripplehorn and Gene Hackman helping to intensify the suspense. ¥¥¥

•

New evidence that age cannot wither Clint Eastwood, ***In the Line of Fire*** (Columbia) casts him as a senior Secret Service man who is still bruised over the JFK assassination. John Malkovich is chilling as a maniac who sets his sights on a new president. ¥¥¥¥

•

Two runaway Irish lads and a magnificent white horse hide overnight in an empty movie theater. That bizarre episode is the fanciful high point of ***Into the West*** (Miramax). Gabriel Byrne plays the widowed "traveler," as Gypsies are known in Ireland, who has given up his nomadic existence to settle down in Dublin with his two young sons (Ciaran Fitzgerald and Ruaidhri Conroy). The boys run off because they're not allowed to stable a horse in their city apartment building. While searching for them, Byrne gets back to his exotic roots and to a Gypsy woman (played by Ellen Barkin, Mrs. Byrne offscreen). Among *Into the West*'s impressive credits are a refreshingly jaunty screenplay by Jim Sheridan (who directed *My Left Foot*) and direction by Mike Newell (*Enchanted April*). Sheridan and Newell are full of blarney, for sure. And there are a few Disneyesque touches to woo the family trade. ¥¥¥

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Delayed by snags having nothing to do with its merits, ***Dr. Bethune*** (Tara Releasing) is a scenic and glowing portrait of the famous rebel Canadian doctor (played by Donald Sutherland) who was also a drunk, a habitual womanizer and a leftist crusader who died in China in 1939. Helen Mirren and Anouk Aimee appear as two of the more important women in his life. Although the chronology is often confusing, the biography finally becomes admirable and moving. ¥¥¥

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A little shop of horror is the centerpiece of ***Needful Things*** (Castle Rock), adapted from Stephen King's novel with carefree malice. Max von Sydow hams it up grandly as the shop proprietor—a veritable devil who fulfills his small-town customers' fondest wishes but propels them into an orgy of hate, vandalism and deadly violence. Chief among his intended victims are Bonnie Bedelia, Ed Harris and Amanda Plummer. *Things* is more an exercise in blood-spattering than a chance for good actors to act. Still, they play it straight enough to make dark deeds madly amusing for fans of Grand Guignol, American style. ¥¥

•

Bondage is a big thing in ***Tokyo Decadence*** (Northern Arts) by Japanese writer-director Ryu Murakami. His lowdown on the high life in modern Japan cites "wealth without pride" as the sociological underpinning for the misadventures of a call girl named Ai (Miho Nikaido). All of it is dramatized matter-of-factly, as if Ai's engagements to be whipped or humiliated were merely routine assignments from a secretarial pool. That air of detachment anesthetizes the abrasive eroticism of *Tokyo Decadence*. ¥¥

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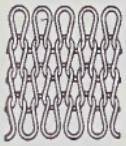

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OFF CAMERA

Harrison Ford is promoting his latest picture, *The Fugitive*, but he'd rather be walking by himself in the woods near his home in Wyoming or spending time with his two youngest children or playing tennis. The soft-spoken carpenter, who has appeared in more blockbusters than Arnold and Jack combined, is a friendly, serious guy who just happens to make more right choices than most actors. Tom Clancy's *Clear and Present Danger*, Ford's follow-up to *Patriot Games*, is next. Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel caught Ford's undivided attention. For an hour.

PLAYBOY: Why won't you sit for *The Playboy Interview*?

FORD: It's too personal. I don't need it. I'm not John Huston or Truman Capote. I'm just a simple guy who doesn't have that much to say. I'm not that interested in hearing it back. What I do for a living is the most interesting thing about me. I don't have a mystique, and because there is no mystique, there is no mystery.

Ford: running great.

PLAYBOY: Your grandfather was in vaudeville. What do you know about him?

FORD: He was a blackface comedian. I never saw him, he was 25 when he died. I know only a little bit about vaudeville. It was a rough life and my father is unwilling to talk about it. He had a rough time when he was growing up. My grandfather was an alcoholic. When he died he virtually left my father an orphan. His mother was unable to care for them. He and his brother were raised by nuns in an orphanage.

PLAYBOY: Your mother is Jewish, your father is Catholic. Which holidays do you observe?

FORD: All holidays. There's an advantage there. We weren't raised with any particular religious tradition. Although in those days the wise and liberal thing was to expose your kid to all manner of religious expression, so it was one weekend at the Baha'i Temple and the next at the Protestant church. I don't think it went on for much more than six or seven weekends. What interested me was the sway this idea held over people: The idea of a controlling, omniscient God was something I found real interesting. I didn't subscribe to that theory myself, but I was interested in the power of the church and religion and how it was used. I'm probably more understanding of it now, less willing to define myself as an atheist or agnostic. I'm less interested in characterization of any kind.

PLAYBOY: How many times did someone in the film business say you would never make it?

FORD: Once. I played a bellboy in my first film and I was called into the office of the guy who was head of what they called the new-talent program at Columbia and he said, "I just saw the dailies of what you did yesterday and I have to tell you, give it up, you're never going to make it." Then he told me the Tony Curtis story. He said the first time Tony Curtis was ever in a film he delivered a bag of groceries. The talent guy took one look at Curtis and knew he was a movie star. And I leaned across the desk and said, "I thought that you were supposed to think that he was a grocery delivery boy." He said, "Get out of here." That was the only time anyone ever told me directly that I was never going to make it.

PLAYBOY: George Lucas said *Raiders of the Lost Ark* was as "perfect as it gets." Was it?

FORD: Yeah, it really was. Steven Spielberg and I worked as well together as I've ever worked with anybody. This was a picture that, aside from the pleasure of that relationship, was just fun to do. It was toys for boys. Big time.

PLAYBOY: Are there any toys you would like that you don't already have?

FORD: I am ashamed to say, no.

PLAYBOY: Ever have a worse haircut than the one in *Presumed Innocent*?

FORD: It was a good way to describe the character. It was my idea. Here's a guy who had the one affair of his life with this beautiful woman in his office. I wanted to make it clear that, for this character, it was not another notch on his belt, that he was without personal vanity, which is one of the things you need to be a cocksman. I didn't want this guy to be like that. I wanted this to be one wrenching circumstance in his life. And when it turns to shit, he's devastated by it.

PLAYBOY: In that seduction scene with Greta Scacchi, what made you more uncomfortable: The crew watching or the desk you did it on?

FORD: Neither. It was altogether a pleasure. To me a scene that involves making love is like any other scene, except you get to kiss a pretty girl. It's always acting. Alan Pakula let us stage it ourselves. He was especially sensitive to Greta and her privacy. I remember the details of that scene very well, not because it was a love-making scene but because it was a scene that was extremely technical.

(concluded on page 158)

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Amongst Friends (See review) Three guys grow apart on Long Island. ¥¥¥

Benefit of the Doubt (Reviewed 8/93) Donald Sutherland plays an evil jailbird. ¥¥

Boxing Helena (See review) Eerie essay on how not to hold a woman. ¥¥¥

Chain of Desire (8/93) The way one thing leads sexually to another. ¥¥½

Dr. Bethune (See review) Strong medicine from Canada, again starring Donald Sutherland. ¥¥¥

The Firm (See review) Suspenseful and solid, though better as a book. ¥¥¥

Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me (8/93) Amusing sleaze in a trailer park. ¥¥½

In the Line of Fire (See review) Clint has another big hit on his hands. ¥¥¥¥

Into the West (See review) A sort of amiable Irish horse opera. ¥¥¥

Jurassic Park (Listed only) Great effects in Spielberg's so-so shocker. You've probably seen it at least once—unless you've been buried in a tar pit all summer. ¥¥¥

The Last Action Hero (Listed only) Arnold's latest is also his least. ¥¥

La Vie de Bohéme (8/93) Mimi and Rodolfo say it without music. ¥¥

Me and Veronica (See review) Well, Elizabeth McGovern almost makes it work. ¥¥

Much Ado About Nothing (6/93) From Branagh and Thompson, Shakespeare exactly as we like it. ¥¥¥¥

The Music of Chance (7/93) Two ill-fated losers hold a bad hand. ¥¥¥

Needful Things (See review) Hate for sale in a hell-raising shop. ¥¥

Okoge (8/93) Being young, gay and out of the closet in today's Japan. ¥¥¥

Orlando (7/93) Tilda Swinton, as Virginia Woolf's sex-changing hero/heroine, is a wonder. ¥¥¥¥

Sleepless in Seattle (7/93) Made for each other, Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan figure it out in a witty romantic comedy. ¥¥¥½

The Story of Qiu Ju (5/93) Gorgeous Gong Li bucks the tide in China. ¥¥¥¥

Tokyo Decadence (See review) Making the rounds with a busy call girl. ¥¥

Un Coeur en Hiver (7/93) Violinist in Paris all strung out about love. ¥¥¥

Undercover Blues (8/93) Breezy fun with Turner and Quaid as vacationing spies—have kid, will travel. ¥¥¥

The Wedding Banquet (8/93) When a gay Chinese man has to settle down. ¥¥¥

What's Love Got to Do with It (Listed only) Bassett as Tina Turner is a grand, manhandled musical myth. ¥¥¥

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"About 500 videos"—that's legendary actor **Jack Lemmon**'s estimate of his personal tape collection. Tops on his shelf? "Anything by Billy Wilder," he says, singling out the director who gave us (among others) *Sunset Boulevard*, *The Seven Year Itch*, *The Front Page* and *Some Like It Hot*. Yet despite Jack's standout performances in the latter pair, there's this little problem: "I'll watch 15 minutes of a film of mine before I start to think, 'Why the hell did I play the scene that way?' Still," he adds, "scripts then were more literate than what you get now. There are exceptions, like *Driving Miss Daisy*, but most of today's films just blow everybody and everything up." —SUSAN KARLIN

CHAPLIN ON TAPE

Oscar-nominee Robert Downey, Jr., may have walked the walk in Attenborough's 1992 epic, but Kino on Video has the real thing. ***Charlie Chaplin: The Early Films of a Screen Legend*** features 25 timeless Chaplin shorts in six volumes, dating from 1914 to 1917. Highlights:

At Keystone Studios: Suffers from choppy print quality and a distracting jazz score, but *Making a Living* (Chaplin's first screen appearance) overcomes the weak tech. Also of note: *The Masquerader* and *The Rounders*, featuring Fatty Arbuckle before his scandalous Hollywood ouster.

At Essanay Studios: *His New Job*, *The Champion* and the drag comedy *A Woman* are wildly clever, but *The Tramp*—and Chaplin's genius blend of comedy and sentiment—gave him his screen signature.

At Mutual Studios: Vintage comedies from Chaplin's most creatively fertile period, from the pie-in-the-face slapstick of *Behind the Screen* to the exquisite pathos of *The Vagabond*. In *One A.M.*, a drunken Charlie returns home to do battle with malevolent props, but the best of the fest are two comic masterpieces: *The Immigrant*, a poignant and pointed social commentary, and *Easy Street*, in which the Tramp turns cop on the city's meanest beat. —DONALD LIEBENSON

(All tapes $19.95 from Kino on Video, 800-562-3330.)

VIDBITS

Devoted vid-renters take note: From Villa Crespo Software comes ***Flicks!***, a user-friendly, colorfully animated home-computer data base cataloging more than 30,000 movies ($59.95). Bootable info includes cast and director credits, MPAA ratings, awards listings, disc and closed-caption availability, even a (practically impossible) movie-trivia game. But here's the best feature: The entries can be edited—meaning, now you and Kathleen Turner can star in *Body Heat*. Call 800-521-3963. . . . Put on your formal bathrobe. The ***Video Opera House Quarterly*** mail-order catalog now features more than 200 titles on tape—from *Aida* to *Xerxes*—as well as laser listings, a talent index and at-a-glance "microplot" summaries for novice home divas. Call 800-262-8600. . . . On the heels of this summer's big-screen rendition of *Dennis the Menace* comes CBS/Fox's four-volume release of the imp's current animated series. . . . Meanwhile, for diehard boob-tube-boomers, other recent TV-to-tape flashbacks include ***Underdog*** (UAV), ***The Best of Andy Griffith*** (UAV), ***Gilligan's Island: The Collector's Edition*** (Columbia House) and ***Get Smart Again: The Movie*** (Worldvision)—as well as the trendier ***Cheers: The Collector's Edition*** (Columbia House) and ***Northern Exposure*** (MCA/Universal).

LASER FARE

While the rest of the world rents Daniel Day-Lewis' 1992 romp as *The Last of the Mohicans*, Lumivision (in association with George Eastman House) offers a laser replay of Maurice Tourneur's 1920 silent version of the James Fenimore Cooper classic, remastered from the original nitrate negative and given a nice colonial-days tint. $39.95. . . . Simply confirming Clint Eastwood's resurgent superstar status is a new disc boxed set from Warner ($119.98) that includes this year's Oscar-sweeper, ***Unforgiven***, along with ***Pale Rider*** (1985) and ***The Outlaw Josie Wales*** (1976). All three flicks are remastered, letterboxed and, yep, quintessential Clint. . . . A guilty pleasure makes its disc debut: Dino De Laurentiis' 1980 sf campfest ***Flash Gordon*** (MCA/Universal; $34.98) arrives on laser in a remastered edition that includes the theatrical trailer, letterboxing (restoring the image to its original 2.35:1 aspect ratio) and, of course, Max Von Sydow's scenery-chewing gig as Ming the Merciless. Queen's killer score is a hoot, too. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

COUCH POTATO/ TOMATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH

It started on Playboy TV, then shot to USA Network. Now it's yours on tape. ***Eden***, Playboy's landmark evening drama, is everything you want from a prime-time soap but never get: gorgeous couples, erotic tropical settings, kinky encounters and the kind of costuming you won't find on *Falcon Crest*. For couples only. (Two volumes; 800-423-9494.)

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DON'T MISS	***Scent of a Woman*** (blind colonel gives youth crash course in Libido 101; Pacino gets his Oscar at last), ***The Crying Game*** (decent IRA foot soldier wants out, but he's in too deep—and in love; sexual politics and, oh, that twist).
DRAMA	***Lorenzo's Oil*** (Nolte and Sarandon try to crack medical mystery to save their kid; you *will* cry), ***The Bodyguard*** (ill-cropped Costner rescues stalked pop star Houston; a crowd-pleaser despite the critics, and Houston's pipes are tops).
SLEEPER	***Peter's Friends*** (Hollywood darling Emmo Thompson shines agoin, this time in an English *Big Chill*, reheoted for here and now), ***Buddy's Song*** (Roger Doltrey is a rockabilly dad whose musician son wants to go modern; greot guy-bonding).
FOREIGN	***The Shop on Main Street*** (simpleton fronts for old Jewish shopkeeper during WWII occupation; Czech 1965 Oscar-winner), ***Mon Oncle D'Amérique*** (Depardieu embodies the ultimate mid-life crisis in Resnais' 1980 saga; very French).
DOCUMENTARY	***The Panama Deception*** (Oscar-winning exposé of government spin-doctoring after 1989 invasion; blown covers galore), ***Fallen Champ: The Untold Story of Mike Tyson*** (not quite up to the punchy title, but at leost longer than his fights).

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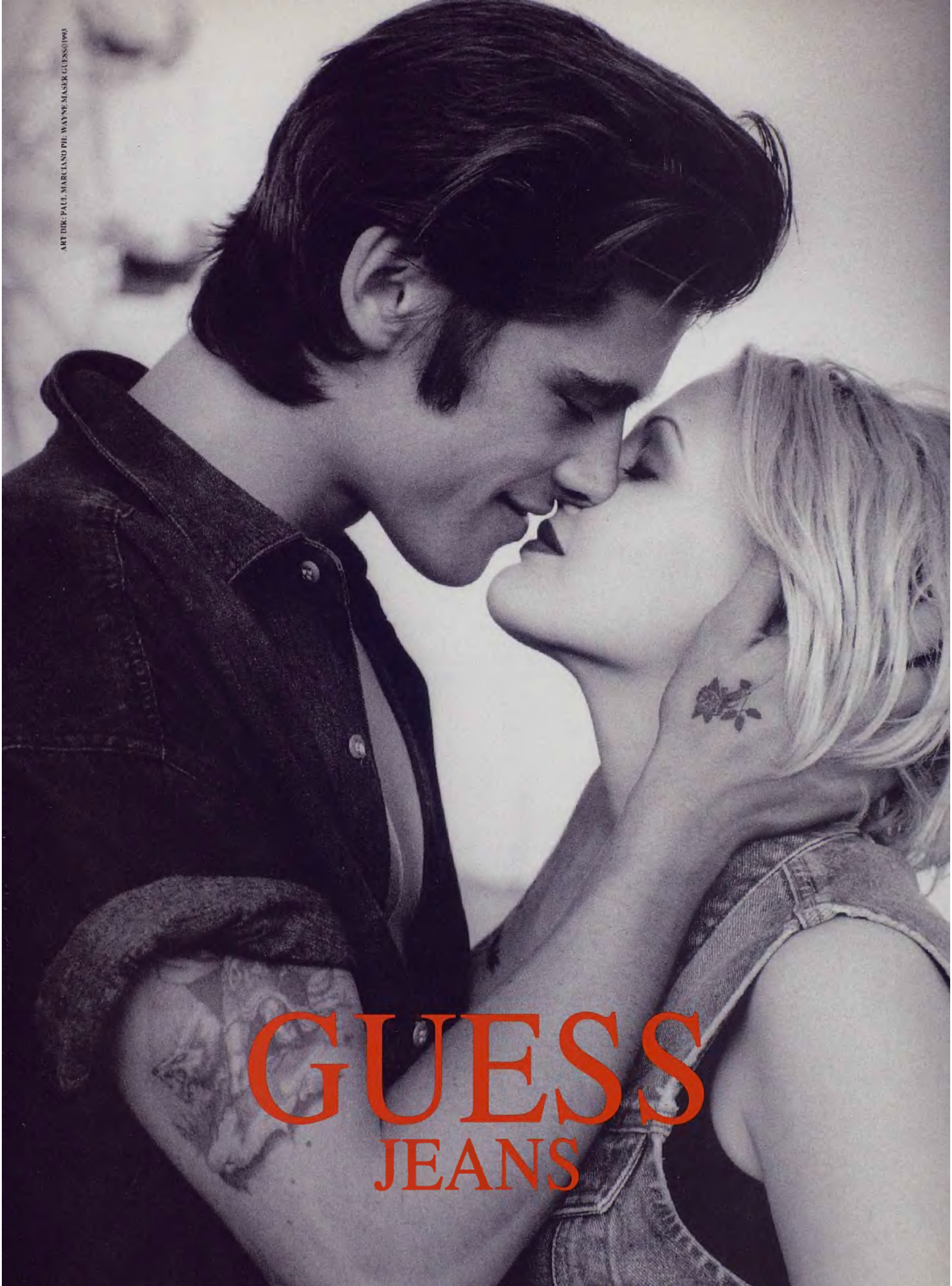
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JEANS

MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

YOU KNEW THAT the success of Eric Clapton's MTV-generated *Unplugged* album would unleash a torrent of similar product from similar record companies. How could they resist? Just knock out an album in a couple of hours with instant videos thrown in to boot. But be prepared for most of them to be more like fancy bootlegs than blockbusters. First up is Rod Stewart, who not surprisingly leaps back more than 20 years to masterpieces such as *Maggie May* and *Mandolin Wind* on much of ***Unplugged and Seated*** (Warner). His old Faces bandmate Ron Wood helps him unplug his ears, and for the first time in many moons, Stewart sounds more like an artist than a showman. Still, he's chasing his own shadow by redoing those classics. What's truly weird is how good some of the later stuff from his "gone Hollywood" period sounds, such as the dobro-driven *Hot Legs*, using *Maggie*-era instruments.

Neil Young, on the other hand, has always been an iconoclastic, unplugged kind of guy. Following last year's gorgeous *Harvest Moon*, arguably his best work yet, he has nothing more to prove. His ***Unplugged*** (Reprise) renders starker versions of a few hits and sets out to reshape some charming obscurities. But I'll bet any Young fan could come up with more intriguing choices. The pump organ version of *Like a Hurricane* is daring, but *Expecting to Fly* would have worked a hell of a lot better. And the Dylanesque take on *The Old Laughing Lady* is a fine idea that winds up sounding dull. Finally, the selections from *Harvest Moon* are good but don't add anything to the superb originals. In both cases, watching the videos is a bigger kick than listening to the CDs.

FAST CUTS: ***Rod Stewart—The Mercury Anthology*** (Mercury): All the shambling, rambling, charm and warmth of his first few solo albums packed into two essential CDs, and it spares you the schlock of his later material.

NELSON GEORGE

For nearly four decades, Nina Simone's work has defied categorization. With her versatile vocal style and eclectic taste in material, Simone has charted her own idiosyncratic course. Her husky, dark-toned voice is as comfortable with Gershwin as it is with the blues, and it's associated both with feminine independence and worldly sophistication. In addition, she's a top-notch pianist.

This expatriate's first album in more than five years is appropriately titled ***A Single Woman*** (Elektra). Often in the ten songs, Simone meditates on the joys and sadness of a woman alone. The title song, with its orchestral backing, sets an introspective tone. *Lonesome Cities*, with its playful flute arrangement and witty lyrics, puts Simone in the role of restless lover. She ably supports herself on the song with a stylish piano solo. *Marry Me* has a similar tongue-in-cheek quality and a swinging piano coda. More bluesy in delivery is *If I Should Lose You*, and her version of the chestnut *The Folks Who Live on the Hill* is beautifully controlled.

FAST CUTS: Where Simone's voice is weighty and strong, Natalie Cole's is light and, when it works, quite sweet on standards. ***Take a Look*** (Elektra) is the follow-up to her Grammy Award–winning tribute to her father Nat. The big-band backing on these 18 songs is sharp, but not as inspired as one would hope. Although it lacks the emotional power of her previous venture, this collection has enough gems (*Swingin' Shepherd Blues*, *Crazy He Calls Me*) to carry you through.

Rod Stewart: *Unplugged and Seated*.

Rod unplugs his classics, Aerosmith gets a grip and a tribute to Curtis Mayfield.

DAVE MARSH

Now that record companies have finally dumped the wasteful longbox, the next improvement in musical ecology should be getting rid of excess boxed sets. Too many boxes now exist solely as marketing maneuvers and just add to record-shelf clutter and cultural inflation.

That doesn't mean we should dump all boxed sets. The four-disc ***Chess Blues*** (MCA/Chess) deserves all the packaging because it has a lengthy and complex story to tell. There's no waste here—certainly not in track selection, which runs from stuff that will strike even collectors as obscure to the label's biggest blues hits by Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf and a host of others. The notes, packaging and mastering are all superb. These elements add up to the story of one of our country's great neglected cultural institutions, making it fit for scholars, collectors and new listeners alike. Given the stature of Chess as the premiere postwar blues company, a monument isn't just a nice thing to have. It's a requirement.

FAST CUTS: Ralph Stanley, ***Saturday Night & Sunday Morning*** (Freeland Recording): A bluegrass pioneer is joined by 15 Nashville celebrities, including George Jones, Bill Monroe, Tom T. Hall, Emmylou Harris and Dwight Yoakam. This isn't desiccated "newgrass" but music that unites the secular and the sacred in joyful celebration.

People Get Ready: A Tribute to Curtis Mayfield (Shanachie): Jerry Butler's *Choice of Colours*, the two tracks by Don Covay (whose recent stroke may mean these will be his last), Bunny Wailer's *I Gotta Keep on Moving* and Michael Hill and Vernon Reid's *We People Who Are Darker than Blue* highlight a welcome celebration of some of soul's most glorious songs and the still-bright spirit who created them.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Urge Overkill has been knocking around Chicago specifically and the underground circuit in general since 1986, recording first for the venerable Touch & Go label and now skipping up to the majors for ***Saturation*** (Geffen). I say it scores big and thus can play in the same league of Nineties power trios that has Nirvana batting leadoff. In fact, I'd bat Urge Overkill cleanup, so impressive are its curiously ideological rebelliousness (*Sister Havana*), surreal street-smarts (*Dropout*) and traditional-to-the-point-of-obligatory appreciation of pop culture (*Erica Kane*). None of which would matter if *Saturation* didn't have that swing, but it does. It also has power chords and song structures that go somewhere and influences that range from Richard Carpenter to Kiss.

FAST CUTS: Robin Adnan Anders, ***Blue Buddha*** (Interworld Music Associates): Over 70 minutes of trance-inducing

percussion, played on a variety of exotically resonant instruments that should inspire you to check out New Age drum fests in your neighborhood. Better than a martini for getting the knots out of your stomach after work.

Ozric Tentacles, ***Strangeitude*** (Dovetail/IRS Records): An orchestral blend of progressive, psychedelic and fusion. More evidence that hippies are coming back, and if they're this talented, that's groovy with me. Acid not required.

Jellyfish, ***Spilt Milk*** (Charisma): Freddie's dead. Long live the Queen. Or is that the Beach Boys? Gorgeous harmonies sound like you first heard them somewhere between 1968 and 1976.

Stigmata a-Go-Go (Pow Wow): I'd bat it just after Urge Overkill among the power trios. Nimble low end threatens to steal more bases than Rickey Henderson.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Between well-publicized drug rehabs and a forthcoming Sony mega-deal, Aerosmith has come to symbolize corporate rock. Although relying a little more heavily on the band's rap connection than has been its practice, ***Get a Grip*** (Geffen) says absolutely nothing new. Musically, it's fast ones and slow ones; lyrically, it's fuck me and fuck you. But it goes about its business with such superpro crunch and commitment that no good-timing head-banger will give a shit. The class is the hard-rock ballad *Cryin'*, the closest thing to a duff cut the "meaningful" lead single *Livin' on the Edge*. Hit or miss, it won't have much effect on the mega-sales suitable to corporate heroes who've earned their props.

Run-D.M.C. is Aerosmith's rap connection, but its 1986 cover of *Walk This Way* is ancient history now—as rap time is measured. And while Aerosmith was selling itself to Sony, Run-D.M.C. languished in the netherzone between legend and has-been. ***Down with the King*** (Profile) intends to prove that the oldtimers are everyone else's rap connection. They share producers and guest shots with Public Enemy, Pete Rock & C. L. Smooth, A Tribe Called Quest, even Kris Kross. Their triumph is that they always seem to come out sounding like Run-D.M.C.—and proud of it, too. Whether that will translate into mega-sales, only the corporate gods know for sure, but it's worth plenty of respect.

FAST CUTS: On ***Flying Down to Mono Valley*** (Epic/One Little Indian), the Popinjays' Wendy Robinson does her damnedest to snag a guy. She's cute enough to convince you it isn't her fault when she can't. On ***So Tough*** (Warner), Saint Etienne's Sarah Cracknell argues that nice and interesting aren't mutually exclusive. Here's hoping that the right guy believes her.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Aerosmith *Get a Grip*	8	7	7	7	7
Various artists *Chess Blues*	9	9	10	9	10
Nina Simone *A Single Woman*	1	2	7	5	8
Rod Stewart *Unplugged and Seated*	7	7	7	7	6
Urge Overkill *Saturation*	6	6	8	5	8

SHUT UP DEPARTMENT: **Sinéad O'Connor** was originally going to make her film debut in *Joan of Arc*. Instead she'll play a ghost in *Where No Birds Sing*. It is not a speaking part. The producers probably think she has already said enough this year.

REELING AND ROCKING: We thought our critic **Dave Marsh's** opus on *Louie Louie* would be the last word on the song that evolved into the unofficial national anthem of all party animals. Not so. Next year will be the song's 30th anniversary, and producer **Marvin Rosenblum** (*1984*, *White Mischief* and *The Playboys*) says he has acquired the rights to turn the song into a movie. The soundtrack should be a cinch: There are more than 1000 versions of *Louie Louie* from which to choose.

NEWSBREAKS: **N.W.A.** members **Dr. Dre, Ice Cube** and **M.C. Ren** are planning to reunite for a new LP without **Eazy-E.** Eazy-E is allegedly being excluded for his support of L.A. police officer **Ted Briseno,** who was acquitted in the second **Rodney King** trial. . . . You're not thinking about winter yet, but you should be. January 2–8, 1994, are the dates for the Ultimate Rhythm & Blues Cruise 2, a week-long floating blues fest in the Caribbean starring **Koko Taylor, Delbert McClinton,** the **Fabulous Thunderbirds, Lonnie Brooks** and **Marcia Ball,** among others. For more information, call 800-886-6132. . . . **Jock Weaver,** former chief executive of the Hard Rock Cafe chain, is about to break ground in Nashville on a restaurant that will serve food, of course, but will also sell merchandise related to country music. Will we see Nashville Country Clubs around the country? . . . Just in case you were wondering: BMI says **Paul McCartney's** *Yesterday* is the most-played song in the history of radio. . . . **Iggy Pop** will have a new LP out this month, which will include a duet with violinist **Lisa Germano.** . . . **Kris Kristofferson** is in the studio with **Don Was.** . . . **Mariah Carey's** LP is about to arrive in stores. . . . Look for **Billy Ray Cyrus** to try album number two, titled *It Won't Be the Last,* as soon as he has dragged every possible hit out of *Some Gave All*. . . . RCA's historic Nashville Studio B, where **Elvis** and the **Everly Brothers** recorded, is now owned by the Country Music Foundation as a historic site. . . . The **Allman Brothers** will try out new material while they're on the road. Then they'll go into the studio and record it. They did two other LPs that way and **Dicky Betts** says, "Songs had been honed razor-sharp by being played live at 150 shows. By the time we got to the studio, we knew those songs inside and out." Audience reaction and live performance will dictate the way new songs are recorded. . . . Look for the members of the **Chili Peppers, B-52s, Primus, Pearl Jam, Mary's Danish** and others on a childrens' LP, *Primary Colors*, about an undiscovered species in the rain forest. . . . Divine concerts: **Bette Midler** is planning to return to the concert stage this fall. First stop, Radio City Music Hall for at least four weeks, longer if ticket demand is high. Then, we hear she is looking at other cities to sing in on her way home to L.A. . . . **Michael Jackson** is coproducing an animated feature, *Cats Don't Dance*, a satire about a pair of cats trying to break into showbiz in Hollywood circa 1930. **Randy Newman** will write the score, including eight songs. . . . Finally, when you go hear **Jimmy Buffett** in concert this summer and have a parrothead tailgate party, look for the **Iguanas.** They will provide the tunes in the parking lot. Is Jimmy a hip guy or what?

—BARBARA NELLIS

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WIRED

THE GREAT ESCAPE

Oliver Stone's *Wild Palms* may have taken the fun out of virtual reality by turning bad guys into mind-controlling holograms, but that's TV. In the real world, Sega is offering VR to the masses in the form of a futuristic game accessory that's great fun to play. Called Sega VR, it's a *Lawnmower Man*–type headset with goggles that cover the eyes and headphones for the ears. Connect it to a Genesis console, press the start button and the monitors inside the goggles light up,

DAN TACCARINO

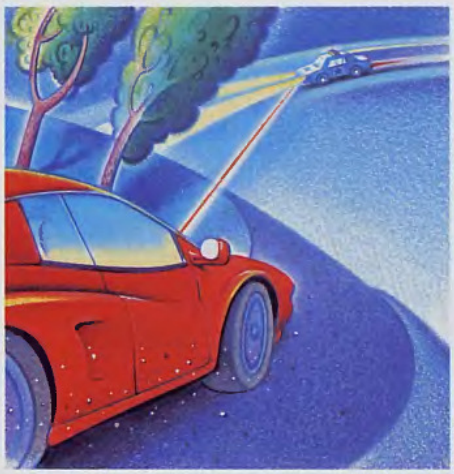
surrounding you with computer-generated worlds and stereo sound. The first four games will be out in December and will include *Outlaw Racing* (a crash-and-burn road rally), *Matrix Runner* (a cyberspace adventure), *Iron Hammer* (which has you zapping aliens from the cockpit of a starfighter) and *Nuclear Rush* (a game in which you battle evil mutants in a radiated wasteland). With each title, you'll find yourself surrounded not only by images and sound but also by perspectives that change as you move your head. Sega VR will sell for about $200; game cartridges will cost $50 to $60. You'll also need a Sega Genesis system, which sells for about $100. Not bad, considering it costs about $1 a minute for the same action at an arcade.

DOLBY DOES DIGITAL

Keep these letters in mind: SRD. They represent Dolby Stereo Digital and you're going to see them with increasing frequency on Cineplex marquees and in newspaper ads. As occurred with digital music (i.e., CDs, DCCs and MDs), movie soundtracks are being upgraded from analog to digital. The payoff is the same crystal-clear, hiss-free sound with excellent separation. (In other words, the planes that are supposed to zoom over your right shoulder will feel as if they're just missing your head.) *Batman Returns* was one of the first blockbusters released with a Dolby Stereo Digital soundtrack. The Catwoman's cracking whip and the Penguin's whooshing rockets sound about as realistic as it gets. Some of this summer's offerings include *Super Mario Brothers*, *What's Love Got to Do with It*, *Rising Sun* and even *Jason Goes to Hell*. In order to hear them at their best, you'll have to find a theater with the SRD logo. However, you'll soon be able to add Dolby Stereo Digital to your own home theater, as it will be built into audio and video receivers and other components. Stock up on popcorn.

FOR SPEED DEMONS ONLY

The game of hide-and-seek played by cops and drivers has become more complicated. Laser detectors that were introduced about a year ago to piggyback with existing three-band radar detectors are now being integrated and sold as unified units. These new devices, which are priced between $200 and $300, alert you to the use of both radar and laser beams by means of sound or blinking lights. Uniden introduced the



DAVE CALVERT

first model, the LRD 9000W, as well as the LRD 8000W and the LRD 2000. All the other major radar-detector suppliers (including Cincinnati Microwave, Bel-Tronics, Whistler and Cobra) have unified detectors on the market.

WILD THINGS

Philips recently introduced a portable photo CD player, the CDF100 (pictured below), making it easier to share your snapshots on compact disc with family and friends. Smaller and lighter than a notebook computer, the CDF100 can be hooked up to any television set that has video inputs. It also doubles as an audio CD player and comes with a remote control and a special rechargeable battery pack. The price: $600. • Fans of high-end audio and video should check out Pioneer's new CLD-97 combination laser-disc-and-CD unit. At $2500, it combines the high-resolution video capabilities of Pioneer's top-of-the-line laser disc player, the $3500 LD-S2, with the audio performance of the company's best CD system. It also automatically plays both sides of a laser disc—something its more costly sibling can't do. • Sierra On-Line, the computer software publisher that brought us the wacky Leisure Suit Larry games, hired former Los Angeles police chief Daryl Gates to help design a detective release called *Police Quest*. Gates says his goal in helping create the game was to "show people the day-to-day pressures officers face." Look for it in stores this fall, priced at about $60.

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

AN ENTIRE new way of absorbing information has evolved in the world of audiotapes. For some booklovers, the experience of reading now comes through car speakers or the earphones attached to a Walkman. It is more intense than talk radio and less demanding than turning pages. And very big. The audiotape industry—already a billion dollars through rental or sale of roughly 70 million tapes annually—rapidly grows larger. More than 200,000 people listened to Rush Limbaugh read his book, ***The Way Things Ought to Be*** (Simon & Schuster Audio), on audiotape. That may sound modest compared with selling more than 2 million copies of the book. But it's a medium that's becoming more popular.

Here are the trends in both content and format of audiotape:

- More readers (and writers) are demanding unabridged versions of books.
- Audiotape leaders are dipping their toes into the CD format.
- Lower-priced audio lines—comparable to paperback books—have attracted a new audience.
- Original audio material, not based on books, is gaining popularity.
- Buyers are beginning to request tapes by specific readers instead of by title.

Most audiotape sales are still driven by tie-ins with best-sellers. So it is no surprise that John Grisham's books ***The Client, The Firm*** and ***The Pelican Brief*** (all Bantam Audio) have monopolized the tops of the audio best-seller lists for months. Michael Crichton's ***Jurassic Park*** (Random House Audio) read by John Heard, received a dinosaur-sized boost from the movie. Larry McMurtry's sequel to *Lonesome Dove*, ***Streets of Laredo*** (Simon & Schuster), in an unabridged 24-hour format, looks like a sequel in sales, too. And Tom Clancy fans can bask in six hours of ***Without Remorse*** (Random House).

Even Robert James Waller's short book, ***The Bridges of Madison County*** (Dove Audio), had to be trimmed 20 minutes to fit into the standard abridged form. But the entire book is available in a beautiful slipcased special-edition three-CD version. Vice President Al Gore's abridged reading of ***Earth in the Balance*** (Dove) is offered in the same type of classy package.

The most elaborate CD package created thus far is ***Star Wars: The Radio Drama*** (Highbridge Audio). Its seven CDs include all 13 half-hour episodes of the National Public Radio series starring Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, with music and sound effects from the original movie production. For the connoisseur, there is ***The Collector's Limited Edition: Star Wars/The Empire Strikes Back Deluxe CD Set*** (Highbridge), with both full-length radio dramas and 33 bonus tracks on 12 CDs.

Booklovers, listen up.

Audiotapes: more intense than talk radio, less demanding than turning the pages and bigger than ever.

Of course, as unabridged versions hit the market, many audio packages are becoming larger than hardcover books. The 36-hour, 24-cassette unabridged version of ***Lonesome Dove*** (Dove), read by Lee Horsley, opened the way. But Stephen King's own reading of ***Needful Things*** (Highbridge)—24 hours on 18 cassettes—has attracted lots of fans.

Audiotape listeners who enjoy unabridged versions of books often find that rental makes more sense than purchase. Books on Tape in Newport Beach, California is a treasure trove of rentals. In its catalog of more than 2500 titles, Books on Tape offers selections such as: Cormac McCarthy's National Book Award–winning novel, ***All the Pretty Horses*** (nine hours), Winston Churchill's ***History of the Second World War*** (six volumes in 146 hours), Tolstoy's ***War and Peace*** (68 hours) and Tom Wolfe's ***Bonfire of the Vanities*** (27 hours). The BOT catalog includes an index of readers as well as of titles and authors. Many of BOT's 70,000 subscribers now select listening material on the basis of who is reading it.

Fans of Sue Grafton's crime alphabet could not imagine anyone reading Kinsey Milhone other than Judy Kaye—her latest is ***"J" Is for Judgment*** (Random House). We feel the same way about Elliott Gould's renditions of Raymond Chandler and are delighted that they are now coming out in unabridged versions, beginning with ***Farewell, My Lovely*** (Dove). Darren McGavin's readings of John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee novels for Random House have practically reached classic status.

Happily, ***The Turquoise Lament*** by MacDonald was one of the first books in the Random House Price-Less line to be discounted to $8.99. Others in this series include Dominick Dunne's ***An Inconvenient Woman,*** Michael Crichton's ***Sphere,*** Michael Tolkin's ***The Player*** and Carl Hiaasen's ***Skin Tight.*** Dove is following suit with its $8.99 Super Sound Buys, beginning with Susan Sontag's ***The Volcano Lover.*** Books on Tape is countering these price cuts in retail audiotapes with $9.95 unabridged rentals of popular titles such as Sara Paretsky's ***Guardian Angel.*** This is a welcome price war for the consumer.

Price is not everything. Intellectual content influences a surprising number of audiotape buyers. For example, radio talk-show host Michael Jackson's elegant reading of Stephen Hawking's ***A Brief History of Time*** (six hours, unabridged) is Dove's all-time best-selling audiotape. Highbridge has done well with boxed sets of Bill Moyers and Joseph Campbell's discussions of ***The Power of Myth.***

Beyond books, there is a little of everything. Bantam, which inaugurated its drama audiotape line with the Louis L'Amour stories, continues with BBC full-cast dramatizations of ***Proof,*** by Dick Francis, and ***The Eagle Has Landed,*** by Jack Higgins. The boxed sets of ***The Hobbit*** and ***The Lord of the Rings*** (Mind's Eye), by J.R.R. Tolkien, demonstrate a demand for quality. The Grammy-nominated ***An Evening with George Burns*** (Dove) is a nostalgic delight (available on CD). If you're looking for the ultimate in far-out language tapes, try ***Conversational Klingon*** (yes, those are the aliens in *Star Trek*) from Simon & Schuster.

BOOK BAG

The Night Manager (Knopf), by John le Carré: The master of intrigue returns with a new world of espionage, ruthless arms dealers and drug smugglers.

American Zoom: An Inside Look at America's Love Affair with Stock Car Racing (Macmillan), by Peter Golenbock: An oral history of life in the fast lane, told by the great drivers, mechanics, promoters and others associated with the sport.

Smoked: A True Story About the Kids Next Door (HarperCollins), by Léon Bing: From the author of *Do or Die*, the story of Los Angeles ghetto gangs, comes the story of murders committed by upper-class teenagers in Pasadena.

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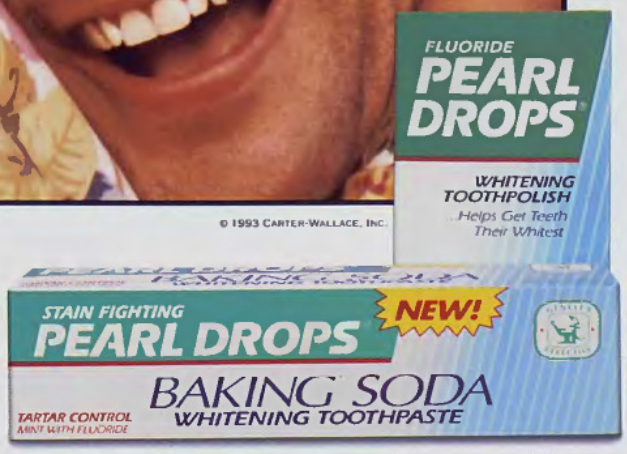

NOW AVAILABLE WITH BAKING SODA

MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

NOTICE: THESE WOMEN ARE POTENTIAL IDIOTS

The University of Maryland gets our vote as the least friendly campus in the country. Recently a group of overzealous women taking a feminist art class wanted to register their displeasure at the number of sexual assaults on campus. Their method? A poster with the heading NOTICE: THESE MEN ARE POTENTIAL RAPISTS, followed by a list of every identifiably male name they could find in the student directory. Thousands of male students, upon finding themselves named publicly as would-be rapists, were less than pleased. "These women don't even know me," complained one man. "I'm outraged."

STEPHEN TURK

ACID-WASHED TEENS

More and more it seems that the Nineties are just the Sixties upside down. A University of Michigan study funded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse has found that while overall drug use has declined, the use of LSD among high school seniors has reached its highest level since 1985. A similar study last year revealed that the number of college students who drop acid also increased significantly from 1989 to 1991.

"This under-25 group has the same kind of alienation that immediately preceded the hippie outbreak in the Sixties," said author Terence McKenna after toiling in the backwaters of the New Age movement for a decade. "It's a feeling of being marginalized by the system."

But the queasiness and fear associated with acid remain. In *Inside Edge*, a magazine by and for teenagers, the anonymous author of "My Trip on Acid" pans the experience. "I would not recommend taking acid to anyone," writes "E." However, a curious reader, after marveling at some of E's far-out experiences, might not reach the same conclusion.

SCENT OF A WOMAN II

Sex smells—or at least it does for many animals. From insects to primates, love has been a matter of emitting sex pheromones, or chemicals, to attract mates. Until recently, most scientists were convinced that humans had lost the ability to detect sex pheromones. But anatomist David Berliner discovered a pheromone-like chemical while doing research on human skin. He decided that since humans produce pheromones, they must be susceptible to them. At Berliner's request, two scientists began looking for pheromone-receptor sites. They discovered a tiny pitlike organ in each human nostril. No fool, Berliner created a biotech company, Erox. Six women and nine men volunteered their noses to the project. They tested a number of Erox' synthetic pheromones and ended up finding two pairs that jangled those long-lost receptors. As a result, Erox plans to market perfumes based on the team's discoveries. Berliner says that his perfumes (Realm for men and women) will not act as aphrodisiacs but will be formulated to make the wearer feel good.

ANGELLA DASKALAKIS

AFFIRMATIONS FOR THE MODERN MAN

I CAN BREAK OLD PATTERNS

When I was single, I thought like a single, I lived like a single, I ate like a single. But now that I am part of a viable couple, I will put aside single things. Like most of my friends. Like all of my ex-girlfriends. Like leaving my power tools out in the living room. Like not rinsing out the sink after I shave. Like not calling if I'm going to be a teensy bit late. Yeah, right.

I REFUSE TO FEEL GUILTY (WHATEVER THE HELL IT IS I DID)

Why do I always feel guilty when she looks at me that way? Is it my fault the apartment is such a mess? Is it my fault our anniversary is hard to remember? Is it my fault she was disappointed with the brand-new vacuum cleaner that I bought her for Christmas? Yes. Yes. And yes. And, may I add, BFD.

I WILL TAKE TIME TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF

If I'm not here for me, I can't be there for her, right? So I will get those new golf clubs, even if it means we won't be able to afford to redo the kitchen until late next year. If the redecoration were that important to her, she would have fought more effectively for it. New golf clubs will improve my game, improve my attitude, introduce gratitude into my life for the invention of cavity-back irons—all of which will make me much more receptive and responsive to her needs. Whatever they are.

I WILL NOT BE JUDGMENTAL TODAY

Hey, she asked if I liked the dress. How was I to know she wouldn't appreciate my honesty? I am responsible for my feelings and my opinions. I should feel safe to express them. If she creates an environment in which my candor is not welcome, she should take responsibility for it. Besides, it did make her look like a Cuban bandleader.

TODAY, I WILL NOT BE AFRAID TO ASK FOR WHAT I NEED

Like that raise. I will go into my boss' office and lay it out for him. Even though he is not in a 12-step program, he is capable of reason. He knows my strengths and he accepts my shortcomings. He is stern and confusing and hostile and withholding, but he can be understanding and he acknowledges all my efforts at least with resignation. He is a lot like my father. That should not be a surprise. But it doesn't mean we can't have a better relationship. So today I will go into his office and ask for a raise. I'm good enough, I'm smart enough, I deserve it and, doggone it, I lost a lot of money on the Phillies last night.

BORN
TO NAG

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–By Tim Boyle, President, Columbia Sportswear

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MORE BAD NEWS FROM WOMEN'S MAGS

In response to the question "What makes you feel sexy?" respondents to a *Self* readers' poll listed "having sex" seventh—yes, seventh—on the list, just after "pampering myself."

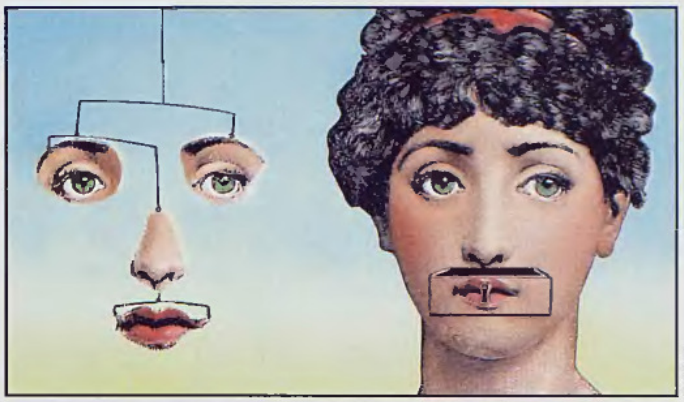
THE BIG SHOE

Doctors at the University of Southern California have finally proved what every man who has ever listened to his date complain about her sore feet already knows: Women do wear the wrong shoes. The researchers surveyed 356 women aged 20 to 60 and discovered that 88 percent wore shoes that were smaller than their feet and 80 percent said their feet hurt. And what about men and their shoes? "We didn't study men," explained Dr. Carol Frey of USC, "because most men don't wear shoes that don't fit."

KEVIN POPE

LIP SERVICE

"Name me a character, a woman in a movie, who has enjoyed sex, who's been a real, sexual being, who wasn't either a murderer or psychopath or got killed or had some kind of moral retribution for her 'sins.'" —ACTRESS JULIE WARNER



CATHY HULL

"I'm a sex addict and I'm proud of it. My wife appreciates it, that's for sure." —AEROSMITH'S STEVEN TYLER

"[Why is] Sting singing about saving the fucking rain forest? He should save his fucking hair." —COMEDIAN DENIS LEARY

"I want to meet Denis Leary in about ten years so I can say, 'Hey, Denis, how's it feel, you bald cunt?'" —STING

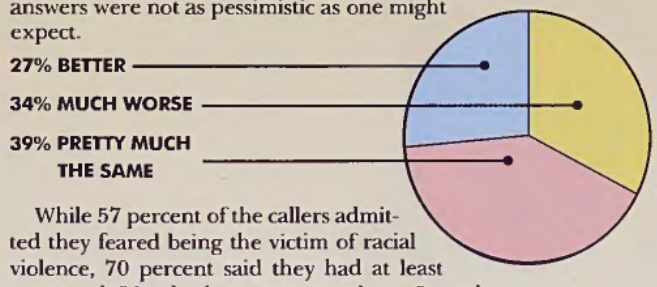
"Thirty-five years ago men would read my column but hide it under the sports page. Today, half my mail comes from men." —ANN LANDERS

"When I was going through the bisexual thing, my attraction was always to really beautiful transvestites or drag queens. That had a lot to do with why I pushed myself into that area." —DAVID BOWIE

CAN WE ALL GET ALONG? WHO'S BASEBALL'S BIGGEST HOT DOG? IS BILL CLINTON A DUNCE? OUR READERS TALK BACK

RATING RACE RELATIONS

The PLAYBOY *Mantrack* Survey Line recently asked readers what they thought of the current state of race relations, and the answers were not as pessimistic as one might expect.



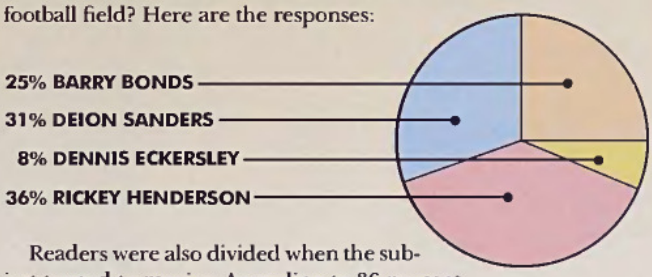
While 57 percent of the callers admitted they feared being the victim of racial violence, 70 percent said they had at least one good friend who was a member of another race. And though most of our callers—91 percent—identified themselves as white, they told us who they thought spoke for the majority of African-Americans. Forty-eight percent chose Colin Powell, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Jesse Jackson came in second with 34 percent, and congresswoman Maxine Waters tied with activist Al Sharpton at nine percent each.

AT THE BALLPARK

Who is the best manager in baseball? The results were close to a four-way tie: The Braves' Bobby Cox eked out a victory with 29 percent of the votes, but the A's Tony LaRussa was not far behind with 27 percent. Jim Leyland of the Pirates placed third with 23 percent, and the Blue Jays' Cito Gaston received 21 percent.

Opinions were not much more decisive when the topic was talking heads. Who's the best announcer? It was a tie. Twenty-eight percent of our callers voted for Tim McCarver. Another 28 percent cast their touch-tone ballot for the combined team of Harry, Skip and Chip Caray. Joe Morgan received 26 percent, and Peter Gammons brought up the rear with 18 percent.

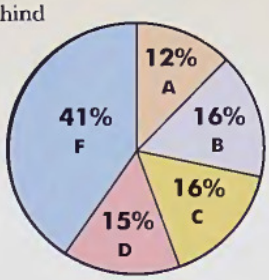
Matters cleared up only slightly when we asked who baseball's biggest hot dog is. Is it Barry Bonds standing at the plate, admiring one of his homers? Dennis Eckersley "shooting" his strikeout victims with his finger? Rickey Henderson saying, "I am the greatest"? Or Deion Sanders, helicoptering in from the football field? Here are the responses:



Readers were also divided when the subject turned to movies. According to 36 percent of our callers, *Bull Durham* is the best baseball film ever made. *The Pride of the Yankees* ranked a close second with 34 percent, *Bang the Drum Slowly* received 16 percent and *A League of Their Own* followed right behind with 14 percent.

BAD NEWS FOR BILL

Poor Bill Clinton. We asked our readers to play teacher and grade his tenure so far. The results might sentence him to the presidential equivalent of summer school.



"It doesn't feel as good."

GET REAL

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GUEST OPINION
BY JARED DIAMOND

If your dog had your brains and could speak, and if you asked it what it thought of your sex life, you might be surprised by its response. It would be something like this: "Those disgusting humans have sex any day of the month. Females propose sex even when they know perfectly well that they aren't fertile. Males are eager for sex any day, without caring whether or not a baby could result. What a waste of effort. Here's the weirdest thing of all: They keep having sex even though the female is pregnant."

To understand where your dog is coming from, remember that dogs, like most animals, demonstrate a functional attitude toward sex. That function is fertilization. To make sure that copulations are timed correctly, most female mammals advertise their ovulations by smell, looks (a baboon's labia turn bright red) and behavior.

Of course, you may think that reproduction isn't the only reason to have sex. But for both male and female animals sex is risky and costly, and they have to be efficient at it. Why do humans see it differently? Is it simply that, for us, sex is also fun?

To a scientist, it's not so simple: Behavior, like anatomy, evolves through natural selection. If sex is fun, natural selection made it that way for a reason. To understand why humans who are crazy enough to enjoy sex have become the norm, scientists compare how human behavior and anatomy differ from those of other animals.

Men invest not just time and energy but also a lot of their anatomy in sex. If you had a pet gorilla as well as a pet dog, your gorilla would be shocked at the unnecessarily large size of your penis and testes: your five-inch penis compared with the gorilla's one-inch; your one-and-a-half-ounce testes compared with the gorilla's one ounce—even though the gorilla's body weight is two or three times yours. Since a small penis and testes are enough for your pet gorilla, why are you squandering all that protoplasm that could be devoted to more brain cells?

If you think the larger penis size might be necessary for your varied coital positions, please explain how an orangutan's one-inch penis suffices for many sexual positions, including hanging upside down in trees. And what about how long we take to enjoy intercourse? The average American takes a wasteful four minutes at intercourse, compared with an efficient seven seconds for chimpanzees. For that matter, if longer is better because it means more fun, why don't we really enjoy ourselves with 12-hour bouts of intercourse, as do marsupial mice?

Anthropological explanations of our bizarre sexuality invoke our social system, which is equally bizarre by animal standards. We're unusual in our lasting pair-bond between male and female parents. Despite all the talk today of sexual liberation, most humans throughout history have been monogamous. Supposedly, say the anthropologists, sex functions as the glue that keeps human couples together while they cooperate in rearing their helpless babies.

As we learn more about animal behavior, we realize that this Moral Majority theory of sex to promote family values still leaves questions unanswered. Scientists' belated appreciation of these paradoxes has recently spawned an avalanche of competing theories, each of which tends to reflect the gender of the theory's author. One of the most promising theories has the advantage of being proposed jointly by a man and a woman, scientists Richard Alexander and Katharine Noonan. Here's how it goes:

WHY IS SEX FUN?

All things being equal, natural selection will favor the male that seeks to impregnate many females and sire many babies. Dogs and cats operate on this principle. In particular, if a man knew on which day his wife was fertile, he could use that knowledge to have sex with her then—and only then. On other days he could wander off in search of other fertile women, secure in his paternity at home. Indeed, that's what male sea gulls do.

But that behavior would be bad for the man's wife, since a baby demands much more time and energy of its mother than of its father. (And our babies require far more parental care than do the offspring of any other mammal.) However, by suppressing the signs of ovulation, a woman, in effect, forces her husband to stay home and help. He has to have sex with her often if he wants much chance of fertilizing her, since he (and even she, without the help of modern medicine) has no idea on which day she is fertile.

If a philandering husband has the bad luck to be in bed with another woman on the night his wife ovulates, some other man might then be in the philanderer's bed fertilizing his wife while the philanderer himself is wasting his adulterous sperm. The poor guy would then proceed to waste a lot more of his time, effort and money rearing a kid who doesn't carry his genes. That's why men are so paranoid about being cuckolded.

By forcing her husband to stay home, have sex and change diapers, a woman's peculiar physiology is good for her and her kids. But it's also good for her husband, provided he cooperates and plays by her rules. By staying at home, he becomes secure in the knowledge of his paternity. He needn't fear that while he is off hunting, his wife, like a baboon, is flashing red labia as an ad for her ovulation and mating with another man. Men accept these ground rules to such a degree that they will continue to have sex with their wives during pregnancy and after menopause, when they know that fertilization is impossible.

Obviously, this theory accounts for only some of our bizarre sexual habits. What's normal to us is bizarre to other animals. We can't yet tell your dog for sure why sex is such fun for us, but we're working hard to find the answers.

Jared Diamond is a professor of physiology at UCLA Medical School. His most recent book is the prize-winning "The Third Chimpanzee" (HarperPerennial).

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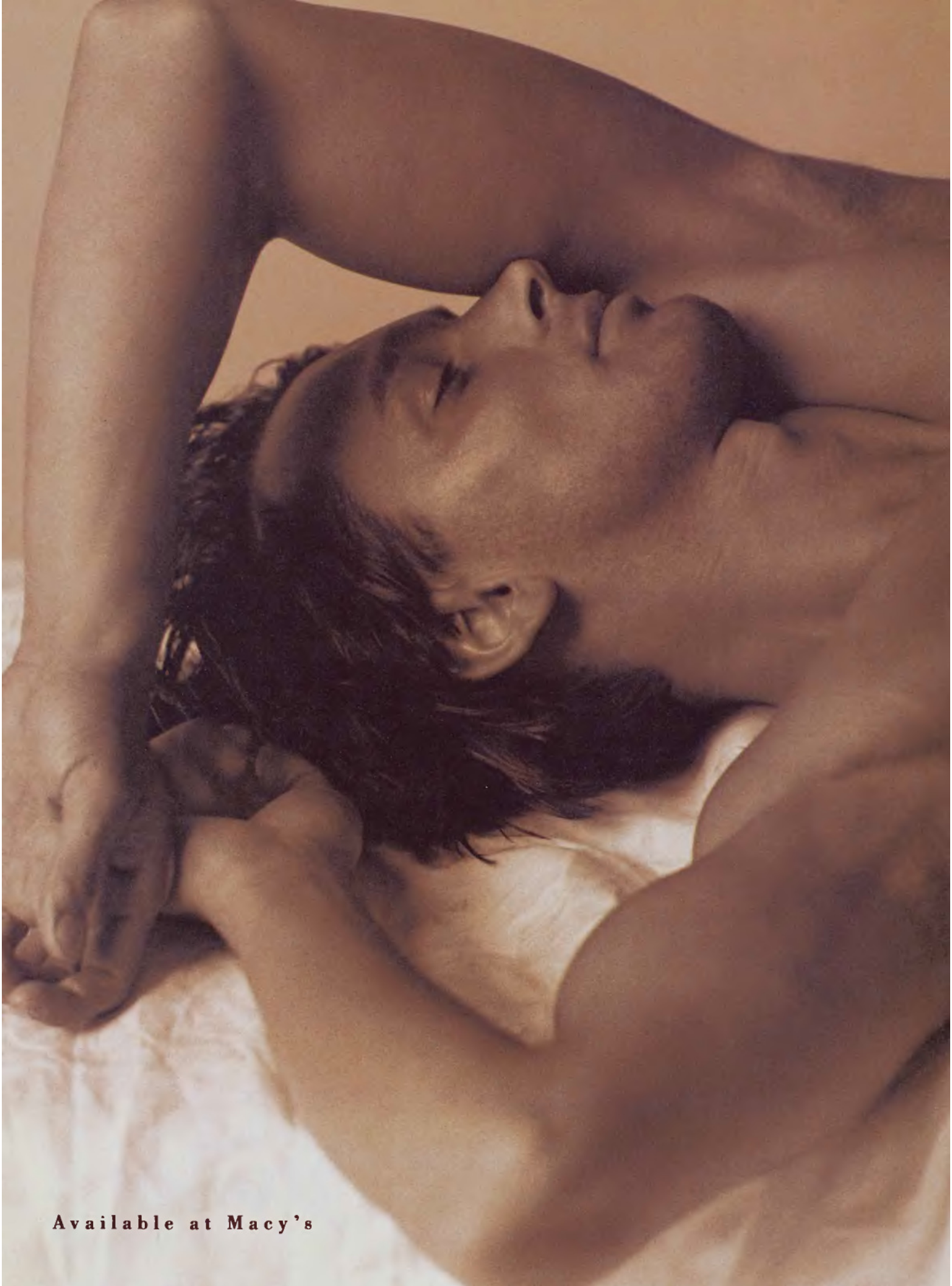
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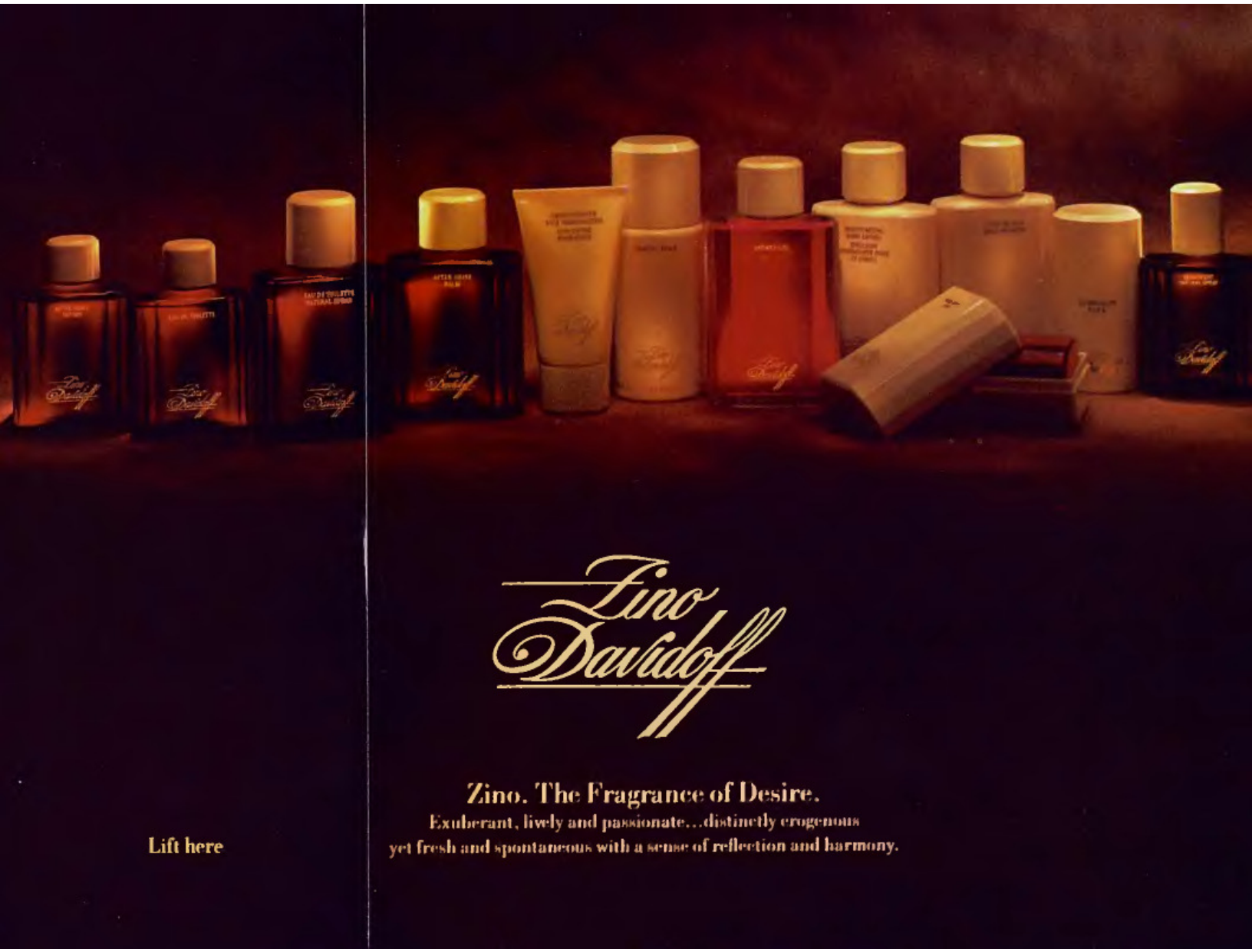

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MEN

By ASA BABER

I published an article last January in the *Detroit Free Press* called "The Men's Movement Is Dead! Long Live the Men's Movement!" In it I said that there is no effective men's movement speaking to the issues of men and sexual politics today, but that there ought to be such a movement, and soon.

The piece drew a lot of mail and evoked strong reactions, both pro and con. The harshest criticism came not from radical feminists, as you might expect, but from the men who represent what now passes for a men's movement in this culture—the men who have built their work on the mythopoetic writings of Robert Bly, Joseph Campbell and others.

Many of those men were offended by my *Free Press* article. But their negative reactions to this subject were par for the course.

Once upon a time I thought that the men influenced by Bly and his ilk might form a men's political organization. I thought that if they did so, it would be a healthy and significant contribution to our continuing cultural debate about the roles of men and women in this society.

Since women have had 30 years of increasingly effective feminist organizing and campaigning, I assumed that we could benefit from some representation as men in the complicated issues of sexual politics. But I am sorry to report that I have seen no evidence of any such efforts on our part.

The men who have been holding the mythopoeic conferences and weekends and trainings (and who usually charge substantially for admission) appear to think that sexual politics is a dirty term. Or that sexual politics is none of their business. Or—and there is an enormous amount of this kind of thinking in the so-called men's movement—that the only valid form of sexual politics is feminist politics.

Many of those men are willing to lament the loss of fathers and male role models in this culture, but they are less willing to go out and actually mentor kids in their own neighborhoods.

They are willing to examine their psyches and create exotic rituals for themselves, but they are much less willing to confront, with courage and tenacity and reasoned opposition, the radical feminist politicking they encounter.

They are happy to make money by leading seminars (and often by selling drums, artifacts and other trappings), but they do not have an organization that puts a percentage of the money they make from men's work back into political action programs for men.

DARREN THOMPSON

WAKE-UP CALL

The men's movement, as it exists, is self-indulgent and inflated at its core.

"In an age of images," I wrote in the *Free Press*, "a single image of men's work has pervaded the media, and a damaging one it is: the New Male as a cryba-by–tree hugger–softhearted–white boy–wussie who sometimes dances around an open fire at night and pretends he was a caveman."

I suggested that things were not going especially well for men today, and that we were losing political clout (we made up only 46 percent of the electorate this past election). It was bad news, I said, that the men's movement was so silent and ineffective.

Consider a typical example of male political inaction in my home state of Illinois. Recently, Illinois Attorney General Roland Burris created a women's advocacy division in his office (the first women's advocacy division in the nation, by the way).

Burris appointed a young woman named Laura Tucker to be the chief women's advocate. Tucker, a former public affairs director for the ACLU in Chicago, oversaw Bill Clinton's presidential campaign in four states (her husband, political consultant Peter Giangreco, was Clinton's deputy national field director). She was raised in Illinois and earned a political science degree from the University of Arizona in 1986.

Tucker says that she plans to push for legislation concerning women. "I'll work in the areas of domestic violence, sexual assault and sexual harassment," she has been quoted as saying, "and to strengthen child-support laws."

I am sure Laura Tucker is a good and rational person. In no way do I wish to denigrate her. I also say that the idea of a women's advocacy division is perfectly fine with me.

You know where I am going with this one: I also believe that until there is an equivalent men's advocacy division in the Illinois attorney general's office, men face a politically loaded situation. Burris should have included a men's office to provide a male perspective on the issues that have a direct impact on our lives and the lives of our children.

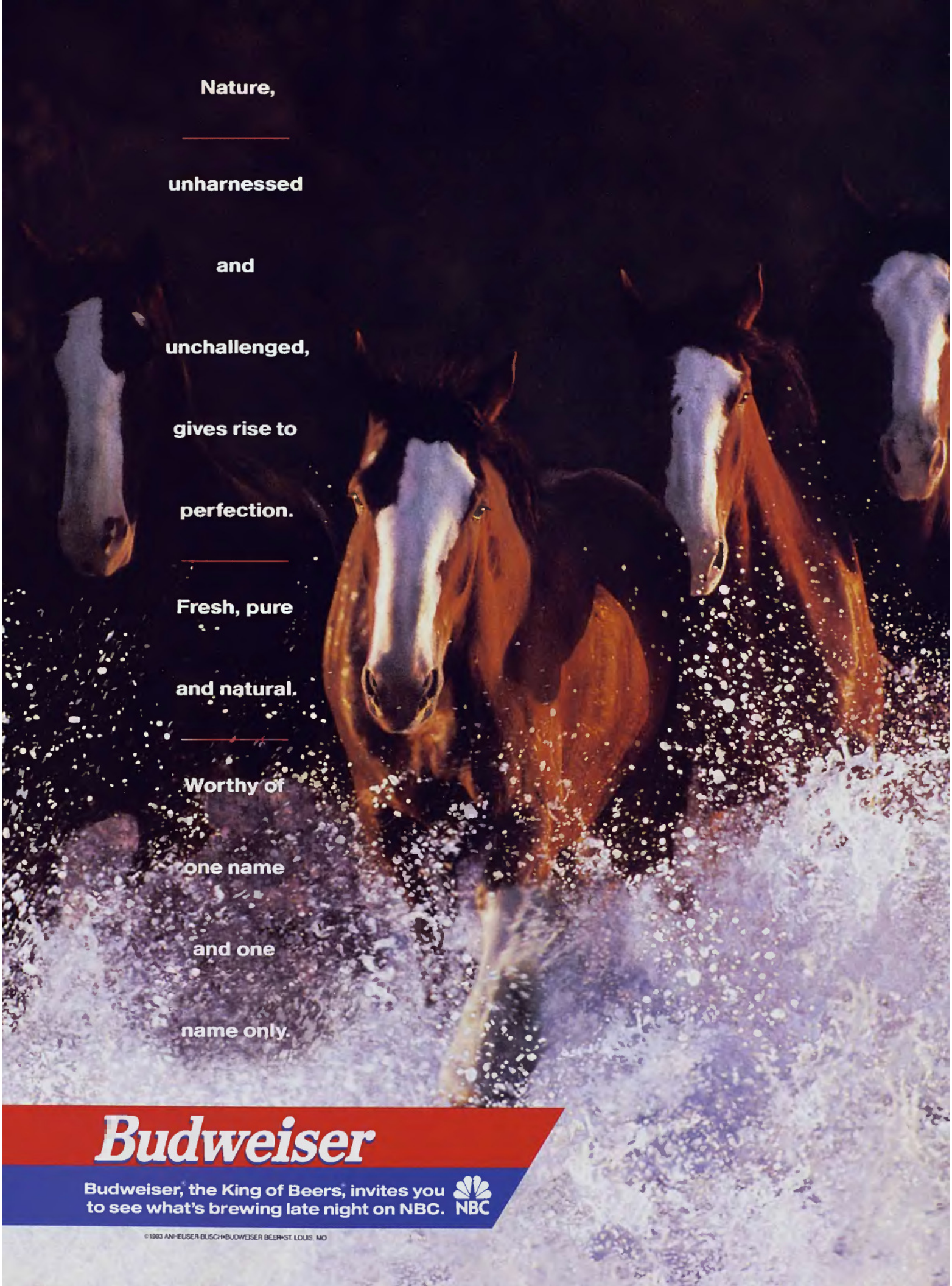
Why has there been no public discussion of the women's advocacy division, no request for a men's advocacy division, no protest at our obvious exclusion as men issued by the men's movement?

It comes down to a question of courage—courage to be politically incorrect in a time that punishes such thinking. To challenge the fairness of the type of situation I have just described is to ask for major trouble in this bitter and contentious age.

Most men don't want to get the mail and the phone calls and the angry critiques that I will receive for this *Men* column. They don't want to be mislabeled as misogynists and then targeted as bad guys, which happens to me consistently. So they keep silent. And safe.

But this is my wake-up call to you, my fellow men. It is time for us to forget safety and to live where we fear to live. We are being trivialized and ignored in the crucial national dialogue about sexual politics.

Don't blame God or women or the government for our current neutered political status. We have no one to blame but ourselves.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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

PERFORMANCE ANXIETY

I wasn't planning to unearth a land mine of female rage and resentment. I thought I was just asking a simple question. Our grisly story starts in England. While I was there last month I saw this hit TV quiz show called *Have I Got News for You*. Each week's show features two male hosts and assorted celebrity guests being incessantly witty. On the shows I watched, these guests were all men. I asked a friend of the producers why that was so. "They're desperate for women," he said. "They just can't find any funny ones. The women just sit quietly or they giggle nervously."

"Oh, please," I said.

"No, it's true," he said.

While I was being annoyed about this I thought of *Jeopardy*. Contestants on *Jeopardy* are mainly men. The rare women contestants usually lose. It drives me insane when I watch the women be all polite and timid with the buzzer and afraid to speak up and give these self-deprecating little smiles and then get so flustered and upset when they give the wrong answer (OK, question) that they won't even try pushing the buzzer until after the next commercial break.

I felt I had to call a meeting to discuss this. I rounded up the usual women. It started out calmly.

"I know," said Cleo, "that *Jeopardy* thing drives me crazy, too. Women never win. It can't be because we're stupid. I mean, it can't be. Can it?"

"And then there are those studies that show college women don't speak up as much as men do," said Rita morosely.

"It's upbringing. We were brought up to shut up," said Nora. "I was never acknowledged as a person. I had to give up all my rights. If I ever stood up to my father, my mother would scream, 'Don't you dare talk to your father that way. He's your father.' When I asserted myself in any way I was ruining the family. I always felt there was important information I wasn't privy to."

"We all did," I said, remembering my own childhood propaganda. I had a close-knit family. All insane. My sister and I were constantly being thrown into vinyl-slipcovered "dens" to play with our two girl and two boy cousins.

The boys were the princes. The aunts talked about them—every nosebleed, every school triumph—in hushed, worshipful tones. The boys were given enormous, pricey train sets and got to play ball after dinner. Everything they did was just wonderful.

The girls were the drudges. The aunts ridiculed and criticized us, we got on their nerves. We were thrown the occasional stuffed animal and had to do housework after dinner. Everything we did was just stupid.

The uncles were never around. They were doing mystery things out in the world. Even the aunts never knew what.

"We were brought up to feel inferior and deferential to men," I said. "It takes an enormous amount of faith and courage to surmount this obstacle."

"My sister pays much more attention to her son than to her daughters," said Cleo. "She says he needs it. Guys just get more attention, always, always, always! Goddamn it, goddamn it!"

"Well, it's not just upbringing," said Rita. "Everyone feels uncomfortable around men. Was everyone brought up badly? No."

"Yes," I said.

"Bullshit," Rita said. "Men don't think the way we do. We can't trust them. They're a different culture, they're foreigners in our land. It's like their accents are so thick we can't understand them.

"When it's just women we can calm down. We can be more honest. With men we're constantly on guard. It's emotionally tiring. Being with a man is like being on national television. Being on national television with a man? It's just not worth it."

"Let's face it," said Nora, "we've given it a good try, we've put in a lot of years, but it's just not working with men."

"It's that damned testosterone," said Cleo. "It gives them an overblown sense of entitlement. Our kinder, gentler estrogen doesn't stand a chance. Guys just railroad their ways over us and we're left sitting there with our mouths open. They just argue and talk so loud and leap all over us. Later on we think, 'I should have said this, I should have done that.' But we're polite. We wait our turns. We worry about other people. If there's someone in the room who hasn't said anything in a while, we try to make her more comfortable, get her to talk a little. Guys don't even notice. And it's just this kind of assholic behavior that makes a great game-show contestant."

"There should be a polite game show. Then they'd be in trouble," said Rita.

"What are we?" I asked, "some kind of pathetic victims? Just because they're programmed to steamroll, do we have to let them flatten us? Are we not women? Can we not fight back?"

"We can, but if we poke at them with a stick they come back with a grenade," said Nora.

"They find it devastating," said Rita. "When we do exactly what they're doing, they get completely smashed by it. I played cards with a bunch of guys last week——"

"Which guys?" I asked.

"Never mind. I played as aggressively as they did and they were furious with me, really upset."

"They're too fragile to deal with us," said Cleo. "They can take it from men, but not from women. They know we see deeper into them than other guys do."

"They're much more vulnerable than we are," said Nora, "so we're constantly protecting those delicate egos that they're desperately trying to cover up."

"When we get aggressive you can see their penises shriveling up," said Rita.

"So which do we want," I asked, "unshriveled penises or equal rights on game shows?"

We sat and thought about it.

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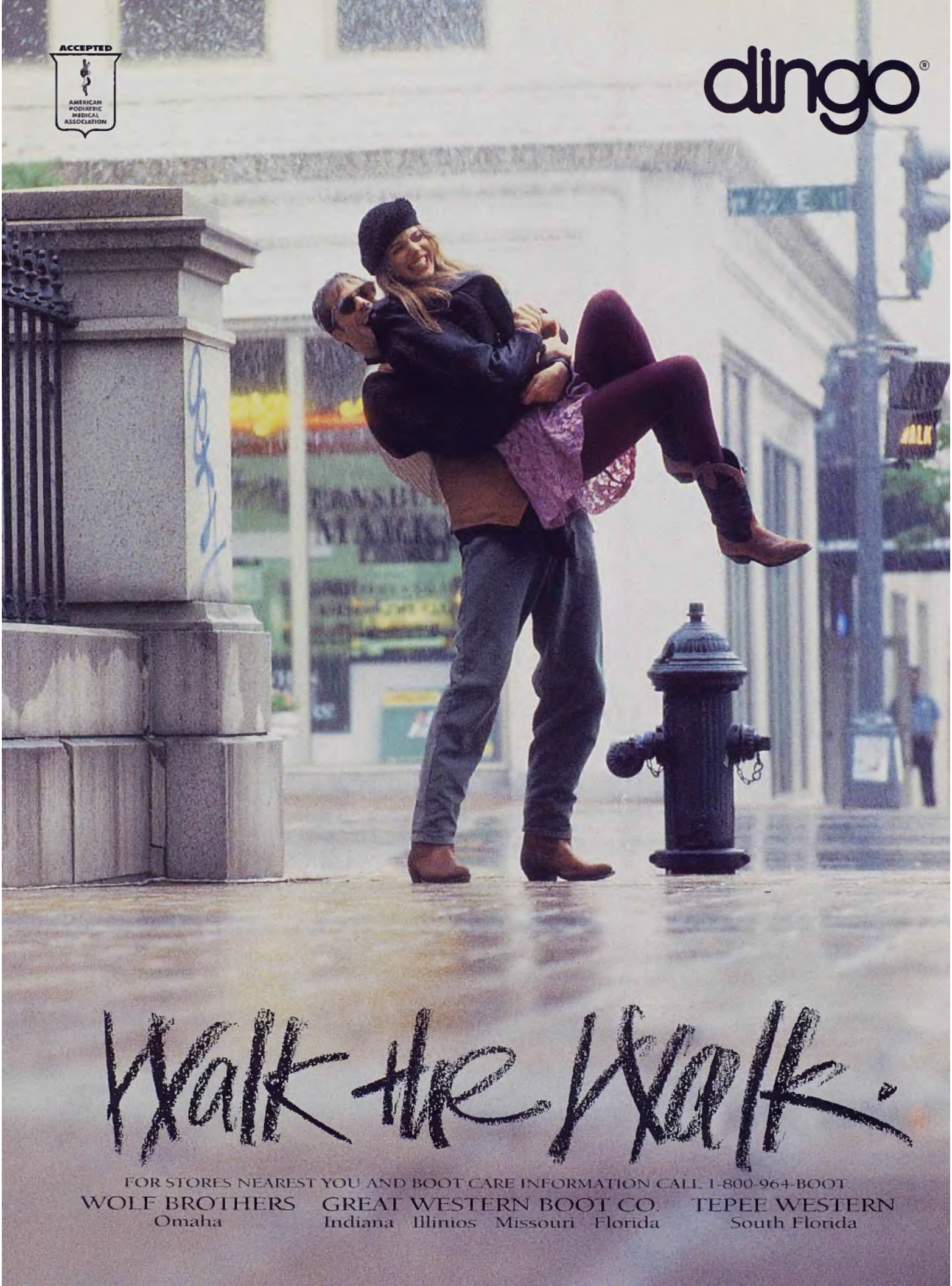
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I recently visited a swingers' bar and overheard a couple talking about something called a Sybian. What is it and what's so great about it?—D. A., Los Angeles, California.

A Sybian is a deluxe mechanical dildo that seems modeled on one of those mechanical bronco rides. The dildo is lodged in a saddle-shaped half-cylinder that the person rides to achieve orgasm. Not only does the Sybian vibrate at different speeds and intensities, but it also rotates. Women love this. The rider can control the action with two regulator dials on the control box, which can be immensely pleasurable for couples. A man who learns to operate the regulator dials right can control how many orgasms a woman experiences and when.

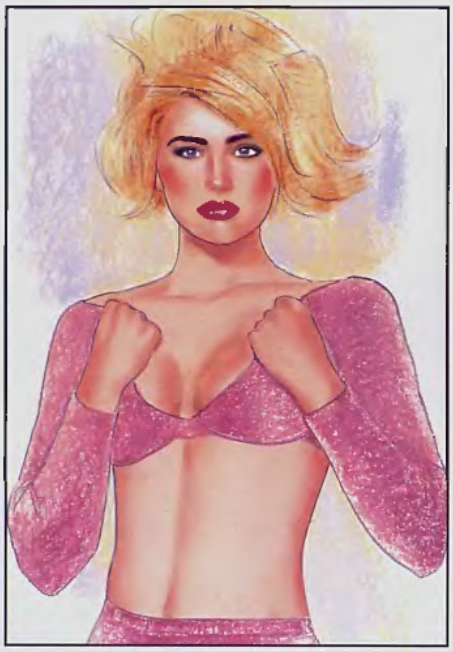
I recently started a job that requires a lot of overseas travel. Chances are that I will need clothing suitable for different situations, but I don't want to have to pack my entire closet. Can you offer any good tips on packing?—R. A., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Make sure your clothes are clean. Rather than trust foreign laundries, have your shirts professionally cleaned and folded before you leave. Pack items that you can launder yourself without a lot of hassle. Consider which items travel well. Avoid packing clothes that wrinkle easily or require a lot of care. Try to coordinate your wardrobe. Pack items that can double or triple for different occasions, as opposed to complete outfit changes. Stick to basic colors and essentials like a sports jacket, polo shirt, slip-on sweater and travel raincoat. Lighten your load by carrying a compact grooming kit. Drugstores sell travel-sized toothpaste, shaving cream and deodorant and lightweight containers for shampoo. Finally, pack a small sewing kit for emergencies and make sure you know how to sew on a button.

Even though I am nearly 60, mentally I feel 40. I find that I relate to female friends and work associates in their 30s and 40s as peers, though I am old enough to be their father. I often wonder how they really view me, whether or not they're just being nice and I should back off. Other times I feel that they really enjoy my friendship because most other men ignore them. There is one woman with whom I feel I could develop a relationship. How do women actually feel about older men?—D. B., Englewood, Colorado.

Once both partners are adults, age is beside the point. Act like a gentleman, but act.

I would like to get an on-line computer service. I've heard of one, Compuserve, but haven't seen much written about



others. What do they have to offer?—D. L., San Antonio, Texas.

Each of the four major "average Joe" on-lines—Compuserve, Prodigy, Genie and America Online—offer similar services. A nominal monthly fee allows access to basics such as news, movie reviews, reference information, shopping by mail and stock quotes—stuff you can get from newspapers, catalogs and your local library. The soul of these services rests in group conversations about topics such as computing, food and wine, music, photography and, of course, human sexuality. Not surprisingly, the best features are costly; it's hardly remarkable for a user to rack up hundreds of dollars in fees. Forget Prodigy—it censors its bulletin boards. Try Compuserve, which runs $9 a month and $8 an hour for premium services with a 2400-baud modem (800-848-8199). Genie, at $12.50 an hour at prime time and $5 a month for off-peak hours only, has similar topics (800-638-9636). America Online, with the most user-friendly features, runs $9.95 per month for the first five hours and then $3.50 an hour thereafter (800-827-6364).

Recently I had an embarrassing experience that I'm certain other men have shared. While having a prostate exam done by an attractive female physician in her late 20s, I instantly became erect and remained so until after she left the exam room. Am I a pervert? Is there a way to avoid this in the future?—P. S., Columbia, Maryland.

What you describe is not all that common. (Most men find the exam uncomfortable.) Remain serene. It shows just how potent an erogenous zone you have there. Maybe you can find a less distant woman to play doctor.

Are there any specific situations when I should take my car to a dealer for repair service, and cases when any independent mechanic will do? Will I void the factory warranty if I take the car to someone other than the dealer?—K. G., Charleston, South Carolina.

For warranty repairs, use the dealer. The dealer's service technicians will be familiar with the newest models. They have the parts to repair them, and they will be aware of the latest factory bulletins, warranty updates, recalls, if any, and "fixes" for problems that may have occurred once these new cars were in production. And your hunch is right—some warranties will be voided by unauthorized repair on certain components during the warranty period. After your car is out of warranty, a specialist may be a good alternative. This is especially true with tire, transmission and muffler repairs and collision work, because those practitioners know their areas well and they are very price-competitive. Many specialists will also go to bat for you with the car company if there's any possibility of a warranty covering the repair. To be safe, read your manufacturer's warranty carefully.

My boyfriend and I have been together for three and a half years, but he still keeps a box of photos of all his ex-girlfriends. I have asked him to get rid of them, but he refuses. Does he still care about them? I get very jealous, so what should I do?—J. N., Corpus Christi, Texas.

Everyone is entitled to his past. People who destroy mementos give up the power that one's history provides. We think this is one of those girl things: We've heard of women who torch old love letters with each new fling, as though amnesia or lack of evidence would pass for born-again virginity. When people demand this kind of sacrifice, you have to ask what they really want: total devotion? Slavery? Your absolute romanticism is a guarantee of disappointment.

What should I look for when buying a pair of good cowboy boots that are comfortable and will turn heads?—M. H., Birmingham, Alabama.

First, choose well-known boot manufacturers with high quality standards. Second, unless you want boots with an exotic skin, the boots should be made entirely of leather, including both inner and outer soles. Third, avoid that shaky, achy feeling. Make sure your boots fit neatly when you buy them because they will loosen up as you wear them. Fourth, choose comfortable toe and heel styles that best suit your feet and walking habits. Think Air Texans, not Air Jordans. After

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

purchasing, keep your boots polished and wear them every other day.

Are additional-dealer-profit stickers legal on new cars?—W. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

Regrettably, yes.

How do I get more time alone with my wife? We have two children and no privacy. We always have to wait until we actually go to bed to make love, let alone just talk and spend time with each other. But by bedtime, we don't have the energy for anything but sleep.—G. W., Santa Barbara, California.

In their book "Couple Sexual Awareness," Barry and Emily McCarthy suggest two strategies: communication with your children and a lock. Don't be secretive about the need for you and your wife to spend time alone. Explain to your children that having time alone is just as important as the time you spend with them, and teach them to respect your needs. There will still be times when the kids will forget the meaning of a closed door, especially if they're under the age of ten. Hence, suggestion number two.

I equate the word digital with high quality, but I'm confused about what is, and isn't, digital. Are laser discs digital? I recently saw a digital VCR advertised. Will this improve my picture the same way CDs improved my sound over vinyl?—R. F., Hartford, Connecticut.

If you have $50,000 under the mattress, you can get a deal on a real digital VCR. A few wealthy TV stations already own one. True digital home VCRs are a few years off. The models currently advertising "digital" use a digital circuit or two to improve the picture or store noise-free still frames. They do not convert the picture to a digital code for recording onto a tape. One company in Japan markets a home VCR that records a digital soundtrack with the analog video. Laser discs also include digital, CD-quality soundtracks with plain old analog video. When true digital VCRs and laser disc players arrive, the improvement over analog video will match the dramatic advance from LPs to CDs. Meanwhile, keep stuffing that money under the mattress. You'll need it when real digital video hits the market.

Sometimes I fantasize about another man seeing my wife nude. I told her about this and she asked if I was referring to a threesome. I don't like the idea of her having intercourse with someone else. I'd rather have sex with her while another naked guy watched. My wife said she'd have to be drunk to even consider it. She doesn't drink. Any suggestions?—C. K., Crystal Lake, Illinois.

This is a remarkably common fantasy. But if she's not comfortable with it, you're not going to sell her on it. If you want a naked man to watch you and your wife get busy, you have a few options that don't involve other people: Buy a male mannequin or a blow-up doll and keep it near the bed. Videotape yourself naked and play it back when you have sex. Install a mirror over the bed.

My girlfriend of four years is an attractive 5'2" 22-year-old with a 34C bra size. She has a terrific body but is embarrassed about her chest. She feels her breasts are too large and refuses to wear any tight or revealing shirts. I have tried to convince her that her breasts are in proportion with her body and that many women pay to have breasts like hers, but to no avail. Any ideas on how I can convince her to relax and enjoy the attention a tight shirt may bring?—A. P., Queens Village, New York.

Whose breasts are they, anyway? We recall years ago hearing a performance artist say about herself: "Love these breasts, love the woman they rode in on." We learned long ago that it is almost impossible to change someone else's body image. The only thing worse than false modesty is genuine modesty. If she's happy sharing her breasts with you in private, then fall on your knees and give thanks—perhaps to some other part of her body. Or you might persuade her to do in private what she won't do in public. Buy your girlfriend some pretty, low-cut camisoles or halter tops as gifts.

What is *penis captivus*? Some of my frat brothers swear they know someone who knows someone who's had it, but we're not quite sure what it is.—M. L., Durham, North Carolina.

We've heard many a story about some poor schmuck caught in a compromising position, trapped in a vaginal muscle spasm. Penis captivus occurs between copulating dogs. Unlike you, O homo sapien wonder, the anatomical structure of a dog's penis is such that a knotlike swelling occurs on either side of the erect penis, preventing withdrawal before ejaculation. It is possible for a woman to experience a sudden vaginal muscle spasm and momentarily tighten around her partner, but we'd wager the likely orgasm and subsequent loss of erection would make withdrawal easy and quick.

My buddy and I are planning to hang out in Europe for a month next spring. We're flying into London, but we'd like to make it to several countries while we're there. Our preference is flying. What's the cheapest way to get around?—O. P., Washington, D.C.

Too bad you can't use frequent-flier miles, but the next best thing is a Euroflyer Pass. Aimed at foreign visitors, the pass gives you coupons for intra-European flight at a set price (currently $120 per flight) on any participating airline. (This is an improvement over earlier flier passes that gave you access to only one airline, thus limiting your flight options.) To qualify for the pass, you have to buy three to nine coupons, stay in Europe at least a week but no more than a month, and fly round-trip from the U.S. on one of the participating carriers (frequent-flier miles are not usable). While the Euroflyer Pass is not the cheapest mode of travel, it's a considerable improvement over the $200-to-$300 fares you would ordinarily pay.

While in Las Vegas recently, I saw an elderly gentleman place several sizable bets at the blackjack table. Naturally, he was given the VIP treatment, with attentive service and cocktails appearing out of nowhere. Later that evening, I saw the same guy get waved in front of a line of people waiting for a floorshow and escorted to the best seat in the house. I know the casinos provide free cocktails, but what does it take to get those kinds of perks?—T. W., Dearborn, Michigan.

We've always said, it's not whether you win or lose, it's who you know. Casino management wants to know you if you're spending enough time and money at the tables or slot machines. Guidelines vary, but generally it goes like this: Any wager will get you free drinks; $5 to $10 per hand for one hour will get you breakfast; for $5 to $10 for two hours, you can bypass the line for a show. You can see the show for free if you bet $50 to $200 for four hours. Free airfare, hotel suites, food and drinks vary but are usually granted only to the big bettors. Any casino's VIP-services department can give you comp policy guidelines.

How can you tell when a woman reaches orgasm? I've always felt uncomfortable putting a woman on the spot by asking. Is there any outward physical indication that a woman is satisfied?—A. D., Naples, Florida.

A woman's orgasm can be a mystery, in part because we've been conditioned to expect the wrong things. When you're looking for the kind of body-thrashing frenzy that is enacted on the big screen, it's easy to miss the real thing. The fact is that men's and women's orgasms are remarkably similar: a quickening of breath, a momentary suspension of movement at the onset of the orgasmic rush and genital muscle contractions. A woman's contractions can be felt with a finger placed on the anus or the mouth of the vagina (or in the area between the two). In some women, continued stroking of these areas during orgasm leads to further arousal and greater satisfaction, which, in turn, leads to more sex. Ah, we do love the notion of cause and effect.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

AIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS

the absurdity of consensual crimes in a free society

By PETER MCWILLIAMS

It is the best of times for the worst of crimes. And consensual crimes are the worst of crimes, not for the usual reasons, but because they have no business being crimes. Simply put, you should be allowed to do whatever you want with your own person and property, so long as you don't physically harm the person or the property of another. Today's laws make many of those basic consensual acts illegal. Here are a few examples:

- In Michigan alone, more than 135 people are currently serving life sentences without possibility of parole for the mere possession of illegal drugs.
- In nine states, unmarried sex between consenting heterosexual adults is illegal.
- Oral sex (giving and receiving) is illegal in 20 states for heterosexuals and 27 states for homosexuals.
- The U.S. Supreme Court ruled that, contrary to centuries of tradition, members of the Native American Church may not legally use peyote in their religious ceremonies.
- In 1992 a woman was stopped when entering the country with RU 486 abortion pills that she intended to use to terminate her pregnancy, and the pills were confiscated.

The laws prevailing in these cases and many others like them would appear to run counter to the freedoms intended and guaranteed by the Bill of Rights.

Thomas Jefferson explained in his first inaugural address in 1801: "A wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement." How far have we strayed from this ideal?

Far.

Roughly half the arrests and court cases in the U.S. each year involve consensual crimes. More than 350,000 people are in jail right now because of something they did—something that did not physically harm another's person or property. In addition, more than 1.5 million people are on parole or probation for consensual crimes. And more than 4 million people are arrested each year for doing something that hurts no one except, potentially, themselves.

The injustice does not end there, of course. Throwing people in jail is the extreme. Imagine how easily they could be fired, evicted, expelled, denied credit, have their property confiscated, their civil rights stripped away and their lives destroyed.

Yes, if we harm ourselves, it may harm others emotionally. That's unfortunate, but not grounds for putting us in jail. If that were the case, every time person A stopped dating person B in order to date person C, person A would run the risk of going to jail for hurting person B. If person C were hurt by person A's being put in jail, person B could be put in jail for causing person C to be hurt. This would, of course, hurt person B's mother, who would see to it that person C would go to jail. Eventually, we'd all end up in jail. As silly as this sounds, it is precisely the logic used by some to protect the idea of consensual crimes.

No one should be able to put us in jail, no matter what we do to ourselves or our property—even physically harming them. Consensual crimes are not without risk, but nothing in life is without risk. The sad or happy fact—depending on how you feel about life—is that we're all going to die. We don't like to face that reality; it's one of our fundamental cultural taboos. We like to think that if we can only keep ourselves and our loved ones safe, none of us will ever die. Obviously, it doesn't work that way. Life is a sexually transmitted terminal disease.

Sometimes we land on the sunny side of risk and get the reward. Sometimes we land on the dark side and get the consequences. Either way, as responsible adults, we accept the results (sometimes kicking and screaming, but we accept them nonetheless). The self-appointed moralists of our society have decided, however, that some activities are just too risky, and that the people who consent to take part in them

Adapted from the book "Ain't Nobody's Business If You Do," by Peter McWilliams.

should be put in jail—for their own good and for the good of all. Such paternalism creates consensual crimes.

Consensual crimes are sometimes referred to as victimless crimes. But the label "victimless crime" has been so misused in the past few years that it has become almost meaningless. Every scoundrel committing a real crime has declared it a victimless crime, attempting to argue that a crime without physical violence is also a crime without a victim. Anyone who has been threatened, blackmailed, or robbed at the point of a fountain pen instead of a gun knows that's not true. Another group claiming protection under the victimless-crime umbrella includes those, such as drunk drivers, who recklessly endanger innocent (nonconsenting) others. Because they didn't actually hit someone, they argue, it was OK that they were going 70 mph the wrong way on a one-way street. Meanwhile, every intolerance-monger attacking a consensual crime maintains that the crime did have a victim. ("We're all victims" is a favorite phrase.) Besides, it's hard to find any activity in life that does not, potentially, have a victim.

People who live in Florida may become victims of hurricanes, drivers of cars may become victims of traffic accidents. Each time we fall in love we may become the victim of another's indifference. Does this mean that we should outlaw Florida, automobiles and falling in love? Of course not. It's not our role as victims that puts such activities outside the realm of criminal-law enforcement, but the fact that we, as adults, knowing the risks, consent to take part in those activities.

Consent is one of the most precious rights we have. It is central to self-determination. It allows us to enter into agreements and contracts. It gives us the ability to choose. "Without the possibility of choice and the exercise of choice," the poet Archibald MacLeish wrote, "a man is not a man but a member, an instrument, a thing." Being an adult, in fact, can be defined as having reached the age of consent. It is upon reaching the age of consent that we become responsible for our choices, actions and behaviors. (Nothing in this article, by the way, refers to children. It discusses only activities between or performed by consenting adults.)

The laws against consensual crimes take away the right we all have to be different. Even if you don't want to take part in any of the illegal consensual acts, a culture that puts people in jail for them is also a culture that will disapprove—forcefully, clearly and oppressively—of something different you *may* want to do.

If we let anyone lose his or her freedom without just cause, we all have lost our freedom. The bell, as the poet said, tolls for thee.

With this thought in mind, here are the most popular consensual crimes: gambling, recreational drug use, religious drug use, prostitution, pornography, obscenity, homosexuality, adultery, bigamy, polygamy, regenerative drug use and other unorthodox medical practices ("Quacks!"), unconventional religious practices ("Cults!"), unpopular political views ("Commies!"), transvestism, not using safety devices (motorcycle helmets and seat belts, for example), public drunkenness, jaywalking, loitering, vagrancy (so long as it doesn't become trespassing or disturbing the peace) and ticket scalping.

Even if you don't want to take part in a consensual crime, defending the right of others to do so has a trickle-down effect of tolerance, acceptance and freedom for the things you *do* want to do. (This may be one trickle-down theory that works.) "My definition of a free society," said Adlai E. Stevenson, "is a society where it is safe to be unpopular."

•

Here are the primary reasons consensual activities should not be illegal. In my view, any one reason is sufficient to remove all laws against consensual crimes from the books.

• It's un-American. America is based on personal freedom and the strength of diversity, not on unnecessary limitation and slavish conformity. We are, after all, "endowed by [our] Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Thus, we are well-endowed. Let's use our endowment.

• It's unconstitutional. The Constitution and the Bill of Rights clearly give us the right to pursue our lives without the forced intervention of self-appointed moralists, do-gooders and busybodies. Those who claim that the Constitution is "a Christian document" are about as wrong as they could be. (Which, considering how wrong these people can be, is pretty wrong.) The founding fathers—George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams—were not even Christians; they were Deists. They believed there is a God, but did not believe the "revealed word" of any religion. The founding fathers read the words of Jesus with respect, but they also turned for inspiration to the works of Confucius, Zoroaster,

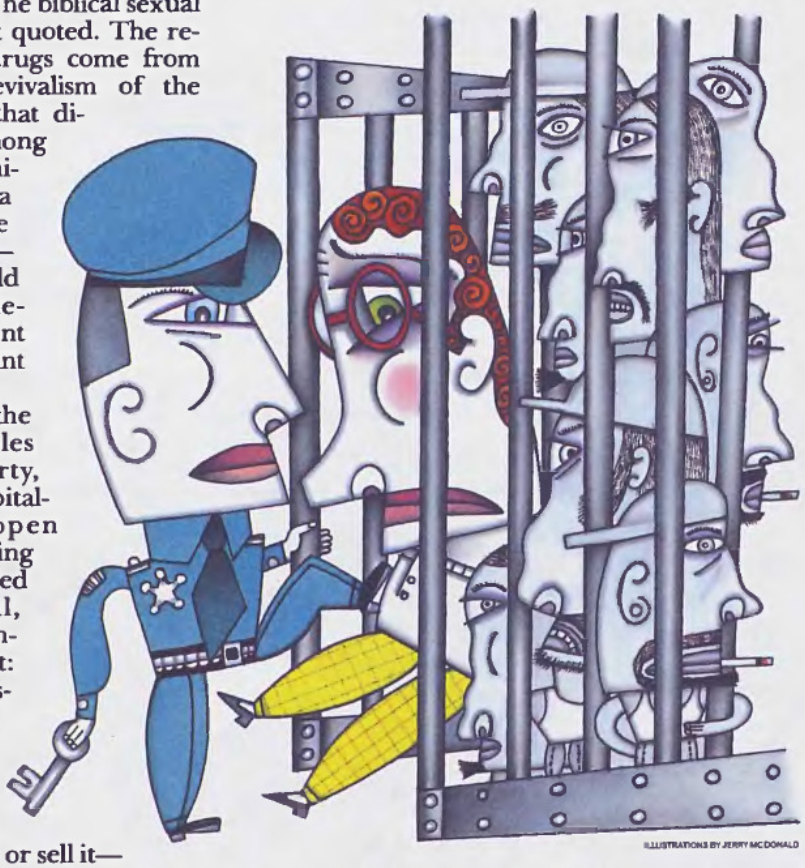
Socrates and many others. That almost everyone believes the founding fathers were all "God-fearing Christians" is a perfect example of telling a big enough lie often enough that it becomes "truth." George Washington summed it up succinctly: "The government of the United States is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion."

• It violates the separation of church and state. The Constitution not only guarantees that we can freely practice the religion of our choice but also that the government will not impose religion upon us. Almost all arguments in favor of maintaining laws against consensual crimes have a religious foundation. The biblical sexual prohibitions are oft quoted. The restrictions against drugs come from the evangelical revivalism of the 1820s and 1830s that directly gave us, among other delights, Prohibition. Even the idea that we should take care of our bodies—*or else*—is the old body-is-the-temple-of-the-soul argument espoused by Saint Paul.

• It's against the American principles of private property, free enterprise, capitalism and the open market. If everything thus far has sounded hopelessly liberal, here's a nice conservative argument: Our economic system is based on private property. What you own is your own business. You can give it away, trade it or sell it—none of which is the government's business. Whether you make or lose money on the transaction is not the government's business (until it's time to collect taxes). This is the system known as capitalism. We fought (and recently won) a 45-year cold-and-hot war against communism to maintain it. For the government to say that certain things cannot be owned, bought, given away, traded or sold is a direct violation of both the sanctity of private property and of the fundamental principles of capitalism.

• It's expensive. We're spending more than $50 billion per year catching and jailing consensual criminals. In addition, I estimate that we're losing at least an additional $150 billion in tax revenues: Every man, woman and child in this country is paying $800 per year to destroy the lives of 6 million fellow citizens involved in the tangled web of consensual acts, crime and punishment. And moving the underground economy that is associated with consensual crimes above ground would create 6 million tax-paying jobs.

• It destroys lives. A single arrest and conviction, even without a jail sentence, can wipe one out financially and permanently affect one's ability to get a job, housing, credit, education and insurance. In addition, there is the emotional, mental and physical trauma of arrest, trial and conviction. If jail time is added to this societally mandated torture, an individual's life may be ruined.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JERRY MCDONALD

• It corrupts law enforcement. Our law enforcement system is based on a perpetrator and a victim. In consensual crimes, perpetrator and victim are the same. Asking the police to control a crime that does not have a clear-cut victim makes a travesty of law enforcement. Who are the police supposed to protect? Theoretically, they arrest the perpetrator to protect the victim. However, in a consensual crime, when the perpetrator goes to jail, the victim goes, too. Law enforcement implemented against consensual crime is a sham that demoralizes police and promotes disrespect for the law. Because of the artificially inflated cost of consensual crimes, people resort to real crimes such as robbery and mugging. Thus we all become innocent victims.

• It promotes organized crime. Organized crime grew directly out of an earlier unsuccessful attempt to legislate against a consensual act—Prohibition. Any time that something is desired daily by millions of people, there will be an organization to meet that desire. If fulfilling that desire is a crime, that organization will be organized crime. Organized criminals seldom differentiate between crimes with victims and crimes without victims. Furthermore, the enormous amount of money at their disposal allows them to corrupt the best police, prosecutors, witnesses, judges, juries and politicians money can buy. Once consensual crimes are no longer crimes, organized crime will be out of business. (The other major financier of campaigns against consensual crime is the religious right. Its leaders find it easier to raise money with fear and hatred than with love. Organized crime and the religious right. Strange bedfellows?)

• It corrupts the freedom of the press. Reporting on consensual crimes has turned a good portion of the media into gossips, busybodies and tattletales. With so much important investigation and reporting to be done concerning issues directly affecting the lives of individuals, the nation and the world, should we really be asking one of our most powerful allies—the free press—to report who's doing what, when, where, how and how often to their own (or their partners') bodies?

• It keeps people from being responsible for their own behavior. If we maintain that it is the government's

job to keep illegal anything that might do us harm, it implies that anything not illegal is harmless. Clearly, this is not the case. Either people must be taught that what is legal is not necessarily harmless, or our prohibitions must extend at least to automobiles, cigarettes and alcohol. The current hypocrisy practiced in our society is unjust, misleading and deadly.

• Finally, we have more important things to worry about. The short list of problems facing our country and our world that are more deserving of our precious resources includes: real crime (the chances are one in four that you or someone in your household will be "touched" by a violent crime this year), drunk drivers (22,000 deaths per year), insurance fraud (a $100 billion per year problem that adds from 10 percent to 30 percent to all insurance premiums), illiteracy (one in seven American adults is functionally illiterate and one in 20 cannot fill out a job application), poverty (14.2 percent of the population—35.7 million people—lives below the poverty level and a good number of these are children), prescription and over-the-counter drug abuse (more people are addicted to these than to all the currently illegal drugs combined), pollution, AIDS and last but certainly not least, the national debt ($4 trillion and growing faster than anything else other than religious intolerance).

Consensual crimes create a society of fear, hatred, bigotry, oppression and conformity. They support a culture opposed to personal expression, diversity, freedom, choice and growth. The prosecution of consensual crimes encourages ostracizing, humiliating and scorning people. This creates a nation of sheep. "It has been my experience," wrote Abraham Lincoln, "that folks who have no vices have very few virtues."

•

If you look into the arguments in favor of laws against any consensual crime, they are usually variations of "It's not moral." And where does the objector's sense of morality come from? His or her religion. Some claim community values as the basis of morality, but where does this set of community values come from? The sharing of a similar religion. To a large degree, we have created a legal system that is, to quote priest-turned-philosopher Alan Watts, "clergymen with billy clubs." As Watts wrote in PLAYBOY more than 20 years ago:

"As is well known, the enormous political power of fundamentalists is what makes legislators afraid to take laws against victimless 'sins' and crimes off the books, and what corrupts police by forcing them to be armed preachers enforcing ecclesiastical laws in a country where church and state are supposed to be separate."

Don't think I'm against religion. I'm not. Individual morality based on religious or spiritual beliefs is wonderful. It can be an excellent guide for living one's own life. It is, however, a terrible foundation for deciding who does and does not go to jail. All it really does is allow a state-sanctified religion to pillory citizens for their choice of lifestyle.

•

"The function of government is to protect me from others," wrote the columnist Arthur Hoppe. "It's up to me, thank you, to protect me from me."

Responsibility is the price of freedom. So is tolerance. We may not like what others do with their persons and properties, but so long as they are not harming our persons or property, we must permit them to do as they please. In this way, we guarantee ourselves the freedom to do as *we* please, even though others may not like it. The price of freedom is eternal—and internal—vigilance: In the time it took you to read this article, 342 people were arrested for consensual crimes in the U.S.

FORUM F.Y.I.

The Albert Speer award for creative social engineering: We first saw this toy prison—the perfect accessory for a Young Republican's train set—during the late years of the Bush administration. We imagined boys gleefully pretending to be drug czars shipping off dope smokers by the carload. What next? An HO-gauge electric chair? The good news: The prison is currently in a clearance bin at one third off the original price. Maybe there is hope for America.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

AGELESS BEAUTY

DALLAS—*A federal appeals court has reinstated an age-discrimination lawsuit by a 44-year-old woman who said her bosses refused to promote her from waitress to topless dancer because she was too old. A U.S. district court had dismissed the suit because "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," and "the beholder in this case" was the club's management. The appellate panel said the trial court should have concerned itself with the issue of age, not beauty, noting that the plaintiff subsequently found a job dancing topless at another club.*

FORWARD LATERAL

WATERVILLE, MAINE—*The Colby College judicial board has recommended acquittal for one of its football players accused of sexual assault by a Tufts University sophomore. At a fraternity party following a football game between Colby and Tufts, the coed went to bed with a fellow Tufts student. Unfortunately, she woke up with a member of the Colby football team who, apparently, did not identify himself while getting a blow job.*

ONE SMALL STEP

ELLICOTT CITY, MARYLAND—*A 28-year-old rape victim turned down a $200,000 settlement offered by an insurance company and instead asked for changes in a juvenile offenders' program. She was assaulted by one of the program's members, a 15-year-old convicted rapist who was on an official field trip to a park. The woman said she could not accept the money because she believes that "vengeance belongs to God."*

ROYAL OUTING

LONDON—*A spokesperson for Buckingham Palace has announced that invitations to palace garden parties will no longer restrict guests to heterosexual couples or fathers and unmarried daughters, but will allow those of "single status" to bring a "companion." In other words, gays can bring dates. Even so, some members of the British Parliament complained that the policy remains "very sexist" because it doesn't allow a guest to bring an unmarried son.*

HOUSING HARASSMENT

MADISON, WISCONSIN—*The state supreme court has ruled four to three that unmarried women living together is a matter of conduct, not marital status, and therefore is not protected by the state's fair-housing laws. The decision upheld a Sun Prairie landlord's refusal to rent to three single women or to two single women with children, and voided the section of the law protecting "cohabitants" from discrimination. Three justices dissented, holding the decision to be "moralizing."*

SIN TAX

SALEM, OREGON—*A bill filed in the Oregon legislature would impose a state tax on sales and rentals of X-rated videotapes and discs to finance counseling programs for victims of rape and child sexual abuse. It would require the governor's Sexually Explicit Video Commission to decide which videos are sexy enough to be taxed at 30 percent. Does this sound like yet another attempt to tie sexually explicit material to violence—with no scientific proof of a connection?*

NOT IN KANSAS, TOTO

TOPEKA, KANSAS—*Lawmakers are trying to come up with a new but still constitutional way to discourage one of the region's least compassionate ministers from picketing AIDS victims' funerals with signs that read* GOD HATES FAGS: ROMANS 9:13. *The state legislature has banned such demonstrations and Kansas City has adopted a similar ordinance, but the Reverend Fred Phelps of the Primitive Baptist Church remains undeterred, declaring, "I'm talking about the destruction of a civilization called Sodom and Gomorrah, so it's not likely that any tacky little old city ordinance or state law or act of Congress is going to stop me."*

FINANCIAL ATTRACTION

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA—*A jury has agreed that a 50-year-old banker would not have married his wife of 13 years if he had known she found him sexually undesirable, and ordered her to return $242,000 in compensation for the deception. The former spouse protested that just because she was not physically attracted to her ex did not mean she didn't love him.*

COLD COMFORT

STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN—*A 31-year-old woman is facing theft charges after she persuaded a male passenger to undress in her truck and then step outside and rub snow on himself. She then drove off with her victim's clothes and money. A victim in a similar attack has also identified the woman. Police say the "snow queen" left one man standing in his shorts and the other in socks and a shirt.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

TEST PATTERNS

The article "Privacy in the Workplace" (*The Playboy Forum*, April) came to mind after the American Management Association released a survey indicating that 85 percent of U.S. companies conduct workplace drug testing. The report further stated that the rate of employees' and applicants' testing positive for drug use fell more than five percent in 1993. At least one third of the companies surveyed said that testing had become a central feature in their employee-relations guidelines. Woe to the American worker when employee relations deteriorate to peeing on demand.

Jack Lutz
Cape Canaveral, Florida

Drug-war paranoia hit private enterprise with a vengeance. While the higher-ups may interpret the smaller number as a moral victory, there is no significant decrease in drug use within the work force. The decline reflects an overall national trend that has nothing to do with on-the-job testing. The point made in our "Workplace" piece is that, while we have taken great pains to protect individual rights from government abuse, most Americans leave those constitutional rights behind when they report for work.

MR. DEEDS

The right-wing old-boy network continues. In "The Keating Papers" (*The Playboy Forum*, June) you traced a couple of Keating's Citizens for Decency Through Law lawyers to the Reverend Donald Wildmon's American Family Association. Wildmon has recently recruited another true believer to run his Washington, D.C. office—Patrick Trueman, former head of the Justice Department's Child Exploitation and Obscenity Unit. As obscenity czar, Trueman involved the department in hundreds of pornography prosecutions and seizures under the often-abused RICO statutes. He carried out his Meese Commission objectives with such fervor that even some of his most conservative supporters thought him overzealous. Apparently, he's just the ticket for the Tupelo reverend. We can all rest easier now knowing Wildmon's forces are a stone's throw away from our nation's policymakers.

Pamela Carrie
Clearwater, Florida

FOR THE RECORD

NO GAYS IN THE MILITARY?

"Today, gay soldiers jump with the 101st Airborne, wear the Green Beret of the Special Forces and perform top-level jobs in the 'black world' of covert operations. Gay Air Force personnel have staffed missile silos in North Dakota, flown with nuclear-armed bombers of the Strategic Air Command and navigated Air Force One. Gay sailors dive with the Navy Seals, tend the nuclear reactors on submarines and teach at the Naval War College. A gay admiral commanded the fleet assigned to one of the highest-profile military operations of the past generation. The homosexual presence on aircraft carriers is so pervasive that social life on the huge ships for the past 15 years has included gay newsletters and clandestine gay discos. Gay Marines guard the President in the White House honor guard and protect the U.S. embassies around the world."

—RANDY SHILTS, WRITING IN *Conduct Unbecoming*, A BOOK ABOUT GAY LIFE IN THE MILITARY

RIGHT TURNS

While reading May's *Playboy Forum*, I was surprised to discover that I may be part of the religious right. My libertarian politics coincide with some of the buzzwords mentioned in your article ("Voting Frauds"). Am I an unwilling dupe of Pat Robertson? Hardly. For instance, there are plenty of reasons to support "choice" in education. By any rational standard, our socialized education system is a miserable failure. Plenty of liberals here in Los Angeles "oppose gun control," especially after last year's riots. "Antitax"? There is no religious fervor attached to wanting a prosperous business climate. The insinuation that everyone who wants the government to stick to constitutional priorities is goose-stepping behind Donald Wildmon indicts every fed-up taxpayer in America. Sure, religion and state must remain separate, but what does that have to do with "defunding PBS"?

Rick Wiggins
Los Angeles, California

Under Reagan and Bush, the religious right felt free to strike at the heart of social discourse by censoring the arts (PBS, Mapplethorpe, Serrano, the NEA), education (sex, AIDS awareness, Title X abortion clinic restrictions) and speech (exotic dancing). Public anger at its confrontational tactics caused it to adapt. The buzzwords are a sign of that tactical change because they often mimic mainstream views. The words in and of themselves are not dangerous, but they should serve as warning signs that a fundamentalist stealth campaign may be behind the rhetoric. As for the separation of church and state, Republican administration cuts to PBS funding were based solely on the "filth and patently blasphemous material" (George Bush) that certain artists were supposedly purveying. We have a constitutional beef against family values being shoved down our throats by a federal fist.

REPEAT OFFENDERS

I'm sure you'll appreciate the irony. Andrea Dworkin—who for years has fought to protect women from pornography—recently had two of her own works deemed obscene. Canadian customs seized Dworkin's *Pornography: Men Possessing Women*, as well as her *Woman Hating*. This may be the only amusing glimpse of the otherwise dismal picture of censorship north of the U.S. border. Canadian customs

officers, with the sanction of a band of Ottawa bureaucrats, routinely censor thousands of books, comics, videos, magazines and movies. The crackdown started a couple of years ago, and the level of intervention is increasing. Customs officials are taking heat from both sides—those who think too much obscenity still reaches Canadian retailers and those who think customs shouldn't be in the censorship business at all. Well, at least in the case of Dworkin, they got it right.

Jeff French
Montreal, Quebec

As disagreeable as Dworkin's work is, it should not be censored. But it's academic, since customs officials quickly reversed themselves on the Dworkin seizure once the Canadian press got hold of the story and lambasted them. The seizure was particularly ironic in that the "Pornography" book was instrumental in forming Canada's new definition of obscenity. Customs officials may be the least of Canada's problems. Read on.

There must be something in the water that prompts Canadian women to find discrimination and degradation everywhere they turn. Two women are testing an Ontario human rights law in an attempt to ban adult magazine sales in convenience stores. The women claim that the sale of sexually explicit material in neighborhood stores creates a hostile environment for women. Aside from ignoring the legal protections for soft porn in Canada, the case in question is a blatantly false reading of the local antidiscrimination law. This is yet another instance of the assertion that a woman's gender alone qualifies her as a victim. And all this time, I thought women wanted to shake the dependency thing.

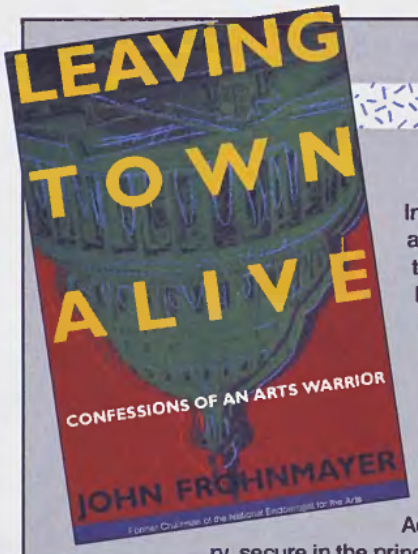
Arthur Weston
Hastings, Michigan

PAPER WEIGHTS

"A Criminal System of Justice" (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1992) did much to highlight the tireless effort of Families Against Mandatory Minimums on behalf of loved ones behind bars. Last May FAMM protested the particularly unjust case of Christian Martensen in San Francisco. Martensen, 23, was convicted on a charge of conspiracy to sell LSD and was sentenced to five years. In May the presiding judge had to resentence Martensen to ten years because the Carrier Weight Law required that the weight of the carrier medium (in this case, blotter paper) be added to the total weight of the drug to determine the length of sentencing. Martensen's ten years without parole is more time than many murderers, rapists and child molesters serve. Drug offenders get no mercy. The feds set a judicial trap, and we, the people, are ensnared.

Richard White
San Bernardino, California

The good news is that the Clinton administration is reviewing current sentencing policies. In May, Attorney General Janet Reno called for study of federal prosecution and sentencing policies that apply to drug offenses. Particularly, Reno wants to investigate the impact that mandatory minimums have on the criminal-justice system and on low-level drug offenders forced to serve excessively long prison terms. She hasn't offered any specific proposals, but the fact that she is willing to consider a reversal is the most promising development we've seen from the Justice Department in a long time.



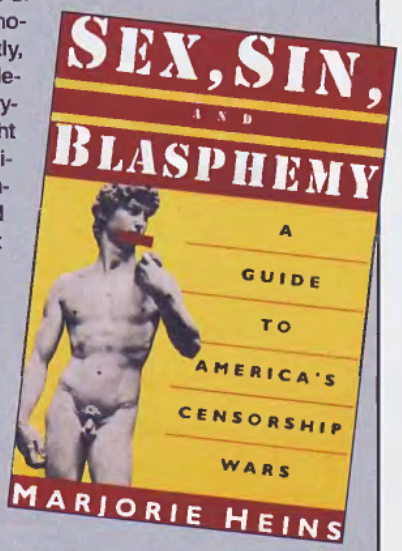
TALES FROM THE FRONT

In 1989 the religious right launched a holy war against the arts. In particular, conservatives attacked the National Endowment for the Arts. Here, two survivors of that war reflect on the costs and casualties of fighting for free speech:

"Just as it would be hard to appreciate the skills of a fellow pugilist who was flailing your face into steak tartare, it was difficult for me to recommend a foulmouthed, self-indulgent actor who was offensive by design. Accepting such work requires a mature citizenry, secure in the principles of the First Amendment. At the time, this description didn't fit. Perhaps now we are again stable enough, both as individuals and as a society, to recognize the value of artists who stick it in our faces."

—FORMER NEA CHAIRMAN JOHN FROHNMAYER, IN HIS BOOK *Leaving Town Alive*, ON HIS REFUSAL TO FUND THE CONTROVERSIAL WORK OF SEVERAL PERFORMANCE ARTISTS

"Since 1989 the NEA has been the target of continuing ideological attacks because it funded artists or helped mount exhibits or shows that some groups thought were pornographic or insulting to religion. All too frequently, the NEA responded to these attacks not by defending the merit of the art in question but by trying to disassociate itself from projects that might cause controversy. Agreeing to ideological, religious or moral litmus tests for arts grants is dangerous. Artistic merit can't really be determined by majority vote. And since the government not only funds art but supports libraries, universities, health programs, scientific research and public parks, allowing public officials to exclude or dictate particular viewpoints just because the government pays the bill would radically restrict the American people's access to ideas and information."



—DIRECTOR OF THE ACLU ARTS CENSORSHIP PROJECT, MARJORIE HEINS, IN HER BOOK *Sex, Sin, and Blasphemy*

BILL O' RIGHTS LITE

By JOHN PERRY BARLOW

During the past two decades, the first ten amendments to the Constitution have been quietly revised by the state and federal judiciary, sparing us the untidy political melee of a constitutional convention. The new Bill of Rights, based on current case law, might look something like this:

Amendment I

Congress shall encourage the practice of Judeo-Christian religion by its own public exercise thereof, and shall make no laws abridging the freedom of responsible speech (unless such speech is in a digital form or contains material that is copyrighted, classified, proprietary or offensive to non-Europeans, non-males, differently abled or alternatively preferenced persons), or the right of the people peaceably to assemble (unless such assembly takes place on corporate or military property or within an electronic environment), or to petition the government for redress of grievances (unless such grievances relate to national security).

Amendment II

A well-regulated militia having become irrelevant to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms against one another shall remain uninfringed (excepting such arms as may be afforded by the poor or those preferred by pushers, terrorists and organized criminals, which shall be banned).

Amendment III

No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the owner's consent, unless that house is thought to have been used for the distribution of illegal substances.

Amendment IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures may be suspended to protect public welfare. Upon the unsupported suspicion of law-enforcement officials, any place or conveyance shall be subject to immediate search, and any such places or conveyances, or property within them, may be permanently confiscated without further judicial proceeding.

Amendment V

Any person may be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime involving illicit substances, terrorism or upon any suspicion whatever, and may be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb (once by the state courts and again by the federal judiciary), and may be compelled by various means (including the forced submission of breath samples, bodily fluids or encryption keys) to be a witness against himself, refusal to do so constituting an admission of guilt, and may be deprived of life, liberty or property without further legal delay, and any private property thereby forfeited shall be dedicated to the discretionary use of law-enforcement agents without just compensation.

STEVE BISSETTE

Amendment VI

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to speedy and private plea-bargaining before entering a plea of guilty. The accused is entitled to the assistance of underpaid and indifferent counsel to negotiate his sentence, except where such sentence falls under mandatory-sentencing requirements.

Amendment VII

In suits at common law, where the contesting parties have nearly unlimited resources to spend on legal fees, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved.

Amendment VIII

Sufficient bail may be required to ensure that dangerous criminals will remain in custody, where cruel and unusual punishments are usually inflicted.

Amendment IX

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others that may be retained by the government to preserve public order, family values or national security.

Amendment X

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution are reserved to the departments of Justice and Treasury, except when the states are willing to forsake federal financing.

John Perry Barlow, who lives on a ranch in Wyoming, is a lyricist for the Grateful Dead and cofounder of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, a group dedicated to protecting First Amendment rights in the computer age.

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WOMEN AT WAR

women in the military stand a better chance of being attacked by our own soldiers than by the enemy

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Should heterosexual men be excluded from the military? That's not as facetious as it sounds. Women make up an increasingly important component of our Armed Forces, and available data indicate that a high rate of rape and other assaults by military men puts them at serious risk.

In the Gulf war, for example, at least 24 female soldiers were raped or assaulted by men they were serving with. According to the Army's own records, they were raped while on guard duty, in their barracks or while otherwise attempting to perform their assigned duties. Some of the rapes were committed at knifepoint and most were by men of higher rank. Unreported assaults could send the figure many times higher.

Is the libido of young men so out of control that they cannot be trusted to work alongside women who make up a growing and necessary percentage of America's national security force?

The presence of more than 33,000 females in the Gulf war was a sign of the future. Women will soon make up 12 percent of the active-duty forces. Since modern warfare is now fought by highly trained computer operators and the hand-to-hand combat of grunts is a thing of the past, women can be expected to account for half of the force. The only combat these women have to worry about is with men in the military.

Do I exaggerate? Hardly. The most conservative estimate is that 5 percent of the women on active duty can be expected to be assaulted within a given year by male soldiers. That figure, considered low by some, derives from a 1988 Department of Defense survey. The same survey showed that an additional 53 percent had been pressured for sexual favors, cornered or touched.

Female veterans who have studied the problem say those numbers, horrendous enough, are low. Joan Furey, an Army nurse in the Vietnam war who now counsels veterans at a Veterans Administration psychiatric facility in California, puts the assault figure at 30 percent.

Lily Adams, a Vietnam vet who counsels veterans at a VA center in San Francisco, says that, on the basis of her counseling encounters, as many as 80 percent of women in the military "have experienced serious sexual harassment."

I interviewed a female veteran of the Gulf war currently stationed in Oakland. She asked me not to use her name because she feared reprisals. When I asked this lieutenant, a woman with considerable nursing experience, about sexual harassment, she replied simply, "that's just par for the course."

To make her point, she read from the May 31, 1993, issue of *Navy Times*. Under the headline HARASSMENT EARNS SAILORS DEMOTION, the story reported that "two Navy sailors accused of throwing a female sailor off a boat in a pattern of sexual harassment were demoted and sentenced May 18 to 30 days hard labor." The article added that the 19-year-old female stationed on the torpedo boat "was thrown over the side of the craft while it was stationed off British Columbia and held down for simulated sex acts."

Thirty days? Can you imagine the outcry from Sam Nunn if this had been a male-on-male sexual attack? But if it's heterosexual assault, it's still basically "boys will be boys." Even, as in the Tailhook scandal, when they are aging admirals.

The Tailhook episode, in which 26 women were assaulted, some by fellow officers, demonstrates that the problem lies not with the enlisted men, who are boys, but with the military leadership. Tailhook would never have been prosecuted if it were not for the fact that Barbara Pope had been named as the Navy's first female assistant secretary for manpower. Twenty-six women, including 14 who were naval officers, reported being assaulted, but a Mafia-like code of honor had silenced all of the 1500 interviewed potential witnesses to the orgy. The Navy began its investigation in earnest, getting officers to testify, only when Pope threatened to resign and go public with a denunciation of the cover-up.

"One of the things that bothered me from day one," Pope told the *Washington Post*, was the "lack of outrage on the part of senior leadership at the behavior that was one of the largest abrogations of leadership in Navy history."

What did she expect? The top naval officers had graduated from a service academy that seems to offer a major in sexual harassment.

Carol Burke taught for seven years at the Naval Academy, where many of those officers were turned out. She wrote in *The New Republic* magazine that misogyny was the norm at the elite academy and that it was usual to see "midshipmen running in formation and chanting in guttural tones: 'Rape, maim, kill babies. Oorah!'"

Several years ago some lads at Annapolis handcuffed a female midshipman to a urinal and ridiculed and photographed her discomfort. Admiral Virgil Hill winked at this degradation as "highjinks." The woman chained to the urinal was being trained to lead in time of war. Don't the men need to be educated to respect female leadership when they encounter it? What if the men commanded by Lieutenant Phoebe Jeter hadn't obeyed her orders that night in Saudi Arabia when she directed the shooting down of two Scud missiles?

Although 1.8 million women have served in the military during this nation's history, their lot has never been easy. The first women to serve had to disguise themselves as men. Deborah Sampson Gannett was twice wounded, serving as Robert Shurtleff, in the Revolutionary Army. Then there was Lucy Brewer, who, inspired by reading a book about Sampson, escaped a Boston brothel and served three years in the Marines aboard the U.S.S. Constitution during the War of 1812 while posing as a man.

The Union Army wouldn't let Dr. Mary Walker serve as a surgeon, which was her profession, and for three years she had to prove herself as a nurse. She infiltrated behind the South's lines and was captured and held as a Union spy. For her heroism, she was granted the Congressional Medal of Honor. Walker was still alive in 1917 when, in a fit of meanness typical of its treatment of women, the Army tried to take back the medal and struck her name from the rolls. She refused to give it back, wearing it until she died. It wasn't until 1977 that the medal was made official again.

In World War One, military women were commonly referred to as whores by their male comrades. In the following big war, many of the 400,000 women who served slept with knives in order to thwart attacks from Allied soldiers. In

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Vietnam, Adams and Furey report, even high-ranking officers routinely acted on the assumption that the battlefield nurses were there "to service them."

You'd think that the condition of women in the services would have improved as a result of their prominent role during the Gulf war. But the incidence of sexual assault in the Gulf theater was at an all-time high. A VA fact sheet issued in July 1992 reports that "at Vet Centers, the highest percentage of women reporting sexual harassment or assault are Persian Gulf war veterans."

The shabby treatment of females extends to the Veterans Administration, which has refused them equal service. No expertise was developed on medical problems unique to women, and even now there are only 25 mammogram machines in 171 VA hospitals.

Karen Johnson, a veteran in Little Rock, complains bitterly that her VA hospital decided to have a penile-implant program before getting a mammogram machine. Women vets in Little Rock got their tests across the street at a private facility on a contract basis.

Until recently, female veterans were not treated for posttraumatic-stress disorder, even though many had spent a year of 12-hour days as triage nurses attending the wounded and dying in Vietnam. Women were not included in Agent Orange studies, even though a number had been in areas where the defoliant was routinely sprayed.

It was only last year that Congress, prodded by the Vietnam Veterans of America, passed significant legislation covering the health needs of women vets. Linda Spoonster Schwartz, a former Air Force nurse and Ph.D. candidate at Yale, has been leading the Vietnam Veterans' fight to get Washington to acknowledge the shabby treatment of female veterans. Last year, she documented in the magazine *Yale Medicine* the difficult struggle to get the government to acknowledge that women could be suffering from posttraumatic stress.

She wrote that posttraumatic stress "was reserved for men who carried guns, not for the women who cared for them when they became the carnage of war. Such official resistance did not sway these women from their conviction that Vietnam was responsible for their terrifying memories and readjustment problems. They were having multiple miscarriages, stillborns and giving birth to children with cancer. They wanted answers. And they would not be ignored."

It is unconscionable that a woman would have to offer proof that she was traumatized by war. But it does not bode well for any of us that women should be even more commonly traumatized by assault from male soldiers in their own ranks who are charged with protecting our collective security.

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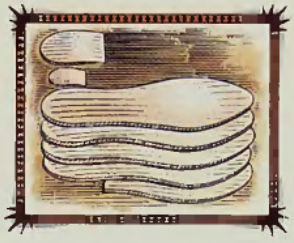

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LARRY KRAMER

a candid conversation with the angry writer and activist about love and sex, gays and straights, life and death—and politics—in the age of AIDS

He's been dubbed "America's angriest activist," "the Paul Revere of the AIDS epidemic" and "one of America's most valuable troublemakers" (the last courtesy of writer Susan Sontag). Then there are other comments. His critics—and even some friends—have called him nasty, tiresome, rotten, ineffective, self-loathing and a bully. Will the real Larry Kramer please stand up? Or, as his targets keep hoping, would he please sit down and shut up?

Don't hold your breath. Playwright, novelist, polemicist, movement maven and one of this nation's leading AIDS activists, Larry Kramer uses words the way that Norman Schwarzkopf used cluster bombs—and with similar results. Always passionate, often grating, Kramer is a master of ad hominem invective, as is best reflected by his arsenal of missives. On a typical day he launches them by the salvo, as with a recent note to journalist Robert MacNeil ("You pompous, heterosexual twit, how loathsomely uncaring can you be?") and one to Senator Edward Kennedy ("I believe you know that when I don't like something, one way or another the world gets to hear about it").

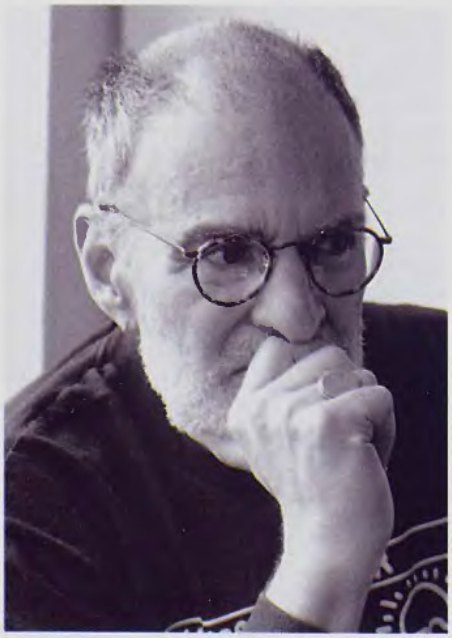
It is that same relentlessness—that unique blend of idealistic fire and activist smoke—that has propelled Kramer to international fame. A founder of two of the world's most prominent AIDS organizations, Kramer specializes in go-for-the-jugular attacks that combine the oratory of William Jennings Bryan with the subtlety of Saddam Hussein. He has frequently—and unapologetically—shredded his adversaries in print, calling Dr. Anthony Fauci, head of the National Institutes of Health's AIDS effort, a "murderer"; San Francisco's leading AIDS researcher, Dr. Paul Volberding, "a very efficient supplier of bodies to the local undertaker"; and Dr. Mathilde Krim, co-founder of the American Foundation of AIDS Research, "a dumb incompetent." Calvin Klein? "Married to his dick." David Geffen? "I don't know how he holds his head up." Even Elizabeth Taylor has been labeled "a dilettante."

But Kramer cannot be shrugged off as a reckless blowhard. Indeed, "Reports from the Holocaust," a collection of his articles reaching back more than a decade, includes essays written as early as 1981 that predicted—with frightening accuracy—the devastation that would be wrought by AIDS. Equal parts educator, philosophizer and nag, Kramer shows no signs of slowing down in the Nineties—neither in his playwriting nor in his activism—even though this decade may be his last on earth.

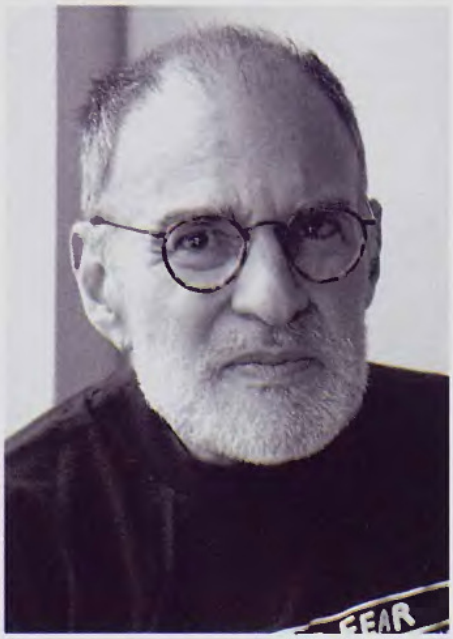
It was in 1981 that Kramer convened 80 gay friends in his New York apartment to warn them of a new disease, news of which had been filtering out through medical journals. That night, Kramer co-founded Gay Men's Health Crisis, the first grass-roots organization in America formed to combat the AIDS epidemic. Twelve years later, GMHC is the largest AIDS service agency in the country (its budget is $25 million), and is credited with helping thousands of people with AIDS as well as shaping national and international health policy. Only a few years after the organization's founding, however, GMHC broke publicly with Kramer (citing irreconcilable differences) in the kind of acrimonious parting that would become common in his career.

In 1987, frustrated by bureaucracy, the snail's pace of progress and a rising number of dead and dying friends, Kramer decided enough was enough. In a cri de coeur at New York's Gay Community Center, Kramer called for fellow activists to take off their gloves and take to the streets. The AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (Act Up)—Larry Kramer's second scion—was born.

It didn't take long for Act Up to swell into an international army of pissed-off, streetwise, in-your-face AIDS activists. They were as skilled in the rules of civil disobedience as they were in the fine art of crafting sound bites. Their clever tactics of demonstrations,



"By keeping it in one's pants, I don't mean be celibate. I mean be careful. Be cautious. Be concerned. Be considerate. Use a condom. Don't fuck just for the sake of fucking. Fuck because you love the person."



"I consider Bush and Reagan's actions to be premeditated. There is no question in my mind. These people saw AIDS as a useful way to get rid of people other people didn't want. We are being allowed to die."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CATHERINE MCGANN

"I can't help but be amused that the greatest general of all time, Alexander the Great, traveled half the known world with one male lover or another in his camp, in his bed, by his side in battle. Yet that is never taught."

infiltrations, die-ins, kiss-ins and political funerals put them on the evening news everywhere from Burbank to Bangor.

By its fourth birthday, Act Up, Larry Kramer's demon child, had battled the Gay Men's Health Crisis, New York's then-mayor Ed Koch, the National Institutes of Health, multinational drug companies and the top brass of the Reagan–Bush junta. In an incendiary game of bluff, Act Up also joined a Catholic cockfight with New York's archconservative Cardinal John O'Connor, taking the AIDS battle to New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral. It invaded the perimeter of George Bush's summer house in Kennebunkport and stormed the National Institutes of Health with plumes of multicolored smoke.

Such high theater, combined with practical knowledge of the complexities of drug research and testing, earned Act Up credit for changing how the government tests and develops drugs. It also spawned a new era of street activism, speeding the release of drugs for people with AIDS and forever changing the public image of the gay community. Then, just like GMHC before it, Act Up distanced itself from the ever volatile, ever malcontent Larry Kramer.

Born in 1935 in Bridgeport, Connecticut, Kramer grew up in suburban Washington, D.C., the son of a Red Cross social worker mother and a government lawyer father. He remembers his childhood as truly miserable. An imaginative, artistic boy who hated sports (at which his older brother, Arthur, excelled), he spent his days scripting and performing imaginary plays. The boys' father openly disdained his bookish son, berating him publicly as a sissy and, when words failed, lashing out in violence. But Larry soon learned to stand up and give as good as he got.

By the time he turned 12, Kramer knew his father was right about one thing: He was different—and unhappy. In his freshman year at Yale, lonely and isolated, Kramer attempted suicide by swallowing 200 aspirin. Recovering, he told his only confidant, his brother Arthur, that he was gay.

After college the young dramaturge landed a messenger job at New York's William Morris Agency at a salary of $29 a week. There, driven by uncommon talent, a sharp tongue and incandescent energy, Kramer began his rapid rise. By the early Sixties he was a producing executive for Columbia Pictures, working in London on such classics as "Dr. Strangelove" and "Lawrence of Arabia." He ultimately left Columbia and moved into an executive suite at United Artists. There, in 1969, he produced and scripted "Women in Love," directed by Ken Russell, winning a 1970 Oscar nomination for his screenplay.

By the age of 35, Larry Kramer was a certified Hollywood name. He had also made peace with being gay (though in the closeted world of Sixties Hollywood, that still meant arriving at screenings with a woman on his arm). But Kramer grew restless and returned to New York to write. In 1977 his first novel, "Faggots," appeared with a bang. Skewering the sexual mores of the Seventies gay male culture, the book became a best-seller, establishing Kramer's literary reputation. "Faggots" also made Kramer a pariah among many gay New Yorkers who considered him misinformed and a prude, primarily because the book condemned promiscuous sexuality.

Then, on a summer evening in 1981, Kramer visited a Fire Island friend who was cradling his wasted, frail lover against his chest. Nobody knew why the young man was dying. It was Kramer's first glimpse of the then unnamed disease that would become known as AIDS. The next month he helped launch GMHC and the fight began.

Throughout the Eighties, between GMHC and Act Up meetings, Kramer chronicled the epidemic in a torrent of articles that appeared everywhere from the gay press to "The New York Times." He also became a playwright, churning out the widely acclaimed "The Normal Heart" (which, after 600 productions worldwide, is now being filmed by Barbra Streisand) and "Just Say No," a blistering satire of Reagan-era sexual hypocrisy—and a critical flop.

But it was in 1988, with his professional star reascendant and his writing and activism hailed worldwide, that Larry Kramer learned he was HIV-positive. Since then, Kramer's most faithful companions have been his anger and his words.

> *"This is an epidemic that need not have happened. By benign neglect, 41 cases have become a billion."*

To grill the man who stands at the center of the AIDS storm, PLAYBOY *sent journalist* David Nimmons *to track down Kramer in his lair. Kramer spends most of his time writing in a quiet beach house on New York's Long Island. Nimmons reports:*

"The best word to describe Larry Kramer is busy. During our three days together, he spoke with five television and radio reporters (including Larry King), sat in on auditions for his latest play, the frankly autobiographical 'Destiny of Me,' negotiated with London's prestigious National Theater to take the play to England, met with leaders of Act Up New York to plan the next morning's picket and unwound at a charity auction supporting the Gay Games, where he bid $1500 for an evening on the town with one of New York City's most handsome gay bartenders.

*"In between, we talked in his Manhattan residence, a swank Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Washington Square. Walking down the building's well-appointed halls, one instantly recognizes Kramer's front door: It's the one that looks like a freshman dorm room door, plastered with 37 different AIDS stickers (*SAVE HOMO SAPIENS—FIND A CURE *and* THE AIDS CRISIS IS NOT OVER—ACT UP!*).*

"Inside I was met by someone who looks less like a fire-breathing bogeyman than a mellowed-out college professor. Kramer stands 5'7" in stocking feet and was wearing a neat pair of jeans, a cardigan sweater and a silver earring. He proudly introduced me to the significant other with whom he shares his life: Molly, his wheaten terrier. With a warmth verging on courtly, Kramer walked me into what he calls the living room, a 9800-volume library of works ranging from Euripides to Michel Foucault to 'The New England Journal of Medicine.' The walls drip with memorabilia: his Academy Award nomination for 'Women in Love,' posters from two decades of Kramer plays, his framed Yale diploma. And photographs are everywhere—of the famous (Colleen Dewhurst, Glenda Jackson, Martin Sheen, Brad Davis) and infamous (a gaggle of Act Up activists, and of Kramer himself being led away in handcuffs).

"The private Larry Kramer is disarmingly funny, self-critical and not a little insecure. Intellectually, he is smarter than any three people combined and assumes that you are as fully conversant as he is with the collected works of Anton Chekhov, Hannah Arendt and Thomas Jefferson. Restlessly, he'll tug at his whitening beard, grasping for the right words to convey his personal truths and demons. More than once during our interview his temper flared, moving from zero to 60 like a Maserati, but subsided just as easily, giving way to soft introspection.

"In our three days together, only one thing really rattled him. At the end of our first meeting, the great and terrible Larry Kramer, scorched-earth scourge of America's high and mighty, found himself facing a moment of abject dread: He was about to leave on a blind date. Did he look OK? he asked. I told him sure. And he actually did."

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the early days of the epidemic. In 1981——

KRAMER: This isn't an epidemic. This is a plague.

PLAYBOY: In 1981 you were among the first to predict that AIDS would sweep through America and ultimately change the world. Why was it obvious to you so early and not to others?

KRAMER: I'm always perplexed when people ask me this question, as if I had some insight or prescience. It was as obvious as the nose on everybody's fucking face. How could you not see it?

PLAYBOY: A lot of people didn't. A lot of people haven't.

KRAMER: Well, that was my first clue that we were in trouble and that a lot of dumb people were walking the streets. You're talking about a virus being transmitted sexually in a world that fucks plentifully. Two plus two equals four.

What kind of brain or crystal ball do you need to figure that one out? I don't think I was any great prophet.

PLAYBOY: Was there one thing that brought it all together for you in 1981?

KRAMER: No, but I did get a little shiver of apprehension: "Hey, this is scary. It sounds like we're in trouble." I talked to the doctor who reported those cases. Fade out, fade in—he came into my apartment and talked to about 80 guys. He said, "We think it's a virus, we think it's spread by having sex, it seems to be happening now mostly to gay men. It's only the tip of the iceberg and nobody's going to pay any attention because it's spread by sex." He said that in 1981. And with the exception of "it's happening mostly to gay men," you could make exactly the same speech today.

PLAYBOY: So nobody paid attention because they figured the disease would stay confined to the gay community?

KRAMER: I don't think people cared, so in the initial years it remained unattended to. "If it gets worse, so what? If it goes away, then we don't have to worry about it. And if it gets out of hand, we won't worry about that, either." The irrefutable, indisputable fact remains that this is an epidemic that need not have happened, that was allowed to happen, that is still being allowed to happen. By that benign neglect, 41 cases have become a billion cases.

PLAYBOY: A billion cases? That dwarfs any number we've heard.

KRAMER: Shit, the previous high was 150 million—God knows, that was awful enough. Dr. William Haseltine, one of the most prominent AIDS doctors in America, now estimates 1 billion cases worldwide by 2025. Frankly, I use the highest figure I can because it scares the shit out of people and helps my argument.

PLAYBOY: The Centers for Disease Control reports a much smaller number.

KRAMER: The CDC is perhaps the single most concentrated group of idiots in one building that this government finances. They give you a different figure, a different flavor of the month on anything. So to whom does one listen? The World Health Organization? The CDC? Take your pick. There's no way to extrapolate the numbers accurately. Two billion, half a billion, even if it's "only" 100,000—what difference does it make? These are people that we're talking about.

PLAYBOY: When you look at the history of the epidemic——

KRAMER: In 1981 it was an epidemic. That became a pandemic. Now it is a plague. And what I find most amazing is how few people have come forward to be leaders or role models, to be courageous and gutsy and confrontational, to be all the things that wartime usually inspires in a population.

PLAYBOY: Wartime?

KRAMER: I see this as something worse

than wartime. This is a *plague*! P-L-A-G-U-E. Plague. It's amazing, for instance, how silent the church has been, how few religious leaders have come forth to confront the presidents for their inadequacy. It's amazing how silent major university presidents and the American Medical Association and the doctors themselves have been. Who knows better what's going on than the doctors? As a group and as individuals, they have been dastardly in their silence. As historians have written, benign neglect is just as heinous and destructive as intentionality. When Hannah Arendt wrote about Germany, she talked about "good family men"—the ones who carried out Hitler's orders, who knew their jobs depended on it and had families to support. The responsibility, for the most part, of exterminating so many Jews was spread around quite cleverly, so that few people had guilty consciences. They were shuffling papers or performing small tasks, just minute cogs in a large wheel. They could pretend they didn't know about the other things. A bureaucrat doesn't tip the boat, doesn't criticize his boss. He does what he thinks a good boss expects him to do.

My coreligionists, the Jewish leaders, have been grotesquely silent about AIDS. And yet it's a holocaust that matches—surpasses—the one we went through in World War Two.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. A lot of people might not agree with that. Defend it.

KRAMER: A billion people potentially dying by the new century is a far superior number than the 6 million Jews killed in World War Two. I know people resent the comparison, but tough shit.

PLAYBOY: A biological catastrophe is quite different from the conscious and premeditated acts of Hitler.

KRAMER: I'm sorry. I consider George Bush and Ronald Reagan's actions to be conscious and premeditated. With regard to AIDS, they were equivalent to Hitler's actions with the Jews. There is no question in my mind. None. Underline it. Put it in capital letters. Bold type. These people saw AIDS as a useful way to get rid of a lot of people other people didn't want. We have been allowed to die and are being allowed to die. I have absolutely no qualms about saying that this has been an intentional genocide of the black community, of the Hispanic community, of the gay community, of the community of drug takers and the community of unmarried mothers. I know there are a lot of noble people working on this, helping us, but there were a lot of noble people who harbored Jews, too. It's amazing that there's not more outcry about this.

PLAYBOY: There's been plenty of outcry from Act Up, which is often credited with single-handedly changing the image of gays from limp-wristed to pissed-off. How do you see that shift?

KRAMER: I'm proud it happened. You know, as someone who took a lot of shit as a kid by being called a sissy—who got physically ill every time he saw Bob Hope or some other comedian making a joke about limp-wristed fairies—I hate that stereotype. I'm thrilled that there's now an alternative image—one that's more butch.

PLAYBOY: Many Americans outside the gay community have found it difficult to accept Act Up's strategies. They charge that its slash-and-burn tactics do more harm than good. Are they right?

KRAMER: All we're doing is learning to make as much noise as the right is making, and that's good. Actually, I'm amazed Act Up isn't bigger. I'm amazed at the inability of people to fight for their lives. I may be very proud to be a gay person, but I'm not proud of my community. We have been so meek, recalcitrant and useless in fighting this battle. When you consider how many of us there are, how much money is in our community, what power there is among prominent gay people, you'll see that we haven't put up the fight that we are capable of.

PLAYBOY: Not everybody finds it as easy to fight as you do.

KRAMER: I'm aware that a person in a workplace situation can't be as obnoxious as I am. Nevertheless, I never will understand—until the day I die—how few people are actually frontline, everyday fighters. When you are facing death, as so many of us are, you don't just walk so willingly into the gas chamber.

PLAYBOY: So why are people doing that?

KRAMER: Why, shmy. Who knows? If I knew the answer I'd be Martin Luther King or John Kennedy.

PLAYBOY: You don't even have a hint of what's going on?

KRAMER: Well, a lot of it has to do with the atmosphere Reagan and Bush created in this country. An atmosphere of fear, of worse than that. The door to the White House was cemented shut on anything that remotely went against their agenda. Talking to them was like howling in the wind. We could have had people by the hundreds setting fire to themselves in front of the White House and it would not have made the slightest bit of difference. They were simply not going to pay any attention. Reagan was out to lunch, and the person who was in charge of AIDS under Reagan was a horror show called Gary Bauer. He was just a beady-eyed shit. He still is a hateful man who loathes every homosexual who ever walked the earth. He was going to see to it that we couldn't get anywhere near the White House. And the same held true for John Sununu and the Bush playhouse.

The forces of evil are much more powerful now than in the old days. Back then people like Pat Robertson and Pat Buchanan would never have been given such a national platform for their hate—not on CBS coast-to-coast or CNN all over the world. Hate has been legitimized in this country over the past 12 years.

PLAYBOY: Why is it, in the face of all that, we seem to see less of Act Up on the evening news?

KRAMER: There was a moment when it looked as if Act Up could be an international army. Chapters were sprouting up all over the world, people were flocking to meetings. For the few brief years of our flowering, that's what Act Up was all about. It was immensely moving and showed what the gay–lesbian community was capable of. The answers seemed so certain, the path so clear. We got great things done.

PLAYBOY: But you're speaking in the past tense.

KRAMER: Unfortunately, it didn't last. There were terrible disagreements, some of them irresolvable. The fights got too enervating. We were efficient when we were really rolling. There was much more consensus and everybody was of one mind. Now, if there are 50 people, there are 50 minds.

PLAYBOY: You describe a movement gone sour. Why is that?

KRAMER: People couldn't see results from their work. They came in thinking we could change the world, but the world doesn't get changed quickly. Most of them were young kids and they got impatient and moved on.

PLAYBOY: What about you?

KRAMER: Personally, I came to find Act Up constraining because so much of its success is based on consensus and process, which drive me nuts. It suffers from the same problem the NIH has, or any bureaucracy where a bunch of disparate people have to compromise. I can't stand the imprecision of grass-roots activism anymore.

PLAYBOY: Have you officially left Act Up?

KRAMER: I still participate in events I believe in. We had a demonstration a few weeks ago where I really got my rocks off by overturning tables. But I don't want to get sucked back into that again. I only have so much time and energy.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you've begun to mellow. Would that be so bad?

KRAMER: I don't think I should become less angry or less abrasive. I don't consider anger unhealthy or infantile. The thing that has driven me nuts all these years—and I still get it now—is that wretched line everybody throws at you: "It's much easier to get something with honey than with vinegar." Well, it isn't. Being nice gets you nothing in this country politically. Government responds to one thing only: pressure. There's no such thing as honey pressure. There's only vinegar pressure. It drives me nuts: people refusing to confront the system that is shitting all over them.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, AIDS continues

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to affect both gay and straight America's sexuality. How can we maintain healthy sexual attitudes in the face of this?

KRAMER: I don't know. I have no idea what our sex lives are going to be like. I don't know if sex will ever again be as it was in the Sixties and Seventies—even if AIDS is cured. Look at Hugh Hefner and *The Playboy Philosophy*. It was his intention—and it was certainly the intention of the gay movement at the time—to make sexuality a full, free, liberating experience. Well, it's turned out to be everything but that.

PLAYBOY: Hold on. Nobody would disagree that the costs of AIDS have been tragically high. But the arrival of a deadly epidemic can hardly be blamed entirely on people's exploring sexual knowledge and freedom.

KRAMER: But whatever benefits the sexual revolution brought, it also brought AIDS. The road was taken for the most logical and, perhaps, virtuous reasons. But in the end it proved to be the wrong road. Let's face it: That's the life we were all leading, gay and straight. But it cost too much. I tend to be very hard on the sexual revolution.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

KRAMER: Because something inside me rebels against the notion of using the body as a thing. I think that's the bottom line with the sexual revolution. I don't think of myself as some holy vessel or any of that Catholic claptrap. But I don't think of myself as a piece of meat, either.

PLAYBOY: To suggest that the bottom line of the sexual revolution was that everyone is a piece of meat is absurd.

KRAMER: But look at the PLAYBOY centerfold. Look at all the pictures of naked models. Now, I have nothing against pornography—indeed, my main sex life for the past five years has been jerking off over gay porn videos, and quite frankly, it's been useful to me. But let's not make any grand claims for it being anything more than that.

PLAYBOY: You sound as if there's a pretty big gap between sex and intimacy for you.

KRAMER: How can I get intimate with a porn video or a PLAYBOY centerfold? Sex has to be returned to a more special place, saved for a more special occasion. It's like reading a good book for pleasure instead of reading a potboiler.

PLAYBOY: We've always maintained that sex occupies a special place in life. Are you saying that no positive social effects came out of the sexual revolution?

KRAMER: Positive social things?

PLAYBOY: For example, without those changes, wouldn't the gay community be back where it was in the Fifties—alone and isolated? Didn't the sexual revolution allow gays to come out?

KRAMER: I'm hard-pressed to make that leap. Who's to know what would have happened if we had been gently allowed our rights, allowed to marry? Gay men had nothing to call our own but our penises, and we tried to make a virtue of that. I find this hard to calibrate because of the enormous price that's been paid. If there had been a way of achieving the same results at a lesser cost, could we have learned about intimacy and freedom and physical pleasure without so much death? I don't have an answer.

PLAYBOY: You're speaking as though you feel AIDS signals the end of sex.

KRAMER: I don't know. People are saying things like, "We have to go back to teaching abstinence." All of these concepts were anathema to us—and to me—a few years ago. Now they're hard to dispute.

PLAYBOY: Actually, they're not. There's absolutely no data to suggest that teaching abstinence works. We can teach it all we want, and people will still have sex and will still die of AIDS.

KRAMER: All I'm saying is that the argument doesn't seem as much of an anathema as before. Look, I know how prudish I sound in all of this. At one time I was just as sexual as the next guy and enjoyed it just as much. But I also know how demeaning so much of it was. I know how emotionally unsatisfied I felt when I came back from the baths, which so many people have enshrined as heaven on earth. Yes, sometimes it was a heaven, but many times it wasn't. These are difficult issues to grapple with. The body should be able to do what it wants to do and enjoy what it wants to enjoy. But it would appear that mother nature doesn't allow that.

PLAYBOY: Now you're sounding like Pat Robertson.

KRAMER: Am I? I hope not. [*Laughs*] All I'm saying is, don't go to bed with a person just to go to bed. Go to bed with someone only if you sort of like the person. So is that Pat Robertson?

PLAYBOY: The point is, you're attaching a moral judgment to sex.

KRAMER: It's not moral, it's pragmatic. That's the difference.

PLAYBOY: But aren't safer sex and AIDS education pragmatic solutions? And consider the alternative. There's been a lot of talk about people being scared celibate. Don't you see any cost attached to the loss of sexual expression and the intimacy that goes with it?

KRAMER: Indeed I do—I'm a good example of that. I've had a great hunger for intimacy over the past five years that I've been reluctant to assuage. But I'm beginning to see that the answer is in finding ways to cope with this plague that are not so draconian. Amazingly, the gay community is starting to do that. Sex is returning on a broader scale, and fairly safely, in ways that would have been unthinkable two years ago.

PLAYBOY: Explain that.

KRAMER: You can't expect 12.5 million gay men—12.5 million of any kind of people—simply to stop having sex. It's too basic a human need. If it's dangerous, you'll find ways to cope with that danger. Initially, we couldn't. Now we're learning how. People are having new kinds of relationships, finding ways to be affectionate within prescribed limits. I guess intimacy is going to change. It's quite touching and remarkable to me how many HIV-negative–positive relationships there are. A few years ago, anyone who was HIV-positive was simply a leper. It's a testament to the adaptability of the human mind, I guess.

PLAYBOY: So what's your one-sentence take on the future of sex?

KRAMER: That's the trouble with this whole sound-bite world.

PLAYBOY: OK, do it in three sentences.

KRAMER: No. Can you imagine asking Sophocles or Plato: "If you had only one sentence to tell your students, what would you say?"

PLAYBOY: They actually had some of those sentences—that's why they were Sophocles and Plato. So what's your message of enlightenment to heterosexual America?

KRAMER: Keep it in your pants, boys.

PLAYBOY: That's it? But you just admitted that nobody can really be expected to exist without sex.

KRAMER: By keeping it in one's pants, I don't mean be celibate. I mean be careful. Be cautious. Be concerned. Be considerate. Use a condom. Don't fuck just for the sake of fucking. Fuck because you love the person or want to get to know the person. I don't know what other advice to give in the face of a plague where death is spread through sex.

PLAYBOY: We still detect an undertone of morality.

KRAMER: I accept that, but I stand by my words. This isn't the first time I've been criticized for being a moralist. But I think of how often in the gay and the straight worlds that sex is used as a weapon of release, of revenge, of hunger. It is important to return affection to sex, and maybe that will help us to get through this period in history.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as the root of America's skittishness about sex?

KRAMER: Skittishness is too weak a word.

PLAYBOY: How about terror?

KRAMER: America is essentially a puritanical country. This is an issue we continue to ignore at our peril. It goes all the way back to the founding of the country. If you want to read scary stuff, read what preachers were preaching in Massachusetts Colony in the 17th century. All the great preachers sounded just like Pat Robertson and Pat Buchanan.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying Pat Robertson and his ilk are great preachers?

KRAMER: I won't in any way ever say anything nice about Pat Robertson or that other horse's ass, Buchanan. I'm certainly not going to equate the grammatical folderol of Robertson with the impassioned language of Cotton Mather. But it's from the same strain—the strain

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Studies indicate that *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment* with *Rogaine* are usually necessary before there is evidence of regrowth. So why not make it part of your normal routine when you wake up and go to bed, like brushing your teeth.

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The only product ever proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 60% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US medical centers involving 256 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 19% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 7% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away. If the spray applicator is used, avoid inhaling the spray.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** 0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE was applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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that parades hate in the costume of devotion to God. Their determination is that they are the chosen ones and everyone else is an other. There is an enormous amount of hate out there, and it's just barely contained. The Reagan–Bush years allowed it to get out of the box. It's been very scary.

PLAYBOY: Many of those are the same religious voices who call AIDS God's punishment.

KRAMER: I rest my case.

PLAYBOY: Since you brought up the Reagan years: Your play *Just Say No* is a savage satire of the sexual mores of the former first family. What made you decide to portray the Reagan White House as such an oversexed place?

KRAMER: Truth, honesty and historical accuracy.

PLAYBOY: What are you saying?

KRAMER: Nancy Reagan used to have trysts.

PLAYBOY: Trysts?

KRAMER: This is not original to me. I'm not saying anything that hasn't been in books. The more I researched the Reagans, the more I realized Nancy apparently had the sluttiest sex life, equal to those of ancient Rome. They say that Nancy Reagan gave blow jobs all over Hollywood. She used to service Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. It was no secret that she was such an active young starlet. Indeed, as a rising young beefcake star, Ronnie knew what he was getting when he married her. That these two people should have wound up the president and first lady of this country is one of the great farces in history.

PLAYBOY: These charges are pretty explosive. You said they've been written about in books. Which ones?

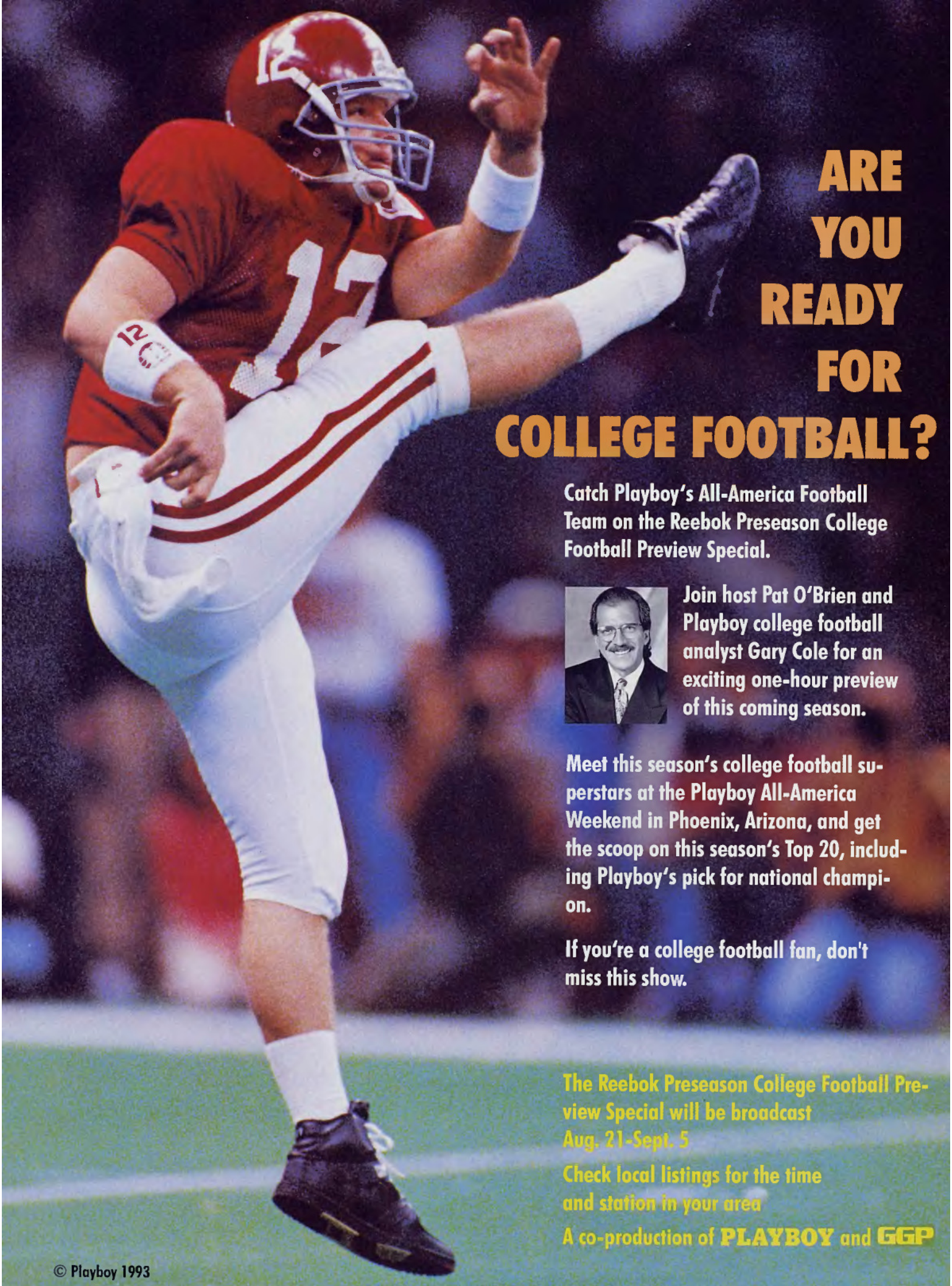
KRAMER: Peter Lawford's wife's book, *The Peter Lawford Story* [by Patricia Seaton Lawford]. And Kitty Kelley's book on Nancy Reagan. The Gable and Tracy stuff was given to me by a well-respected writer who wrote a book on Reagan but didn't use it—a woman of such caliber that her word should be good enough for you.

PLAYBOY: But——

KRAMER: Look, darling, what the fuck do you want? It's been in print and nobody challenged it the first time around.

PLAYBOY: But how is any of this relevant to AIDS?

KRAMER: Because by the time the Reagans got to the White House, with all of their pomposity, they were going to deny this and make sure that anything even remotely sexual—like AIDS—was not going to be attended to. Throughout all of these years, one thing I've learned has been how sexual lies have allowed a small epidemic to become an uncontrollable plague. If [former New York mayor] Ed Koch hadn't been so terrified of being suspected to be gay—if the Reagans hadn't been so terrified that their son was going to be identified as gay—



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we wouldn't have AIDS today.

PLAYBOY: That seems——

KRAMER: That may be a generalization, but I think an awful lot of history is based on sex. Most history books are only partial stories of history and, therefore, blatant lies. That's why I portrayed the White House as an oversexed place. I hope PLAYBOY will print all of this.

PLAYBOY: We have been known to write about sex in our pages.

KRAMER: Good.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk now about another famous Washington name. What do you make of the allegations that FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover was——

KRAMER: Queer? We always knew, but nobody believed us. That sort of thing drives me nuts. For example, we know Walt Whitman was gay. There's tons of evidence to support that. Yet you can't get the heterosexual hegemony to honor gay heroes. I mean, to this day *The New York Times Book Review* still publishes essays by academic assholes who say Whitman was heterosexual.

PLAYBOY: In Hoover's case, it is now said that he refrained from prosecuting the Mafia for 20 years because it threatened to out him with photos of him and his male lover. Would you have outed him?

KRAMER: I grew up in Washington, D.C. Starting in about eighth grade, I used to hang out with one of my best friends, who lived directly across the street from J. Edgar Hoover. At 14 years of age I would see Hoover and Clyde Tolson leave the house in the morning and come home together in the evening.

PLAYBOY: So J. Edgar Hoover was a gay role model for Larry Kramer?

KRAMER: [*Laughs*] At 14 I didn't even know what gay was. But I did know that those two men, walking into a house where every single window was curtained and light never entered, well, we knew they were doing something different in there. [*Laughs*]

The point is, it wasn't his tragedy. It was our tragedy—this country's tragedy. If there ever was a case for the need for honesty in recognizing homosexuality, this is it. For decades Hoover went easy on the Mafia, and organized crime was allowed to get out of hand simply because he was in the closet.

PLAYBOY: So the rise of the Mafia can be blamed on the closet?

KRAMER: The closet can be blamed on the morality of this country, and it's hurting this country as much as it's hurting gays.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject, what do you think of outing?

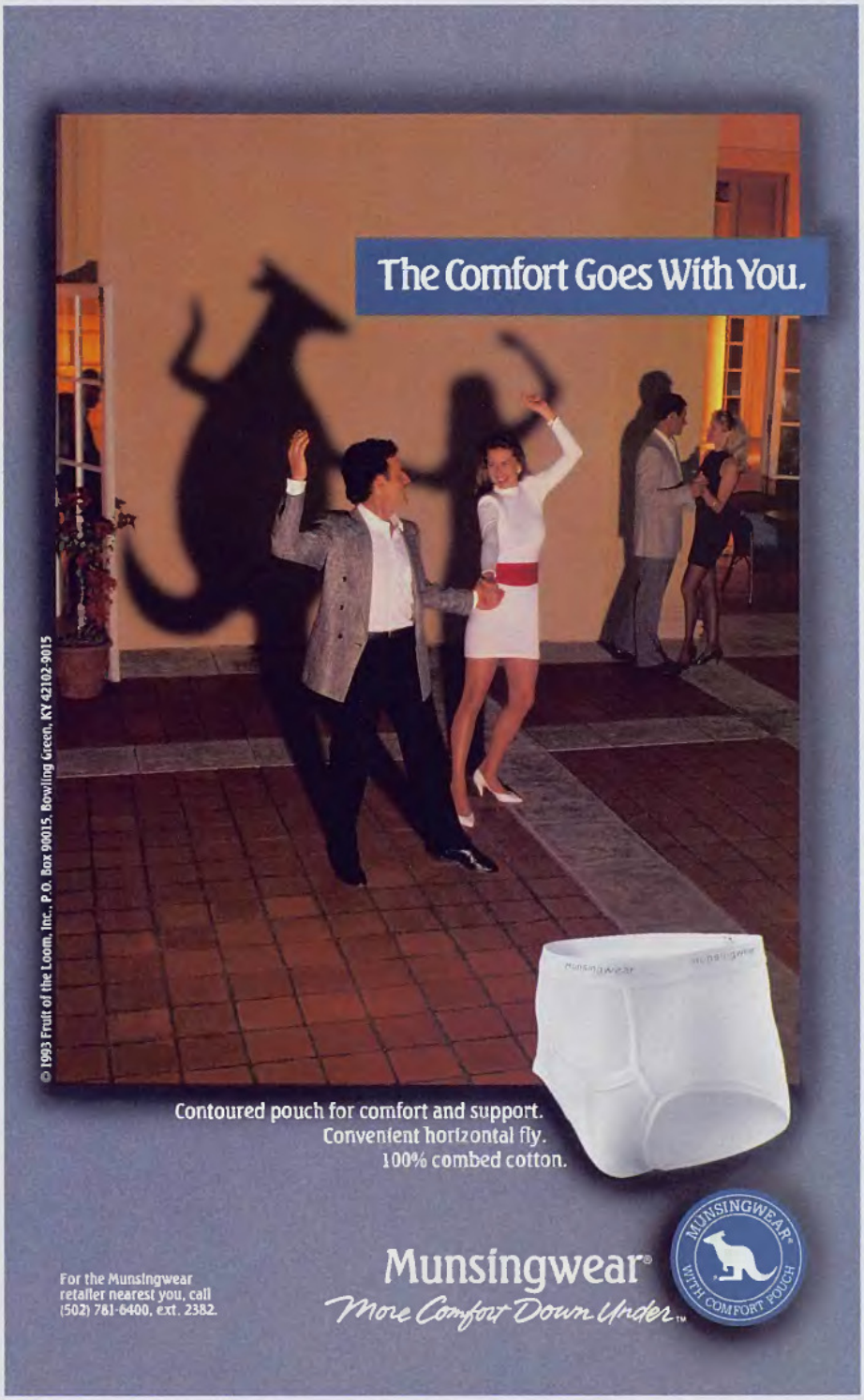
KRAMER: The more we pressure people to come out, the more comfortable these people will be with being out. As much as they resent being forced out, the better the world will be for knowing it. I think of someone like David Geffen, who was really pummeled out of the closet by constant pressure, and is now turning out to be quite a miraculous gay man. I'm talking specifically about his financing—with his billion dollars—all of those things he should be financing as a responsible citizen. I don't think that would have happened if we hadn't yanked him out by the short hairs.

PLAYBOY: This is the same David Geffen about whom you once said, "I don't understand how he holds his head up"?

KRAMER: Well, God knows, I've gone after him tremendously. Listen, I'm worse at that than anybody. I go after everyone tooth and nail when they're disappointing. But Geffen's consciousness has certainly been raised about a thousandfold since we criticized him so sharply. We need all powerful gay people—the Geffens and Barry Dillers and everybody who has $8 billion—to get together and really do something. Maybe Barry Diller can put the gay community together like he and others put together the Democratic Party.

PLAYBOY: Some of the people you often say are gay haven't themselves come out, yet you seem quite comfortable identifying them as gay. How do you know?

KRAMER: A large and growing number of us are getting fucking sick of this question. You don't ask Jewish people how they know others are Jewish. We know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PLAYBOY: At one point you worked hard to out Ed Koch.

KRAMER: I think every gay man who believed that Ed Koch was gay and hated him for being in the closet loved my saying out loud what they were too afraid to say. But plenty of people hated me for saying it, too.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KRAMER: Because they were protecting Koch's closetedness, or they didn't think he was gay, or they didn't think it should have been played out so publicly.

PLAYBOY: Many people, including gay leaders, call outing coercive and destructive—the fascist front of sexual politics.

KRAMER: That all sounds very Forties and retrograde. We are in a different time and place now—a time of plague—and we can't wait. In many instances I don't give a shit. I mean, I'm not going to yank schoolteachers out of the closet, or two-bit actors who don't make any difference. But particularly now, when we are on the brink of perhaps our greatest time in history, the truly gay Nineties, we need every role model, every bit of support we can get.

PLAYBOY: You've said, "AIDS is here because the straight world would not grant equal rights to gay people. If we had been allowed to get married—to have legal rights—there would be no AIDS cannonballing through America." What did you mean?

KRAMER: What don't you understand? I think gay people were forced to make a virtue out of the only thing we had: our sexuality. Our dicks. Our interactions with one another were on that base level. If we had been allowed to get married, there wouldn't have been such need for the promiscuity. That's basically what bathhouses and bars were all about. We had no other place where we could be ourselves. We couldn't meet in churches, no one would rent us spaces for clubs. If we had legal rights—to get married and adopt children, to be like everybody else—then we wouldn't have had to sneak around in bathhouses and bars to meet one another. I think a very good case could be made that because of this, the straight world caused AIDS.

PLAYBOY: That seems a little rhetorical.

KRAMER: Seriously. I ask every straight man to think about it—every horny man: If he were not allowed to marry and it was considered despicable to fuck a woman or be seen with a woman in public, but he was desperate to have a woman, to stick his dick into her, wouldn't he find a way of doing it? In a bathhouse or a whorehouse or a backroom bar? I guess it's hard for people to make that switch, but I ask them to try.

PLAYBOY: What is the one thing you would say to straight men that they still don't understand about gay men?

KRAMER: That we're just like them—and to stop being so pompous because they're in the driver's seat and we're not. I want the same rights as straight people. That amounts to equality. Why does that terrify everybody?

PLAYBOY: The loudest call for equality lately has concerned gays in the military. What's your take on that?

KRAMER: I'm perplexed that has become number one on the agenda of things for us to deal with when AIDS is so much more important. I think they must have rocks in their heads to want to be in the military, but I will fight for them.

PLAYBOY: Is the debate really about gays and straights showering together?

KRAMER: Of course not. Many countries have gays in the military and everything works fine. Canada, Italy, France, New Zealand, Australia, even Israel. All of them have integrated armies. And I still can't help but be amused by the fact that the greatest general of all time, Alexander the Great, traveled his entire battle swath of half the known world with one male lover or another in his camp, in his bed, by his side in battle—and everybody knew it. Yet that is never taught. The notion about not following someone who is gay in the course of battle is a specious fear. A leader is a leader is a leader.

PLAYBOY: By the time this interview is published, the issue of gays in the military will have been decided. Any prediction about what will happen when it comes up for resolution in July?

KRAMER: You're pinning me down for answers to an issue I don't particularly care much about. That makes it more difficult for me to make predictions. I understand strategically why we have to fight for this issue, but I find it hard to do so emotionally. Again, why anybody gay or straight would want to serve in the Armed Forces is beyond me.

PLAYBOY: So no prediction?

KRAMER: If it went to a vote now, we'd lose. I don't know how President Clinton will have more public support by July. It wouldn't surprise me if we lost the military thing completely.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any message for General Colin Powell and the rest of the Pentagon's top brass?

KRAMER: I feel strongly that people who scream loudly against gays are in some way uncomfortable with their own heterosexuality. It's sad that they take out on us what they're having difficulty dealing with in themselves. I'm not saying that they're gay, but the issue has obviously touched a nerve, making them afraid they might have those feelings inside.

Gays are the last minority that it is legally possible to dump on. There's no one left. You can't legally discriminate against blacks or Jews or women. That leaves gay men and lesbians. I think we are now the repository of this country's hate. In a funny sort of way it doesn't have anything to do with us. We are just the other. And not a very good

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other at that.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

KRAMER: I mean I love being gay and I can't imagine being anything else. And this is probably a politically incorrect thing to say, but I think that gay people are better than other people. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Why?

KRAMER: Because I'm one of them. [*Laughs*] We have this miraculous combination: We are products of enormous pain that enables us to get in touch with parts of ourselves that other people, perhaps, don't have to face the same way. Yet that is combined in many of us with an education and sensibility that is remarkably in tune to the lovelier things in life. And by the way, when the honest history is written someday, we will discover that presidents were actually gay. And Supreme Court justices. And scientists. And whole rafts of people we do not even know about yet because of the nature of closetedness. Meanwhile, though, the church and the right wing are constantly throwing issues at us like red herrings—issues about education and condoms and discrimination—to keep us from concentrating on the big picture.

PLAYBOY: And what is the big picture?

KRAMER: The big picture is research and a cure. It is appalling, it is appalling—it is appalling, appalling, appalling, appalling—how little has been done to research this disease.

PLAYBOY: Yet we now know more about HIV than we have ever——

KRAMER: Bullshit! I'm so sick of hearing that. If we knew so much we'd have a cure by now. We're still uncertain how the damn thing creates disease. The unanswered questions have been there since the virus was discovered, and they're unanswered simply because the bureaucracy has refused to address them. What is clear is that this is a curable thing. No question. None.

PLAYBOY: You sound a lot surer than many of the scientists.

KRAMER: I am not a scientist, but people I respect—like Dr. David Baltimore—have publicly or privately stated that this is a curable disease. So why isn't there a cure? Because the government hasn't done what it should to find out what's going on. The National Institutes of Health is probably the most incompetent, most useless place to seek a cure or pin our hopes. It gets $8 billion a year to look after our health, and yet it is doing a shitty, grotesque, appallingly bad job. No one's in charge. No one oversees it. Given the way Congress currently requires NIH to operate, there's no way that a cure for anything can ever come out of there. The NIH was not created to operate in any kind of an emergency situation. It's a slow, business-as-usual, methodical, second-rate institution. And it's becoming more second-rate every day. You have to see AIDS in perspective: This is no longer an illness like heart disease or cancer. It is like the bubonic plague, something of such astronomical proportions that it can no longer be dealt with in a bureaucratic framework.

PLAYBOY: The entire National Institutes of Health is second-rate?

KRAMER: Why would anybody with a good degree want to work there? The pay is bad, you work under unbelievably stringent requirements. Every time you want to touch a person or put a needle in a person, do an experiment of any sort—every time you want to go to the toilet—ten committees have to approve. It's like asking writers to write without vowels. It's ludicrous. There are specific reasons why most of the world's leading scientists are not working on AIDS.

PLAYBOY: List some of those reasons.

KRAMER: The disease is so political that it scares a lot of the best doctors away. Most labs where they work are not safe, so scientists feel this is a dangerous virus to work on—at least until the workplace is made safe. Government's specific rules in no way reward originality—in fact, they punish originality and reward compromise and the ordinary. It takes a year to get a grant, for God's sake—you have to have so many women and men and minorities and clergy that it's just ludicrous. In our determination to respect democracy in this country, the rules and regulations have come to prevail—and the virus marches on. Some 50,000 new people are being exposed to the virus—in this country alone—every single day. Nobody knows how many of those people will get infected.

PLAYBOY: You say we don't have the finest minds working on AIDS, but don't you count Jonas Salk? Or Luc Montagnier of the Pasteur Institute, who is credited with discovering the virus?

KRAMER: Luc Montagnier is no genius—certainly not a person of whom you'd say, "Wow, this is a man whom I really want to save my life!" And Jonas Salk has changed his mind a few times on what he thinks the problem is. I don't know where his level of expertise lies. But getting back to the point, I don't know why people don't look at the one indisputable fact: There has never been a cure for any major illness that has come out of the NIH.

PLAYBOY: Not everybody would agree with that statement, nor does it square with the facts. What about childhood leukemia and hypertension? What about testicular cancer, where the survival rates have turned around dramatically? Don't they count?

KRAMER: No. Those are not cures, they are abatements. Control mechanisms. I don't consider childhood leukemia as being eradicated. It's been lessened. Same for testicular cancer. These are just bombardments by chemotherapy that manage in X percentage of cases only to keep the devil in check.

PLAYBOY: Still, to the person who undergoes chemotherapy and ten years later remains free of cancer, that looks a lot like a cure.

KRAMER: I don't know why you are giving me such an argument about this. Of course I'm speaking in hyperbole, and, yes, there are people who have been helped by the NIH. But if you realize how old this institution is, how many things are being studied there, how many scientists are there, how much money is being poured into research—you'll see we are not getting good value for our money. Its AIDS research has been so wasteful, so asinine, so infantile, so disorganized, so duplicitous that you want to scream.

PLAYBOY: Those are sweeping charges. Can you be specific?

KRAMER: You walk into the NIH and find out that there are 20 institutes doing exactly the same experiment. What kind of waste of money is that? Isn't anyone in charge down there? Who's running the show? That there are 20 institutes doing the same experiment is waste of an incomprehensible, tragic dimension. You want to scream: "Why am I the only person in the world who can see this?"

PLAYBOY: So who would you put your money on to find a cure?

KRAMER: How can you ask me that after all I've just said? There's nobody I'd put my money on. Everything's being done in tiny bits and pieces. Uncoordinated. If the NIH is the second-rate cesspool that I fervently believe it is, we have to start over. The cure will probably come from a pharmaceutical company or some guy out in the Australian boondocks.

PLAYBOY: You see no particular ray of hope? What about AZT?

KRAMER: AZT is a shitty drug and it's all they have now—for various reasons that have little to do with science. It was on the shelf for another disease and they had nothing else. Not one study proves the efficacy of AZT, and yet every doctor is prescribing it.

PLAYBOY: We beg to differ. Many studies have shown that, while it may not increase survival time, it certainly has a positive effect.

KRAMER: And I beg to differ with you. For every study that claims an effect, another study contradicts that study. It's been an impossible drug to pin down. Yet for many years the NIH has stated unequivocally: Take AZT the minute you find you're HIV-positive because it's the best we have. But on a scale of one to a hundred, it's like a two. And it's only because [the pharmaceutical company] Burroughs-Wellcome is such an efficient and grotesquely ambitious company that AZT got out there first—and widely.

PLAYBOY: Act Up picketed Burroughs-Wellcome, claiming that AZT was too expensive.

KRAMER: And we won two or three reductions in price. But at the same time it

reduced AZT's price it raised the price of Acyclovir, which is taken far more widely than AZT. So in the end, Burroughs-Wellcome makes a lot more money—and we pay a lot more money. And it gets away with it. We may say, "That's awful," but it says: "Get real, buddy. This is dollars and cents."

PLAYBOY: It's hardly a surprise that drug companies want to make money off their products.

KRAMER: Most drug companies don't see AIDS as a money-maker. Those who can afford the drugs are a tiny proportion of the people with AIDS—the ones with potent enough health insurance to cover the exorbitant costs. Most people with AIDS are poor and can't afford the drugs. And most of the cases are in Africa and Asia. You don't hear about shipping AZT to Africa, do you?

PLAYBOY: So you're saying that on the government side there's nothing but ineptitude and incompetence——

KRAMER: Of the highest order.

PLAYBOY: And that on the industry side there's a profit motive that excludes most research interest in AIDS. But what about drug companies such as Merck, which spends tens of millions of dollars on AIDS?

KRAMER: Merck is probably the best. It has spent more money researching AIDS than any other company. Yet even its president, Roy Vagelos, says privately that with the knowledge we currently have there will be no cure.

PLAYBOY: So Merck is a good guy. Anyone else?

KRAMER: Bristol-Myers is a wonderful company. Our relationship with it has been the best the activist community has had with any drug company. And Squibb is good, too.

PLAYBOY: And the bad guys?

KRAMER: The real sleazeballs are companies like Hoffman-LaRoche, which is controlled by the gnomes in Zurich and Basel. They couldn't care less about anything except the profit margin. They have several very promising drugs that they simply refuse to research.

PLAYBOY: Like what? Be specific.

KRAMER: There's something called the Tat inhibitor, a whole new way of going after the virus that's enormously promising. It's been talked about for six years, but Hoffman-LaRoche has refused to make any meaningful investment of money in it. We don't really know why. It's now being used in a trial with six people at Johns Hopkins. I think Hoffman-LaRoche figures that if it stalls long enough—and the activists make enough noise—then the government will eventually pick up the tab. Frankly, I don't know why the government doesn't.

PLAYBOY: Given your knowledge of what's out there, what anti-HIV drugs do you take?

KRAMER: Nothing.

PLAYBOY: Nothing at all? Why not?

KRAMER: I have not seen any evidence, any information, any clinical study trial that has revealed enough information to persuade me to take the stuff. I know there are a lot of people who are much healthier than I am who have taken AZT for years. I just don't believe in it. You have to make your own decision.

PLAYBOY: It's been five years since you found out you are HIV-positive, right?

KRAMER: I found out more than that I was positive. In 1988 I found out that I have liver disease from hepatitis B. They gave me two years to live. I learned this in the hospital, and it was very scary. For whatever reason, I am still here and I feel terrific. But it made me forcefully comprehend the fragility of life and the importance of making use of every remaining minute of it.

PLAYBOY: By 1988 you had helped put most AIDS issues on the table. What was it like to hear the bad news yourself?

KRAMER: I remember standing on a street corner near the building where I was given the news and just being overwhelmed with a sort of awe that it finally had happened. It felt like an affirmation of something I knew was probably going to happen. So I accepted it, I think, with surprising ease. I was prepared for it. I didn't break down or go into depression. There was a moment of overwhelming readjustment. It forced upon me the necessity of making calculated, determined decisions. I had to assume I had only so many years and so much energy left, so what would I do with that?

PLAYBOY: And what did you decide to do?

KRAMER: I became obsessed with my work. Nothing has made me so productive as learning I am HIV-positive. Since 1988, when I had my face right straight up to death, I've worked hard all the time. Time is precious to me. I don't waste time like I used to, letting days go by without working, finding excuses to do something else. I work every day, seven days a week.

PLAYBOY: But you still don't describe yourself as a person with AIDS?

KRAMER: I don't have AIDS.

PLAYBOY: Please help us understand the difference.

KRAMER: I have 450 T cells, and the definition of AIDS requires that you have something like 200. So right now I'm just HIV-positive. Basically, I still have a relatively healthy amount of T cells and I've never had an opportunistic infection. That's why I don't have AIDS.

But it's such a stupid definition. I have a friend who has 750 T cells and AIDS lymphoma. By the official definition he doesn't have AIDS. It's ludicrous that the government has not been able to come up with a definition of this illness. Again, I come back to the CDC's being the single biggest bunch of idiots under one roof. In 12 years of a plague they still don't have a definition of the illness—and a lot of that has nothing to do

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with medicine.

PLAYBOY: What are the other reasons?

KRAMER: Greed and pressure. The more people who have AIDS, the bigger a figure has to be put out—which means more money through Social Security and more worries from insurance companies. And none of this has anything to do with the poor blighter on the street who's suffering.

PLAYBOY: So what do we need to do?

KRAMER: What we need is a Manhattan Project—like the group of people in the Forties that the government sent into the desert to build a fucking bomb. They were thought to be the best we had. "Here's the money to do it, here's the staff and don't come back until you do it." That is what we have to duplicate for AIDS. Give them emergency powers, the right to hire the people they want, the right to spend the money as they see fit anywhere in the world. And assign to them any government scientists or projects that they think are promising. Now, is that too complicated?

PLAYBOY: The central authority you're describing sounds a lot like the AIDS czar Bill Clinton pledged to appoint.

KRAMER: No. It cannot be the AIDS czar. The person who is good at research is not the person who is good as the AIDS czar. An AIDS czar should coordinate the activities of the different agencies—a person with a whip, like Robert McNamara running the Defense Department or Lee Iacocca coming into Chrysler. I'm talking about a head of research who is good at supervising scientists and deciding what has to be done next.

PLAYBOY: A medical Mussolini?

KRAMER: Absolutely. I do not believe that science can be legislated any more than art can be legislated—and science at the NIH is legislated. That's why we don't have a cure for anything. Somebody has to be put in charge, trusted, given emergency powers. I'm all for elitism.

[*In late June, President Clinton appointed Washington State health official Kristine Gebbie to the post of national AIDS policy coordinator. "I have a few calls out to find out more about her," Kramer told* PLAYBOY, *"but the reports out of Washington aren't good. I'm sure she's a very nice lady, but nice is the last thing this job needs. A Stormin' Norman is what we need, and that's not going to be her. It's like I told 'The Boston Globe': We needed 'Jurassic Park' and Clinton gave us 'Snow White.'"*]

PLAYBOY: But isn't corporate and government elitism exactly what Act Up and other AIDS activists have been fighting against for 12 years?

KRAMER: We went after only the people who weren't doing their work. The good ones don't need their feet held to the fire. We are the first people to respect brains and, quite frankly, the only people we've gone after have been the dumb ones in power. Or the inept ones. Dr. Anthony Fauci, Dr. Samuel Broder, Dr. Vincent DeVita, Dr. Louis Sullivan.

PLAYBOY: You've just illustrated perhaps your most notorious activist tactic: naming names. Your list of criticisms about your colleagues has been virtually unending. Why?

KRAMER: Actually, I think people would like to be able to say the things I say. That's the wonderful thing about being a writer with a few bucks in the bank: You don't have to answer to anybody. It's like being a court jester. People either respond positively or say, "When will this fool shut up?"

PLAYBOY: More than a few people have said that about you.

KRAMER: Well, I think if you look at the record you'll see that I've been right on 80 or 90 percent of the issues. I don't think I've ever really called anything grotesquely wrong. I may have made mistakes in emphasis or been a little too hyperbolic, but everybody I've called a schmuck has in one way or another turned out to be a schmuck. And I don't think I've ever maligned somebody who turned out to be a terrific leader.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on Clinton?

KRAMER: I think Clinton goes from bad to worse. By the time your readers read this, we may be on our way to having one of the worst presidents who ever inhabited the White House. I don't see how he will extricate himself from the morass he's in. Everything will require such patching up. All the things he's tried to do have been so splintered that he'll spend most of his term doing damage control. I am completely and utterly without hope in terms of what he'll do for AIDS and for my people.

PLAYBOY: Didn't he try to do the right thing with gays in the military?

KRAMER: I would have said that originally, but in retrospect it was just the first example of what a bumbler he is. I would give him credit if he had sense enough to know how to handle it politically, but I doubt we'll ever know why he did such a dumb thing as throwing that out as his first ball. It just seems unwise. Each day we discover more and more of what a bad bargain we got with this man.

PLAYBOY: So you don't give Clinton any credit for trying to do the right thing?

KRAMER: If the man is incompetent, what do all the good intentions of the world amount to? Hmmm, good line.

PLAYBOY: Are you satisfied with the president's selection of Donna Shalala as Health and Human Services secretary?

KRAMER: Donna Do-Nothing? My reading of Donna Shalala is that she would best have stayed in Wisconsin. She is shaping up to be an enormously ambitious, territorial person with personality traits bordering on those of a viper.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, wouldn't some of those traits make her effective at running HHS?

KRAMER: As far as I can see, she alienates everybody. She has certainly alienated me. The problems affecting health are not confined just to HHS—which is a moronic system filled with tens of thousands of second-rate civil servants—but spread over many different agencies. If any programs are going to work, they need cooperation, not fighting over turf. She already has had so many turf wars, she reminds me of Richard II trying to kill off all his enemies.

Also, I think it is not so wise to put someone in there who knows nothing about the issues surrounding health. There are specific problems in Health and Human Services. Shalala may be the most wonderful person in the world, but she knows dipshit about this disease. Yet there she was interviewing AIDS czars. That's why it's been so hard to find a person to supervise AIDS activities: Everybody who has been offered the job turned it down. Nobody of any stature wanted to work with her.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to some other AIDS leaders. Elizabeth Taylor?

KRAMER: She has contributed a great deal—and I guess I want more from her. That's my greed, because I know what she's capable of representing to the world. I find that she is sort of elusive, drifting in and out with her activism. The inconsistency becomes sort of like coitus interruptus. You're getting something so wonderful and then suddenly the erection's gone. In fact, until Elizabeth finally criticized President Bush at the 1992 Amsterdam AIDS Conference, I was entirely perplexed about why she refused to go after the political system. Elizabeth knows Ronald Reagan. It would have been useful if she had publicly pressured him. But she refused to do that—and Ronald Reagan got away with it for eight years. So I don't fault her, I fault her focus.

PLAYBOY: C. Everett Koop?

KRAMER: Well, those were different days. He was a courageous man, very outspoken and useful. In this country, the surgeon general is a position of no power—a bully pulpit with one person, a secretary and maybe an assistant. He had no staff per se. So it was courageous to say all the things he said. Part of the tragedy was that nobody listened.

PLAYBOY: Magic Johnson?

KRAMER: I know lots of people consider Magic Johnson and Arthur Ashe to be heroes in all this, but I don't. Ashe waited so long to announce that he had AIDS, when he probably could have been one of the best spokespersons. Celebrity demands that you be honest about everything; you can't pick and choose what you're going to reveal to the world. Your life is no longer your own. That's part of the Faustian bargain you make with celebrity. If you're willing to take the adulation on the tennis courts, you have to be willing to take the exposure of other parts of your life.

PLAYBOY: What about Magic?

KRAMER: Magic could change the world.

Magic could make AIDS so respectable and so important on the agenda that everything standing in our way would be brushed aside. Yet even when he criticized George Bush, it was very meek and behind-the-scenes. He knew nothing about the research that's been done, even though he was on the AIDS commission. Nothing. He hasn't educated himself sufficiently on what's wrong and what could be done if he opened his mouth. I'm sad that he doesn't even know he has this power, this charisma, this national love and goodwill that cling to him. I get sad when people don't use the gifts that are there to be used.

PLAYBOY: The person most Americans associate with AIDS is Ryan White, the Indiana boy who died of AIDS in 1990. Where is he on your list?

KRAMER: I think little Ryan White probably did more to change the face of this illness and to move people than anyone. And he continues to be a presence through his mom, Jeanne White. She has an incredibly moving presence as she speaks around the world.

People respond to courage. Ryan was courageous by confronting the issue and saying, "In your face, here I am, and here AIDS is. I am the face of AIDS." I want Magic Johnson to be that kind of role model. Magic is not being courageous by dodging the issue. I want Jodie Foster to be that kind of role model.

PLAYBOY: Why Jodie Foster?

KRAMER: Because I don't think Jodie Foster has any right to continually dodge the question of her sexuality. Martina Navratilova has been so honest about her lesbianism—she's become a beloved figure because of that. She'll go down in history as a far greater figure, in my mind, than Jodie Foster ever will—no matter how many Oscars Foster wins.

PLAYBOY: As long as we're discussing the virtues of coming out, let's bring up another name: Massachusetts congressman Barney Frank.

KRAMER: Not in my interview you won't.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

KRAMER: Because I think Barney Frank is full of hot air. He came out so publicly and so courageously, yet it was like that was the only thing he was capable of doing—like it was his Academy Award performance and he was never going to be able to give another one. He has been so infinitely disappointing to many of us on gay issues, on AIDS issues. We waited so long for the Barney Franks and the [Massachusetts congressman] Gerry Studdses. Yet in terms of actually helping the gay and lesbian community, both of them are deficient; they've become more straight than gay. Particularly Gerry Studds. They seem as if they have to prove to their constituents that they're not being too nice to the gays.

PLAYBOY: Do you at least agree with Frank's suggestion of a compromise on the gays in the military issue?

KRAMER: For the first time, I actually do agree with him. Not because of his compromise, which I don't agree with, but simply his reasoning: that we didn't fight hard enough to win. But the idea of the "don't ask, don't tell" compromise sucks. It has everything to do with appeasement and nothing to do with human rights or antidiscrimination.

PLAYBOY: With all these villains, who are Larry Kramer's heroes?

KRAMER: There are precious few. They're mostly people who have surmounted physical handicaps, like Helen Keller. Thurgood Marshall was another hero. And I have a great deal of respect for the tactics and philosophy of Malcolm X, as complicated and contradictory as they were. Malcolm X was out there on the edge. Few people are willing to put themselves so on the line, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Is that where you see yourself—on the edge?

KRAMER: I don't think I'm on the edge any more than I was last week or will be next week. To some ninny who's afraid to open his front door and go out and march in a protest, of course I'm on the edge. But I don't think I do anything special. I never look at it as courage. You make it all sound very grand. You know, so many people come up to me and say, "Thank you for what you're doing. You're really speaking for me." I know it's a compliment, but sometimes I really have to restrain myself, because what I want to say is: "Fuck you! Why aren't you doing it, too?"

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to an important point: More than a few people have called you unpleasant, using such words as "shrill," "tiresome," "rotten" and "a bully." Care to take a whack at adjectives that describe the real Larry Kramer?

KRAMER: The real anybody is a complicated somebody. It's never as black and white as the media convey. I'm different people. I like to be by myself in solitude; I can go for days not seeing or speaking to anybody. I'm also sentimental and romantic. And I'm naive. I'm tough and I can get angry and I'm a pussycat. My close friends are always surprised when I'm portrayed as the angriest man in America. They don't see that anger. My anger is not a personal anger, it's—I don't know—it's a public anger, I guess.

PLAYBOY: People don't only call you angry. Some say you're crazy.

KRAMER: As an artist I don't necessarily consider that an insult.

PLAYBOY: Were you always outspoken?

KRAMER: I was independent. My father was very abusive to me, and somewhere I had the guts to stand up to him. I don't know why I didn't cave in, keep my mouth shut, let him slap me around. But I always gave just as good as I got. I'd scream back at him, which would make him hit me more. He'd say, "Gay people are sissies." Well, [*laughs*] I was no sissy.

But both of my parents—strangely

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enough—were moral people, which was not as rare as it is now. They had good philosophies of life. There was a lot of discussion about what was happening in the world—McCarthyism, segregation. But what made me realize the hollowness of so much of what they said was their reaction when they found out I was gay. All their moral rules suddenly applied to everything except homosexuals.

PLAYBOY: How and when did they learn that you were gay?

KRAMER: I told my mother when I was 18. My father basically never did know. But for all her talk that we had to love everybody, my mother had a hard time dealing with it. I confronted her. I said, "I'm sorry, that's not what you taught me. If you can't deal with it, I can't deal with you. Goodbye."

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

KRAMER: She called me and said she knew if she wanted to see me, she would have to accept it. I get angry at people who are afraid to tell their parents about their homosexuality, because I think it's a sham. I don't have much sympathy for the line "It'll kill them." Tough shit. It's killing you by not telling them.

PLAYBOY: In another time, we'd be interviewing you as a noted writer. Is that a separate career for you?

KRAMER: Everything feeds everything else; it's all part of the same thing. I want very much to be remembered as a writer first and an activist second—not the other way around. But I certainly use my activism as the subject matter of the plays. I don't think I could write about anything that was not connected with AIDS or being gay. I don't see how any gay writer today could. I get a lot of flak from other gay writers for saying that.

PLAYBOY: Living at the intersection of the AIDS and art worlds, how do you see them affecting each other?

KRAMER: I resent questions like this. People always zero in on how AIDS has decimated the arts, as if it hasn't touched the legal profession or advertising or medicine. That tends to make people think that anyone getting AIDS is either an airy-fairy dancer or a hairdresser or a fashion designer. It reinforces stereotypes. Well, that's not the case. I don't think there's any world that hasn't been harshly punished by AIDS.

PLAYBOY: What we mean is, a generation of artists has continued to work, even while carrying a fatal virus. How do you see that affecting the art itself?

KRAMER: Quite frankly, I wish it would do more. It gets my dander up that so many talented people in the gay community are not using it to create. Again, it's like Arthur Ashe not coming out and telling the world he had AIDS, or Nureyev dying of a "mysterious blood disease." I feel that these creative geniuses who our community harbors—owns, possesses—really owe it to themselves and to us to deal with this major subject of our time. That's what great art is all about. Look what Goya painted: He took the pain of his era and made great art out of it, and in so doing revealed to his people and to history what life was really like. We're denied something that could be their greatest creations.

PLAYBOY: Your play *The Normal Heart* was among the first to bring AIDS to the public so dramatically. Yet Broadway's newest AIDS drama, *Angels in America*, is considered a landmark—it won a Tony Award and the Pulitzer Prize. Do you now feel overlooked?

KRAMER: Prizes don't mean much to me, whether I win them or not. If it makes you feel any better, I was the runner-up for the Pulitzer this year. But in my experience, whatever I do—my creative work, my predictions, my political hunches—always seems to come a little too early to be listened to or recognized. And by the time it is, someone else has come along to carry on the work in a more palatable fashion, and get recognized. But that's OK. You shouldn't do things with the hope of being thanked or recognized or given prizes.

PLAYBOY: Barbra Streisand is directing the film adaptation of *The Normal Heart*. What will she bring to it?

KRAMER: I believe Barbra sees this as a story about people's right to love whomever they want to love. Barbra is passionate about the project.

PLAYBOY: How does that feel after all these years?

KRAMER: I still get a tingle of excitement when the phone rings and it's Barbra. She calls me a lot. I suddenly realize that on the end of the line is this incredible star who's meant so much to my life, just in terms of my being a fan. I have all of her records and sing all of her songs and I can't go to a supermarket or a shopping mall or drive the car without one of her songs suddenly invading my consciousness. I stop and say, "Hey, that's Barbra Streisand. She's making a movie of my play." [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Let's wrap up. You have met with some of the most powerful people in government and have been arrested . . . how many times?

KRAMER: Who can count?

PLAYBOY: OK, countless times. In those years of trying to get America to deal with AIDS, what have you learned about how people can change this society?

KRAMER: Boy, what a question. I guess it's taught me that if I were ineffably sad and had another kind of personality, I probably would have blown my head off. It has taught me that humanity is not kind in a general sense. Of course, there are lovely people individually, but as an entity, humanity and the world are cruel. At my most despairing—or insightful—moments, I think that this country is no longer governable, that we are in fact moving into a period of decline from which we shall never arise.

PLAYBOY: That's pretty grim. How do you figure?

KRAMER: I lived in England during the Sixties. It was a country that had seen better days—it was at the end of its empire. I sometimes get the same feelings now that I had then, that America's infrastructure is constipated and irreparable and that the bureaucracy is so entrenched and Byzantine as to make it impossible ever to untangle the red tape.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Act Up untangle it?

KRAMER: It took us four years to figure out how the FDA's drug-approval process worked. Shit, if it took us that long and we were working on it every day—and we're smart—what does that say about the ability of Mr. Average Joe to figure out anything about the way this country works? So people stay home and keep their mouths shut. They can no longer figure it out. There is this feeling of powerlessness. I think we're on the slow road down—that nothing can change the bureaucracy of a government, short of a revolution. And I don't think a revolution is in the cards for this country, which is probably just as well.

PLAYBOY: So it's curtains for America?

KRAMER: It may be possible to be a happier country when we're not so powerful. A declining America is not necessarily an unhappier one. Maybe we'll even be more relaxed when the constant pressure of living up to unnaturally high expectations is taken away. The Italians and British are probably happier than the Japanese and the Germans.

PLAYBOY: One last thing——

KRAMER: No. No. No. It mustn't be the last thing!

PLAYBOY: Any closing thoughts on what people can do about the epidemic?

KRAMER: Plague. Plague. I thought I had you broken in.

PLAYBOY: What can we do about AIDS?

KRAMER: I wish I could say something enormously profound that could lead to a revolution of thought and deed. But unfortunately the realities of our democracy are not profound. People look at me as if I'm crazy when I say we all have power: Our power is our voice. Yet for whatever reason, most of us are unwilling to use it. We can do simple things, like writing letters to congresspeople and the president, writing to newspapers, organizing a group of people to sign a petition, starting grass-roots organizations to carry out our beliefs.

Quite often, all it takes is saying, "Please, let's all do something about this. Know that I'm scared to death and I don't want my children to grow up in this world. Can't we do something? Can't you speak to somebody?" You know, word of mouth has an amazing ability to grow and pollinate action.

It sounds corny, but that's how things get done.

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to the white sea

an american airman drops into burning tokyo. he speaks no japanese. he'll do anything to survive. anything

fiction by **james dickey**

IT HAD BEEN night so long, in some places with fire bright as day, that I had got used to the idea that there wasn't going to be anything else. But in the way I was going, the fires were definitely less than they'd been—less bunched up, less high and less hot. I kept moving according to my gut feel, even though I had to jog this way and that way among the streets. I did change streets a lot, but the people were all just like one another. Nobody said a thing to me, and my main trouble was in trying to look as confused and aimless as they did while I held on to my heading.

I was almost clear of Tokyo now. The fires were low—you could have stomped some of them out with your feet—and the smoke not nearly as thick. Instead of the houses' being jammed up on one another and all burning, there were some now with spaces between them, and not all of them were on fire. But I had never seen such an arrangement of houses in my life; even an Eskimo village would not have been so weird to somebody who had never seen one before. The houses were little and squarish, and the yards, as near as I could tell, were kept up pretty well. But between every three or four houses was a Nip fighter aircraft sitting in somebody's yard, like a car would've been back in the States. That was a hell of a thing. They must have had some way the fighters could taxi down the streets and out onto

ILLUSTRATION BY KENT WILLIAMS

a strip, wherever it was—some easy way to a strip—because there were sure a lot of fighters. I counted them as I walked along but quit when I had gone by seven Zeros, three Jacks and even a Betty, which is as big as one of our B-26s. I had never shot at a Jack or even seen one in the air, but I knew the silhouette and I thought I might even climb up and look into the cockpit, just because I could; it was right there. I started over but some guy screamed at me, so I backed off and went on. That might've been the best Jap fighter, though, if they'd got it up sooner. It was a wicked-looking thing, all barrel, sort of like our P-47, the Jug. I wondered what the performance was: the rate of climb and turn. I wondered about the firepower.

Walking past the houses and fighters, which we got clear of after a while, I was with a small group of women—two with little kids—and three old men. I kept my head down and decided that if one of them said anything to me I would just mumble and shake my head, like all my words had been struck out of me or burned out by the fire. We must have gone on a couple of miles that way, and all the time the panic was leaving the people I was with. I thought that when more of it left they would begin to talk, and I hoped to be able to pick up a word or two and memorize it before any of them said anything to me. If the worst happened I could handle this bunch, and maybe even without having to kill any of them. I didn't want that to happen, war or no war. This was not the time for it.

There was almost no traffic on the road. Every now and then a military carrier would come by—a truck or something that looked like a jeep—going away from town. But I didn't see more than two or three civilian cars, or even more than a few bicycles. You'd have thought that people would be getting into everything that would run and heading out, but it might have been that the crowds in the streets kept anything from getting through, or maybe most of the cars in town were burned up—I saw at least one blow sky-high with somebody in it—or were where the people they belonged to couldn't get to them. Anyway, I had to give up any idea I might've had about a ride, either by stealing a car or truck or by stowing away in a heavy hauler with a tarp in the back. I might do something like that later if I could, but it was not going to be possible for a while. I had to walk.

More light came, and now you could see the sun behind the houses. I looked at the backs of my hands, which were as filthy black as I could have wanted, and I knew my face was the same, or maybe even blacker. But the people I had looked at, the ones I had walked out with, even though they were pretty smudged and streaked, were not—not one—as black as I was, and I was afraid that the job I had done with soot from the buildings was maybe too good and might make me stand out even more than I would have if I hadn't done it. But still, nobody said anything to me. I kept my head down, thanking God that my hair is dead-black and that I had it cut almost as short as the Japs'. I felt like that was part of my luck. But I was nervous right then; I'll tell you the truth, I was. I was between plans, and I needed to move on to the next one I could come up with.

I was in the enemy's home country, everybody was my enemy. Even if there had been one person in Japan friendly toward me, one who would do anything to help me, there was no way for me to find him. I didn't have any way to speak to anybody, even to tell him I would kill him if he didn't do what I said. Right now I was hungry and tired, though the little chill was just right for me. If I could find a place to lie down I would sleep for a long time. And I had two high-energy candy bars in my survival kit. If I could sleep I would eat them when I woke up and got going again. But in every direction, in everybody I saw or who saw me, death was there; my own death was all around me, and there would be a lot of torture connected with it.

What did I have myself? I started outside and worked in. I had my knife and the emergency kit; I had what I had brought with me. In the kit I had a compass and flashlight and fishhooks and twine, and a little short blade. I had a silk map of the area, like a handkerchief, but it showed only up to the tip of Honshū, the Tokyo island. I sat down behind a low wall between houses and took it out and looked at it. Hokkaidō, the northern island where I wanted to go, showed only as a little nudge of land right at the very top of the map, but there was one place between the two islands that was fairly narrow, about 15 or 20 miles as I judged, and I might be able to get across there in a night if I could find a boat.

I went around the first turn up off the flat, looking for a ditch or bushes. There were some scrub and weeds but nothing deep, nothing dark. There was junk along the side of the road—paper boxes, a can or two and all kinds of paper with Japanese writing on it. I kept moving in the orange sun, which was getting higher and turning yellow. They had told us that Orientals didn't have any respect for life and wouldn't even help a man who fell down sick in the street or who they just came upon lying out in a field or in somebody's yard, but there was not anything like that where I was walking.

And then there was. I saw the sun, yellow now, not at all orange anymore, slant up and off glass, which, as soon as I looked, was a wine bottle, and beside it an old man was dead or unconscious or asleep. I stood off from him and waited for some other people to come by to see how much attention they would pay him. I sat down like I had some business with him, my head down on my knees; every now and then somebody would walk past. I would look up just enough to watch them pass by, but nobody even glanced toward either the old man or me. It was bright winter sunlight now, bright and yellow, and I got the feeling, stronger and stronger, that nobody gave a damn who I was or why I was there. The old man didn't move. The most important thing about him was that he had a hat, canvas, and I took it and put it on, because it had a good brim and it would make it easier to hide the shape of my eyes, which I couldn't figure out how to do anything about. But there I was, right out in the open yellow Japanese sun, with Japanese clothes and shoes on that I'd got from killing two people, and a hat from one that looked like he was already dead, with a bread knife and a survival kit and a bag with wet shoes in it. From under the hat I could look out a little better, and what struck me then was what I had noticed before but hadn't thought much about: There were hardly any young men around, or even teenage boys. The only male people I saw were little kids and old men, and that was not bad for me, not a bad sign.

I pulled the hat down, closed my eyes and stretched out by the old man. I listened to the women tiptoe past on the hard road, and even though the day was warming up by now, I brought the tree line to myself just for a minute, and then it went, and that's all I can remember of that first day out of Tokyo.

•

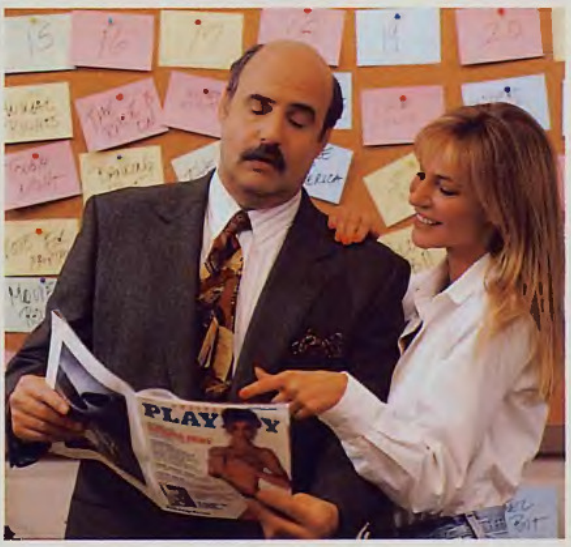
When I woke up it was chilly again; I sucked in the air before I opened my eyes. Then I sat up, pulled the hat down low and looked around. The old man was gone. I don't have any idea how he left. Maybe he hadn't been dead, or, if he was, somebody who knew him might have found him. He had either been alive or else his family had come after him; if people had just been cleaning up the streets they would have got me, too. Or that's the way I figured, anyway.

(continued on page 162)

"Don't you think we'd be more comfortable if we inflated the air bags?"

SHOWSTOPPER

the "hey now" guy from *the larry sanders show* pens a paean to the fabulous darlene



Reality check: As we all know, Hank Kingsley and Darlene Schepini are fictional characters. They inhabit HBO's hit series *The Larry Sanders Show*, starring Garry Shandling. Hank, the show's second banana, is played by Jeffrey Tambor (in bottom right picture). Darlene is played by Linda Doucett (seen with PLAYBOY Editor-in-Chief Hugh Hefner and Shandling, bottom left, and reading over Tambor's shoulder, bottom right). But wait, it gets better: Linda also happens to be Garry Shandling's real-life love interest. "Garry and I had been very private about our relationship," Linda says. "Then Hugh Hefner asked me to do PLAYBOY for real. So much for privacy, huh?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

text by
HANK KINGSLEY

I'M NOT a real talk-show co-host, but I play one on TV's *The Larry Sanders Show*. Just because I'm fictional (Jeffrey Tambor gets the screen credit for playing me) doesn't mean I don't have opinions. And my assistant, Darlene—who is fictional too, but one hell of a gal—deserves all the praise I can give her. (I suppose Linda Doucett, the actress who plays her, deserves some credit as well.) Anyway, let me assure you that this isn't the usual shameless publicity stunt. For me, it's a labor of love, the ultimate turn-on. (My other turn-ons, by the way, are honesty, Dom Pérignon and getting a hug from Larry after a great show.) You see, I am a true PLAYBOY lover. My father was a charter subscriber, and I still keep a complete set of *Playboy After Dark* tapes by the bed in my Malibu home. I even coined my catchphrase, "hey now," in a moment of boyish ecstasy with the April 1958 issue in my lap. So when Hugh Hefner himself appeared on our show, he practically ignored Larry. "Hef," as I call him (he called me "buddy," a term he reserves for close friends), knew a kindred spirit when he saw one. When Hef asked me to write about our Darlene, I was honored. The delightful Darlene Schepini hails from Madison, Wisconsin,

"I think every woman imagines being in PLAYBOY. Now that life is imitating art," says Linda, "we'll see if the crew treats me differently at work."

where the Sanders show beats Leno every night. She first caught my eye as the lovely assistant to a Las Vegas magician, the Amazing Clifford. "He used to saw me in half twice a night. It was really scary because I thought it was real," says Darlene with her trademark giggle. "But then you saved me, Hank." Yes, it was I who gave the Sanders seductress her big break. As my gal Friday, she lubricates the wheels that keep *The Larry Sanders Show* running like the ratings machine it is. Darlene brings water when the Kingsley throat gets dry. She answers my phone, highlights my name in the trade papers, even types up my popular newsletter, *Hanks for the Memories*. (We have more than 500 readers, almost as many as you started out with, Hef.) Asked by your intrepid interviewer what she loves most about her job, Darlene answers sweetly, "Helping you, Hank." Her other turn-ons include horseback riding, kindness, puppies and romantic evenings with professional athletes. Darlene's turnoffs? "I'm a very

Naive Darlene once said on the show that she kept her virginity "by being goad at other things." Linda has her own life. "I considered posing as Darlene," says Linda, "to protect my image as a woman who's abaut ta get married." (She and Shandling plan to wed soan.) "It's strange, mixing your private and professianal lives the way we do. But I posed as me, Linda, not Darlene, the cosmic Barbie dall."

positive person," she tells me, "but I just can't stand pollution or sarcasm." In the final analysis, Darlene is everything Hef had in mind when he invented sex appeal, American style. She's wholesome, nurturing, kind to children and animals, and has a wonderful innocence. Her body alone will keep us in syndication for years. "I have you to thank for that, Hank," she says charmingly. "Before I came to work for you, I hated my body. But now, with the way you respect me and sometimes look me right in the eye, I can sleep knowing I'm more than my body. I'm Hank Kingsley's personal assistant. When I wake up in the morning, it's 'Look out, world—here comes Darlene.'" Take that, all you cynics who think the American dream is dead. You can find it alive and kicking every month in PLAYBOY and every week on *The Larry Sanders Show*. Hank Kingsley says, Hey now, America—the best is yet to come! (P.S. to Hef: Do I get the *Playboy Interview* now? I can dish a lot of dirt on Larry.)

article by **DAVID HEILBRONER**

bLuNderiNg TOWARD WACO

at the elite fbi training center in quantico, our reporter took notes on the apocalypse

LAST MARCH I crossed the Potomac River and headed toward the FBI's think tank and training center in Quantico, Virginia. At the time, my intention was to write an article on federal-agent training.

Halfway across the country, the now-infamous Ranch Apocalypse psychodrama had reached its tenth day. Four agents from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms lay dead and 16 others were injured after a raid aimed at David Koresh's $200,000 cache of weapons. The FBI had ridden to the rescue and its elite hostage rescue team was now working round the clock trying to talk—or force—Koresh and his followers into surrender.

It proved to be a uniquely unguarded moment for the crime-fighting experts at Quantico. They spoke to me with candor about the bluff FBI ethos. And they seemed serenely confident that the bureau would, as usual, get its man.

Of course, after Waco's disastrous conclusion on April 19—a tank and gas assault followed by more than 80 deaths—everything changed. A curtain of silence fell over the FBI, and the media filled the void by dissecting the Koresh clan, its beliefs, its dynamics, its sexual aberrations. The Davidians, it turned out, were a twisted crew, living under the thumb of a self-proclaimed messiah who had a taste for polygamy. In the court of public opinion, Koresh got what he deserved. Unfortunately, dozens of his benighted adherents were caught in the fallout.

But what of the FBI? From Janet Reno on down, we have heard admissions that the assault on the

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MC LEAN

compound was misguided. Yet, in the ensuing months, FBI culture itself has somehow escaped scrutiny, remaining as obscure as Koresh's cult before the BATF stormed in. Did the FBI bring a mentality to Waco that made violent confrontation inevitable? Is there something in the FBI mind-set that blinded it to a solution better than ramming the compound?

On these points, the public record couldn't be less enlightening. But during my stay at Quantico, a time when no one imagined that Waco would end as a great embarrassment, I found some unsettling clues that help explain the FBI's miscalculation.

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Virginia was still bleak with late-winter grays as I headed south from Washington, D.C. along Interstate 95. The capital's suburban sprawl soon gave way to rolling countryside broken by billboards that advertised the Black-Eyed Pea and the True Grit Family Restaurant.

Within an hour, an exit sign announced Quantico. The ramp snaked off the highway and ended at a government-issue placard. To the left was the Marine Corps Development and Education Command Headquarters, and the Marine Air–Ground Task Force War Fighting Center. To the right: Camp Upshur Weapons Training Battalion, C. A. Lloyd Rifle Range and the FBI Academy.

To law-enforcement insiders, Quantico is synonymous with the FBI Academy. Quantico is to the FBI what the Kennedy Space Center is to NASA, what Detroit is to the automobile industry or what Ranch Apocalypse was to Koresh's followers.

Like most people who had worked in criminal law, I held Quantico in a degree of awe. Once, while prosecuting at the Manhattan district attorney's office, I worked with a pair of agents following a trail of so-called hot paper, which led to a major business-fraud conviction. The agents stood out in every way from the cops who were my usual cohorts. They knew the law, showed up on time, spoke offhandedly about sophisticated forensic technology. Whoever trained this crew, I figured, must have known what they were doing.

They certainly have had practice. J. Edgar Hoover founded the FBI Academy in 1935. The program started out of one room in a Washington, D.C. federal building. Over the years the academy grew to become a mecca for law-enforcement culture—agents and cops alike. A federal hiring freeze has temporarily halted agent recruitment, but Quantico still gives advanced training to 1100 state and local police officers each year in its National Academy—and the waiting list is nearly 15,000 names long.

At the same time, many of the 120 special agents permanently stationed at Quantico work as instructors or specialists in offices such as the behavioral science unit, the national center for the analysis of violent crime or the hostage rescue team. Their expertise extends from advanced weaponry to DNA to sexual sadism. It was inevitable that after Koresh and his followers blew away the four BATF agents, Quantico telephones started ringing.

•

The road to the academy, down to two lanes, ran past fences topped with barbed wire, bunkers dug into hillsides, corrugated aluminum Quonset huts and rifle ranges. At a guardhouse at the end of the road I gave my name. A few yards farther on, a final sign for the academy pointed to a breach in the woods. I entered a parking lot that fronted a cluster of low-lying poured-concrete buildings with smoked-glass windows. Beyond that rose a 12-story dormitory. The complex looked like a group of federal buildings airlifted into the Virginia woods.

Inside, the academy entry was surprisingly well-appointed, at least by law-enforcement standards. A red carpet led to a reception desk of the sort encountered at Holiday Inns. On a red electronic sign above the desk, the figure of a tank rolled along a grid of lights, trailing the words WELCOME TO QUANTICO. (I wondered later if the tank has been removed, being a grim reminder of the Waco finale.)

A few hours later I found myself sitting across a coffee table from special agent Robert Grace. (It quickly became clear that all FBI agents are "special.") Grace, an angular, 50ish man who carries himself with the ease of a diplomat, is chief of special operations and research (known by its acronym, SOARs). With dozens of field offices across the country, SOARs deals in "strategic planning" and "crisis management."

I asked Grace how things were going in Waco. "I don't know how much I'm supposed to tell you," he said, "but Koresh is hurting. That's for sure. We've cut off the power. They're emptying the chamber pots out the window. It's just a matter of time." Like nearly every agent I would meet at Quantico, Grace spoke with a nonchalant Virginia drawl reminiscent of Chuck Yeager in *The Right Stuff*.

Grace went on to explain that the SOARs task force in Waco had broken into factions:

"The man actually in charge, who calls all the shots, is Jeff Jamar. But in order to handle the crisis, he's feeding off advice given to him by his negotiators and by tactical people. And not that they're always at odds with one another. But by the nature of the beast, they truly are."

I asked Grace to elaborate.

"The overall objective is to resolve a situation without any loss of life. However," he said, "the tactical teams are obviously taught to be tactical. Their purpose is basically to be the more aggressive of the two components. Negotiators, on the other hand, gravitate to the less aggressive side. They want to try to talk them out. I'm learning that it's a very hard and demanding job."

History, of course, proved that the tactical team won out in Waco. But even at the time, a couple of Grace's remarks seemed odd. When I asked about weaponry, Grace listed a number of sophisticated guns and gases, infrared sights and listening devices. Yet he apparently felt that the standoff would never escalate above simple gunfire. "We would be able to take probably whatever we want to take in there," he said. "But we would probably stay within weapons that are less than lethal." Later, Grace added: "I can't imagine them blowing the place up with a tank, but who knows?"

What about the minds behind these machines? I wondered and asked whether hostage negotiators study psychology. Grace answered with an air of disapproval. "They do, some of them. But it's not necessary. Psychology certainly doesn't hurt them, but it's not a necessity." If not a psychologist, then what kind of agent gets assigned to deal with the likes of David Koresh?

Ordinary agents, Grace told me, volunteer for the elite position on the hostage rescue team as a part-time job. Grace himself—chief of the entire SOARs unit—acknowledged that he had never worked on a SWAT team or as a hostage negotiator, yet here he was giving advice and support to agent Jeff Jamar 1300 miles away in Waco.

"How did you end up as the head of SOARs?" I asked.

"It's amazing, isn't it?" he said, laughingly.

•

A maze of softly lighted and carpeted hallways with floor-to-ceiling windows connects Quantico's laboratories, classrooms and offices. The complex resembles a well-funded rural college. There are no paramilitary uniforms, no snappy yes-sirs. The shirt-and-tie

(continued on page 170)

"My ex and I used to enter sex contests."

RETURN OF

"she's my little deuce coupe . . .

modern living by Ken Gross

DEPENDING ON HOW you look at it, hot rods either embarrassed or inspired Detroit. Whenever automakers introduced dull cars, rebel rodders put their own spin on standard platforms, creating wheels so wild they became American classics. Such customizing flourished in the Fifties, in part because of an outlaw status which made it that much more exciting. The slow, assembly-line barges of the day were transformed into racy, low-slung vehicles called lead sleds—because lead was used to form the slick metalwork. Remember James Dean's lowered, de-chromed Mercury coupe in *Rebel Without a Cause*, or Edd "Kookie" Byrnes' Cadillac-engined Model T in *77 Sunset Strip*? Some guys chopped the tops on their cars—literally taking a section out of each doorpost and roof support. Then they rewelded the lower rooflines, removed the chrome, installed the biggest, most powerful engines they could find and repainted the bodies in pearlescent hues. By 1960, Detroit got the hint. Tearing a page from *Hot Rod* magazine,

THE ROD

you don't know what i've got"

Left and below: The Prowler concept car by Plymouth debuted at auto shows earlier this year to wild interest. Massive 20" rear and 17" front wheels support the traditional hot-rod look. Under the sloping hood is a modified 240-hp V6 hooked to a rear-drive transaxle.

Above: Fat-fendered is a term used by rodders to describe a custom car that was originally built from 1935 to 1948 models. The 1940 Ford Deluxe coupe pictured here looks stock. But under that red-lacquered exterior is a Corvette ZR-1 power train. Hot Rods by Boyd in Stanton, California will build you one for $75,000 and up.

automakers dropped their biggest engines into their lightest bodies to come up with such masterly muscle cars as the Pontiac GTO and the Chevrolet 409. Hot-rodding took the backseat for a while; if you wanted a fast, stylish car, Detroit could sell you one. In fact, it wasn't until a decade later that *American Graffiti* and *Happy Days* launched a Fifties nostalgia boom. Hot rods were back, but this time a huge aftermarket industry emerged, offering modern reproductions of old-car bodies and components. There was no longer a need to search junkyards for vintage parts. All you needed was a credit card and UPS dropped the gear at your door. Today, the pendulum has swung back to automakers for fast, innovative new models. But hot-rodders are still competing for leading-edge design. For the past few years some of the car shows' biggest hits have been hot rods. Mitsubishi's Aluma-Coupe, a highly stylized flashback inspired by the 1932 Ford, was 1992's favorite. This year, it was Plymouth's Prowler, an innovative retro-roadster based on Chrysler's production LH sedans and pictured on our opening spread. According to Tom Gale, Chrysler's vice president of design, "the Prowler has received so much interest, we're considering it for limited production." If Chrysler goes ahead with the project, the Prowler will follow in the tire tracks of the Dodge Viper—a no-frills, limited-edition production car aimed at a niche market. The price: maybe $30,000. But don't send in the down payment yet. Instead, if you want

Above: With its chopped roofline, Frenched headlights, smoothed seams and rounded corners, this 1950 Mercury coupe owned by Bruce Meyer of Beverly Hills typifies the custom work that challenged Detroit's designers to improve their own stylistic efforts. Under the hood is a modified 327-hp Chevrolet V8.

Above: Oversized rear tires and a front axle dropped four inches give the 1932 Ford "highboy" deuce roadster its classic "in the weeds" hot-rod stance. Under the hood of this model (also owned by Bruce Meyer) is a 500-hp Chevrolet V8 fitted with twin four-barrel carburetors. The aluminum front brake drums are from a 1959 Buick.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

a hot rod but lack the mechanical know-how to build your own, look up Los Angeles' Boyd Coddington, Chuck Lombardo or Roy Brizio, or Ken Fenical of Hummelstown, Pennsylvania. For $30,000 to $40,000, any one of these metalsmiths will create a custom car. All have impressive credentials: For instance, Coddington built the radical 1948 Cadillac fastback show car named Cadzzilla for a member of the rock group ZZ Top, as well as Chezoom, the updated 1957 Chevy hardtop (below). To see these and other customs up close, you can check out one of the dozens of hot-rod shows held across the country each year. The National Street Rod Association's Nationals topped 13,000 entrants last August in Louisville, Kentucky. Another huge event is held in June at St. Ignace, Michigan. Attending this gathering is like stepping back in time: Doo-wop, poodle skirts and greased-back hair abound. The Oakland Roadster Show, America's oldest and most prestigious hot-rod meet, has been held every January in Oakland, California for 44 years. And the National Hot Rod Association sponsors nostalgia drag races semiannually, featuring competition cars of the past. Bruce Meyer, president of Geary's specialty stores in Beverly Hills and owner of the 1932 Ford roadster (left, facing page) and the chopped 1950 Mercury included in this feature, sums up hot-rod mania: "Hot rods are more fun than driving a Ferrari Testarossa. I grew up a little too late for these cars, but it's never too late to have a happy childhood."

Above: Custom-built by hot-rod metalsmith Boyd Coddington, Chezoom resembles a 1957 Chevrolet Bel Air hardtop. But its all-new body has been stretched, streamlined and lowered. Coddington calls it "an exaggerated re-creation of a customizer's favorite." Power is delivered by a 1992 LT-1 Corvette engine.

JOHN SINGLETON TALKS TOUGH

By David Rensin

the director of "boyz n the hood" and "poetic justice" tells how he conquered the mean streets of south central and the meaner streets of hollywood

PLAYBOY PROFILE

IF JOHN SINGLETON didn't make movies, he'd be the perfect subject for one. Perhaps too perfect. Who would believe a movie about a kid who grows up in South Central Los Angeles with dreams of becoming a filmmaker? Who lands a slot in USC's prestigious film school, where, as an undergraduate, he twice wins the Jack Nicholson Screenwriting Award? Who, disgusted by Hollywood's clichéd portrayal of the gang experience, writes his own script and refuses to sell it unless he's allowed to direct it—and pulls it off?

Of course, Singleton's real-life story is no fantasy. A studio executive gave him the chance to direct his script, and shortly thereafter, *Boyz N the Hood* was released to praise from the critics as well as to a spurt of opening-night violence at the theaters. Singleton—a mere 23 years old at the time—was nominated for two Oscars, one for original screenplay and one for directing.

Now, two years later, the precocious Singleton is back with his second film, *Poetic Justice*, starring Janet Jackson. If it does well, Singleton will join Spike Lee as one of the most influential African-American filmmakers around. If it bombs, he may become just another one-hit wonder. No matter what happens to his new movie—or to *Burnout*, the action thriller he plans to make next—Singleton is already one of Hollywood's most outspoken directors, as we discovered when we met with him several times shortly after *Poetic Justice* finished filming. Singleton held forth on a variety of subjects. Here are some highlights:

WHERE THE BOYZ ARE

Boyz N the Hood was my *American Graffiti*, my coming-of-age story. I wrote about what I knew: the streets, friends who fell off from gangbanging and from being in the wrong place at the wrong time and getting shot. I knew about having to worry about the police. That's all I knew about. Not to pull my own dick, but I pushed aside all the shit "gang" movies that had come before—like *Colors*. I did something different. I made a life-affirming movie, about family, about being strong, about trying to raise your children to be mentally strong.

MY BRILLIANT CAREER

One reason I got to direct *Boyz N the Hood* is because I said "I'm not gonna let anybody else do it, I don't give a fuck whether or not you want to do the movie or not. I'll walk out of here right now and go back to my life. Either I direct or I step. I could be a schoolteacher. I don't give a fuck." They'd never met anybody like that. My agent told me, "If you mess up, there will be no way I can save you," and I said, "No sweat, man."

What else was I going to do? I had never had a job for longer than nine months. I couldn't drive an airport shuttle or give museum tours anymore. I didn't know if I could direct, either, but what the fuck. Other guys were doing it and they weren't as smart as me. What did they know that I didn't? I figured, "Just let me try this out." And boom, I get the film done, it's a hit, I get nominated for two Academy Awards, and I have a career for myself.

ADVICE FROM ON HIGH

The first thing I did when *Boyz N the Hood* came out was to go around and talk to my idols: Francis Coppola, Steven Spielberg, George Lucas. Steven, of all people, told me to make sure that my stuff looks as rough as possible for as long as possible. And he gets criticized for being too smooth and pretty, like in *The Color Purple*. I listened to everything these guys had to tell me about their own experiences. I took their advice. They said that nobody is perfect and that nobody knows everything. And they do nothing

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

BOYZ N HOOD

that I can't attain. They know nothing I can't know.

WHEN EVERYBODY LOVES YOU

I've seen other blacks wanting to be accepted. Then they get what they think is acceptance. It lasts for a moment, then it's pulled away. Then they get ridiculed. So just accept yourself.

DEVELOPING AN ATTITUDE

When I did *Boyz N the Hood*, there were white students who said, "Oh, he got it just because he was black." If anything, I used the hype of being a black filmmaker to get *Boyz N the Hood* done. I'm a black man before I'm a filmmaker. I had to learn how to make movies. I didn't have to learn how to be black.

I have a cushy job. My greatest fear is getting all caught up in the bullshit over "Do people love me or want me to continue what I'm doing?" I wouldn't let those people kiss my black ass if they asked. I didn't give two fucks about them when I went to USC, so I don't give two fucks about them now. It's that same attitude that says affirmative action is really reverse racism. They talked like that among themselves, but they didn't confront me face-to-face. They were cowards. I was one of the few blacks in the film school, but not like the blacks they were used to being around, who said, "Oh, I want to be your friend," kissing all their asses. My attitude was "I have a higher mission. I'm trying to become a filmmaker. I don't have time for your bullshit. I'm going to push over as many people as possible to get what I want. I want to come out of school just like a first-round draft pick, but in a filmic sense. I'm not going to let nobody get in my way. All you people from these well-to-do families, you ain't shit to me. Ain't shit. You all ain't never going to make movies anyway. I got true heart. I got true passion. As long as I can put that in my work, I'll always be around."

When I was a kid, not knowing where life would lead and having forces around me fuck with my self-esteem, I had to find my own light at the end of the tunnel. I found it in movies and comic books. There were heroes. I learned to appreciate myth. I learned that you carve your own destiny. Later, I applied that to my work.

R-E-S-P-E-C-T

The thing I don't like is people who ask me how I survived. I hate anybody condescending to me, no matter who the fuck they are. I don't care if they own the fucking studio. I expect the same respect as I give anyone else.

Oliver Stone fucking pissed me off once. I admire his work, but the day I got nominated for an Academy Award, after I told him I liked his movie, he just says to me, "Yeah. Too bad about Barbra." As if it's my fault that Barbra Streisand didn't get nominated. If a great honor comes someone's way, one of the first things you say—if you have a good heart—is "Congratulations." A lot of black folks have a tendency to read into things. Jewish people, too. It's like Woody Allen said in *Annie Hall*, when he was walking up the street with Tony Roberts. I remember he said, "Did you hear what he said? 'Did Jew eat? Did Jew eat?'" We look for any little tinge of covert, subtle racism. But that wasn't the case this time. I'm just angry when somebody I admire disses me. Then it's war. If I like you and you treat me like shit, then you deserve to get beat down.

RACISM IN HOLLYWOOD

In a way it scares me that I haven't experienced it. I have two sides. The positive side realizes that I'm in America, I can do anything I want, I couldn't have done it anywhere else. My cynical side says, "I can direct movies, I can win an Oscar, I can affect so many people with a movie. But I can go down the street right now and a cop can stop me and shoot me in the back of the head, and no fuss will be made of it because that person is an authority figure. That person may be white. And the court system in America says that, by law, because that person has a badge and because of the color of his skin, he has more rights than I do." It doesn't matter how legitimate I've been. So I'm always looking over my shoulder, always expecting someone to try to get the drop on me. I look for stuff before it happens. But it hasn't happened, probably because I look for it.

RACISM IN AMERICA

Maybe it's backdoor now. It's covert. It's in the eyes. All these neo-Nazi fuckers living in fucking Colorado or Texas talking about how much they hate niggers and hate Jews. Do you think they would bring their monkey asses out to Los Angeles or New York? You think they would do that in the midst of a whole bunch of black people who weren't singing in church and who were listening to Public Enemy and Ice Cube? You think they would do that shit? No, they wouldn't. You put me and Tom Metzger in one room, who do you think's going to come out of there alive? If I sat this close to Metzger or Daryl Gates or Ronald Reagan, I would be in jail.

DON'T CALL ME BRO

I've never been called a nigger to my face. In school I wouldn't even let anyone call me bro. I've only suffered peripherally at the hands of white America. Being in the wrong place at the wrong time, being a young kid fascinated by the helicopter lights going down the street, going in and out of a big gigantic oak tree, taunting the light to follow me and my eight-year-old friend in and out of a tree. And then all of a sudden, six police cars converge on us. They tell us, "Watch out. Next time you might get shot."

I'm not the kind of man who's going to blame all my problems on white people. That's what sets me apart. I'm going to take mine. I'm going to go for mine. I know that there are a lot of white people out there suffering. There are people I went to college with who come from well-to-do families who are defaulting on their student loans right now. They're living from hand to mouth and they don't look nothing like me.

PC OR NOT PC

Political correctness has made things worse. You have to look under the surface. Racism is not culturally correct, so people put up a front. I'd like to fucking choke the person who coined the term. Most people who use it are actually closet right-wingers. The same people who talk about political correctness are the people who would just as soon stereotype black people. I don't give a fuck what's politically correct or what's in good taste. Everyone has their own choices about what they want to watch or what type of people they want to interact with. As long as people have those choices, that's fine. People are going to do what they want to do anyway.

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

I still live close to where I grew up. I can't see myself moving out. I have a nice, modest, four-bedroom house in a black neighborhood that overlooks the city. Which is cool. At least I know when I walk down the street that nobody will call the cops on me. I'm trying to hold on to that as long as possible. A friend of mine—he's a primary rapper—had to move to another neighborhood because people were coming to his house and harassing him and stuff. Ain't nobody fucking with me. I don't get anything but love. It would take a hell of a lot, a hell of a lot, for me to move. Gangsters, politicians,

(continued on page 168)

"Here I am, about to be fired, and all I can think about is making mad, passionate love to the most exciting woman it's ever been my privilege to work with."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

WATER BABY

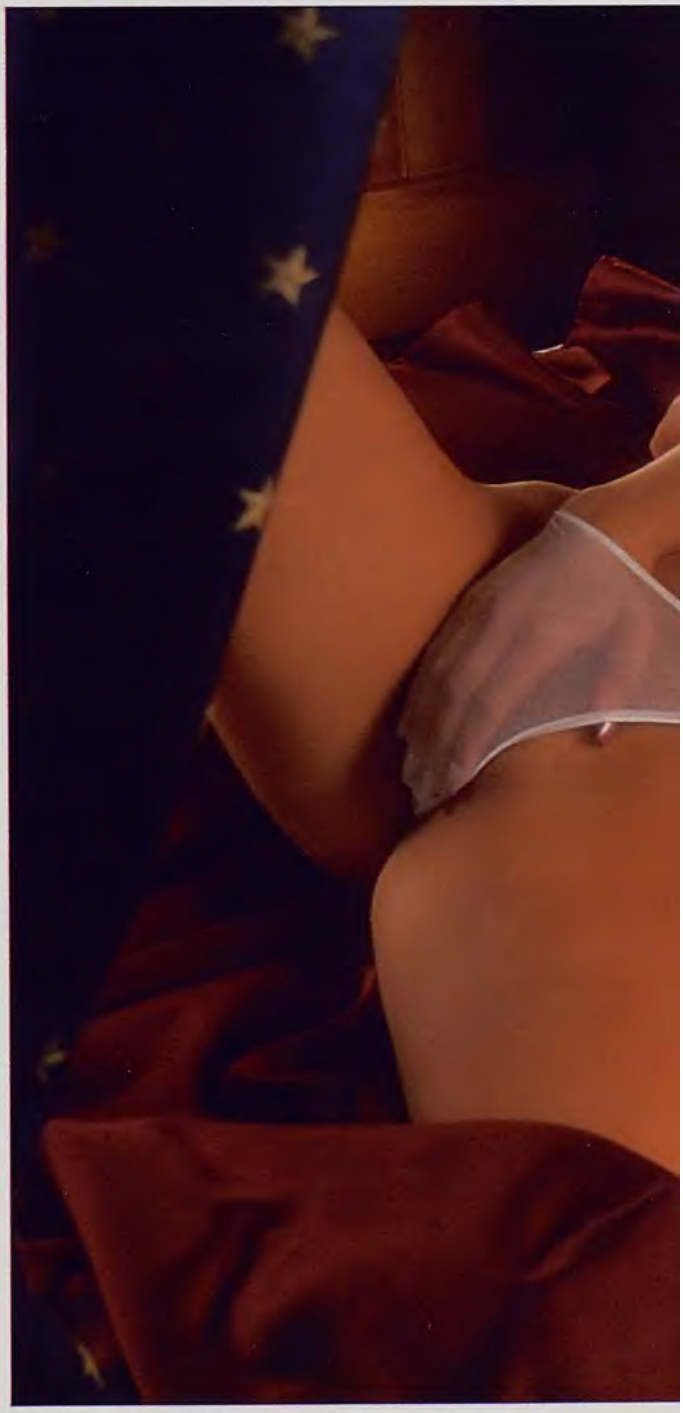
carrie westcott seeks her own (high) level

IF SHE hadn't grown up so close to the rolling blue Pacific, Carrie Westcott might not be a woman obsessed. As it happens, Miss September lives for the water: "I love the ocean. I love to walk in the rain. I love hot tubs, bubble baths and swimming pools. There's something about being naked in water." Her voice trails off but her smile tells all. This southern Californian sticks close to the water's edge, taking vacation breaks from her work as a model and aspiring actress in Hollywood to roam the shores of Mexico, Jamaica and the Bahamas. Carrie's call to the water probably began with her childhood in Mission Viejo, California, 50 miles south of Los Angeles and half as far from a decent beach. It was tantalizingly near and yet out of reach—the stuff obsessions are made of. She was a loner as a young girl, writing poems and playing records, awash in daydreams. By the time she hit her teens, her family had moved 75 miles up the freeway to a dusty valley town flanked by the scrub-covered San Gabriel Mountains. "I

Yes, she's heard the warnings about ultraviolet rays. "To me, it's about feeling good and being happy," says Carrie, "and sunshine makes me happy. I worship the sun. I'm a sun goddess."

was not a happy camper," admits Carrie, who longed for brighter lights and a bigger city—or at least a shopping mall. "Canyon Country was the complete boonies back then. There was nothing to do and nowhere to go. Kids would go to the mountains to party. It was keg city every weekend." The life of many a mountaintop fete was budding beauty Carrie Ann Westcott. "I was a rowdy party girl in high school. And I still am," she adds, laughing. Carrie spends most of her nights club-hopping in Hollywood, where she rooms with her best friend. "Musicians are my

Growing up beautiful, "I had to prove that I had substance and that I was a good person," says Carrie. "Sometimes I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs: 'Hey! I don't think that I'm hot stuff, I just have good genes.'"



weakness," she says. "When a guy writes lyrics, practices and performs—that's sexy. I always said I was going to marry a rock star." Lately she's been thinking more about her own career than a potential boyfriend's. Print modeling has blossomed into work in commercials. Can TV roles and movies be far behind? "I'm finally getting serious about independence. For a long time my identity depended on whom I was with. I was whoever he wanted me to be. I'm ready to take charge of my life." —MARIAN BRUCE

"I believe in romance, and I believe that there is a soul mate for me somewhere out there," says Carrie. "I'll know him the minute we meet, and he'll know me. I hope he finds me soon."

When she applied to be o Ploymote, Carrie was asked to describe herself. "I love life ond I'm very outgoing. I'm o sensuol, mysticol girl," she wrote. "I love the unknown ond the supernatural. I'm sorry that I missed the Sixties becouse I'm o hippie, o flower child ot heart. I love Jim Morrison's poetry and I have oll of his records. I pick flowers and burn condles ond incense and love to run around noked."

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Carrie Westcott

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Carrie Westcott

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34 1/2"

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 12-12-69 BIRTHPLACE: Mission Hills, Kansas

AMBITIONS: I want a career, family and happiness. The goat climbs to the top of the mountain.

TURN-ONS: The man I love must be honest, sensitive, generous and spontaneous.

TURN-OFFS: Maybe it's because I live in Los Angeles but it seems like there's a lot of people who are beautiful on the outside and empty inside.

WATER FANTASIES, PART I: I'm skinny-dipping in Mexico (this happened!). There's a full moon and I'm singing Jim Morrison songs.

PART II: You come along! You have Cristal Champagne in one hand and strawberries and whipped cream in the other. (Did this happen?)

PART III: You are my fantasy!

Daddy's Girl

Dan the kitty man

With big sis Christy Christmas '92

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A motorist approached an accident on the interstate. From the position of the vehicles, it looked as though a bus had been hit by a moving van belonging to a prosperous national company. The driver stopped, got out of his car and walked over to a victim lying on the ground. "Say, has anyone from the insurance company been here yet?" he asked.

"No," the injured man moaned.

"Good," the driver said, dropping to his knees. "Then you won't mind if I lie here next to you, will you?"

If you were wondering why there were more jokes about Branch Davidians than there were about the Jonestown massacre, we hear that it's because, in the latter case, the punch line was too long.

While browsing in an optical shop for new frames, a man saw a $10,000 pair of glasses mounted in a locked case. When the clerk let him try them on, the customer was amazed that everyone appeared naked when he looked through them. The fellow bought the specs on the spot.

Rushing home to show his wife, the man burst through the front door with his new glasses on and saw his wife and best friend stark naked on the couch. The husband pulled off the glasses and, much to his astonishment, his wife and friend were still naked. He quickly put the glasses back on and, sure enough, they were still naked.

"Wouldn't you know it," he mumbled. "I have the damn things 20 minutes and they're already broken."

A good old boy was being questioned by the defense attorney during jury selection for a murder trial. "If the defendant were convicted tomorrow," the lawyer asked, "could you really kill him for his crime?"

"No," the rube replied. The lawyer smiled smugly. "But," the fellow continued, "I could do it on Saturday, if that's OK."

Why is carjacking so popular in New York City? It's easier than trying to get a cab.

Marty Goodsmith had just come back from a garment-industry convention when his company vice president walked into his office. "Marty," the executive said, "you look awful. Are you sick?"

"No," Marty replied. "But it's a long story."

"So tell it."

"Well, the first night of the convention, I met this gorgeous blonde at the bar," he explained. "Turns out she's a buyer who really likes our products. One thing led to another and before you know it, we're back in her room fucking our brains out."

"What's the big deal?"

"Nothing. But afterward, she sat up in bed and started sobbing. See, she's married with five kids at home. Her crying got me thinking about my wife and kids. That's when I started bawling."

"But, Marty," the vice president said, "that was more than two weeks ago. Why are your eyes still so red?"

"If you cried your eyes out three times a day for two weeks, you'd look like shit, too."

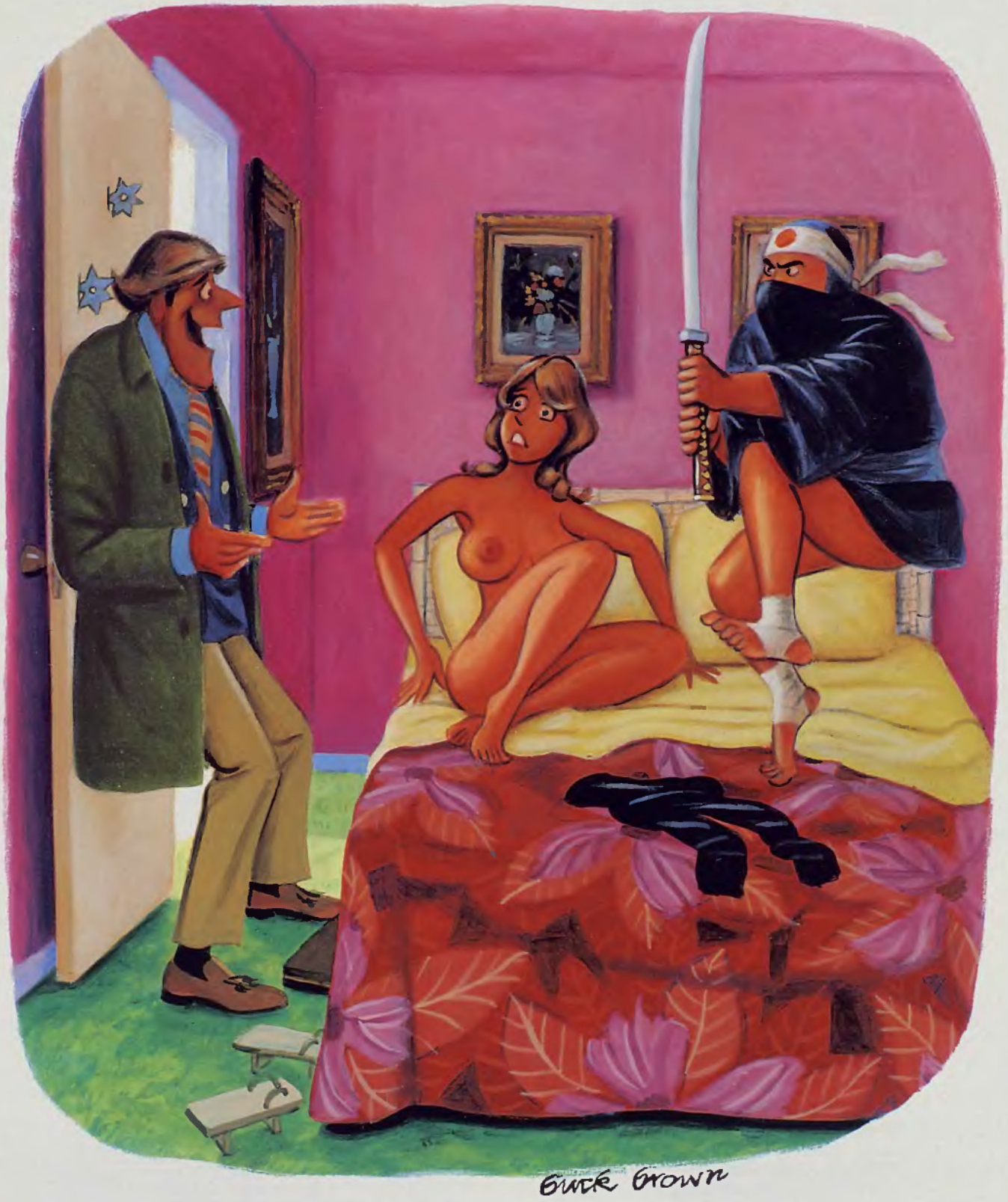
How do you know when a Deadhead has been to your house? He's still there.

In the midst of a blazing battle, an officer shouted orders to a nearby soldier. With considerable bravery, the GI ran directly into the line of fire to retrieve a briefcase from a dead soldier before diving back to safety.

"Private, I'm recommending you for a medal," the officer said. "You risked your life to recover the locations of our top-secret warehouses."

"Warehouses?" the private repeated. "I thought you said they were our top-secret whorehouses!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"In the future, dear, just let me know when your nice ninja friend will be visiting, and I won't come busting in like this."

THE MAFIA COOKBOOK

family-style recipes for when you have the gang over for dinner

I LIKE TO COOK. I've always liked to cook. That is, as long as I didn't have to cook, I liked it. It was when I was made to cook that I hated it, because if I didn't do it they'd either fire me or, later, fire at me.

I learned to cook the hard way. In the Army I was a GFU (general flake-up), so I was constantly on KP. The mess sergeant went out of his way to show me different recipes to cook.

After the Army I got married and divorced and married and divorced and, in the early Fifties, I worked as a saucier in one of the classiest restaurants in Cleveland.

After six months I figured I had the experience to cook anywhere, even the Big Apple, my hometown. So I stole a car and drove back to New York. (I couldn't very well drive the stolen car that had taken me to Ohio.)

Anyway, I worked in different diners and restaurants around the city, cooking food and making book. Through my bookmaking partners I got an application to join an exclusive club: the Mafia. Its members let me slide into their club because of my cooking. They said they would "learn" me the rules and regulations as time went on.

Now, mobsters love to eat. They eat while planning crimes and they eat after committing crimes, and when there are no crimes, they eat while waiting for them to happen. And mobsters are picky. They know what they like, and when they like it, they eat all of it. And then more. Look at the stomachs on these guys the next time the television shows one of them being escorted into court in handcuffs. These are some serious eaters.

My cooking for my mentor, my rabbi, my *compare*, Tommy Agro, came in handy, as T.A. was constantly on the lam. Tommy A. and his crew were forever traveling to different apartments in different states to lie low, and we'd always leave in a rush and I wouldn't even get to pack my pots and pans and knives. "Leave them, Joe," was T.A.'s familiar refrain. "We'll buy new ones." Despite these culinary hardships, lamming it was a good experience. I was perfecting my craft.

The members of my new club ate a lot of veal and an awful lot of pasta. But that didn't stop me from experimenting with dishes. I'd never tell the crew what I was cooking if it wasn't a recipe from the old country. They wouldn't have eaten it (and they might have shot me). But once they were licking their chops, I'd let them in on the fact that they were wolfing down Mandarin pot roast or steak au poivre, and I never received a complaint.

I cooked for the club for about ten years. Then I had a terrible accident. I kept walking into this baseball bat and iron pipe. Some of my pals were trying to see if my head was harder than those two instruments. It was, but just barely. Because of this experience I was enticed to join another club on a sort of double secret probation. This club was called the FBI. The guys in my new club asked me to spy on the guys in my old club, who had tried to kill me. I had no problem with that. Revenge, like my chicaudia insalata, is best eaten cold.

When it came to food, the members of my new club were no different from the members of my old club. They all ate like they were going to the chair. You don't have to eat that way with the recipes included here. You just have to enjoy them. Because they've been tested on the worst of the worst and the best of the

food by Joseph "Joe Dogs" Iannuzzi

ILLUSTRATION BY BORIS ZHERDIN

best. And they've all passed with flying colors.

•

Menu: Pasta Marinara, Veal Marsala
Setting: Tommy Agro's apartment, Hallandale, Florida, 1974
People present: Joe Dogs, Tommy "T.A." Agro (Gambino soldier), Louie Esposito, Skinny Bobby DeSimone, Buzzy Faldo (Gambino associates; T.A.'s Florida crew)

Tommy Agro was down from New York, on the lam from an extortion bit handed up by a federal grand jury. He had blown town in a hurry, and he was nervous. And when T.A.—moody on a good day—was nervous, I liked to stay traditional. It only upset him more when I experimented in the kitchen. So veal and pasta were just the trick. Tommy sat down to a pinochle game with Esposito, DeSimone and Faldo while I headed for the stove to whip up a pot of my special marinara sauce. This is a classic. Just throw in a littl'a this, a littl'a that and you got yourself a sauce to die for (you should pardon the expression).

PASTA MARINARA

- 2 or 3 cloves garlic, crushed and chopped fine
- ¼ cup olive oil (extra-virgin or virgin preferred)
- 1 28-ounce can peeled tomatoes (Progresso Pomidori Pelati con Basilico or Pope brand preferred), chopped fine
- ½ teaspoon garlic powder
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons crushed dried basil
- 1 cup chicken stock
- Pasta (your favorite)

In small saucepan sauté garlic in olive oil until garlic dissolves (do not brown or burn). Add chopped tomatoes, stir and simmer for 5 minutes. Add remaining ingredients (except pasta), stir and let simmer over low heat for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve over pasta. Serves 4 to 6.

VEAL MARSALA

- ½ cup flour
- 1½ pounds veal (scaloppine cut), pounded thin
- 6 ounces (1½ sticks) butter, melted (clarified preferred)
- 1 pound mushrooms, cleaned and sliced
- ¾ cup Florio sweet marsala wine
- ¼ cup Grand Marnier
- Juice of ½ lemon
- ¼ teaspoon white pepper

Flour veal on both sides. Shake off excess flour and set veal aside. Heat butter in frying pan (do not burn). Sauté mushrooms in butter for 2 to 3 minutes, until lightly browned. Remove with slotted spoon and set aside. In same pan, sauté veal on both sides, lightly, over low to medium heat. Remove veal and set aside. Pour wine into saucepan and stir. Add Grand Marnier, stir and ignite to burn off alcohol. After flame dies, put veal back in saucepan. Stir in lemon juice and pepper. Simmer for 3 to 5 minutes. Pour sautéed mushrooms over veal. Serves 4 to 6.

I sat back and watched everyone eat. They were gobbling up the food as if it were their last meal. After dinner they leaned back and made vulgar noises while I went to the kitchen to make some coffee.

"What the hell is this?" I screamed, running out of the kitchen with a jar of pickles. Inside, nestled among the gherkins, was a human finger. I threw it on the table and everyone laughed.

"Oh, that's Frankie's finger," Tommy Agro said at last. "He used to tend bar for me. Whenever I open up a new joint, I put that jar behind the bar, where all the people who work for me can see it. Then I put up a small sign that says THIS IS FRANKIE'S FINGER. IT'S HERE BECAUSE HE STOLE FROM HIS BOSS. That way, any _____ who works for me will think twice before stealing. If I catch him a second time, he loses his hand. So far I got only one of those. It's home in my freezer in New York. Want me to bring it down next time I come, Joey?"

"*Marrone*, no!" I shook my head and edged back into T.A.'s kitchen, on the lookout for any more body parts.

•

Menu: Chicaudia Insalata (dandelion greens), Panacotte (greens and beans)
Setting: Little Dom Cataldo's safe house, Brooklyn, New York, 1975
People present: Joe Dogs, Dominick "Little Dom" Cataldo (Colombo hit man), Frank and Lino (members of Little Dom's crew)

Two hours earlier, Little Dom Cataldo and I had been scrunched down in his car, waiting for the carrier to come out of the loan office with the satchel. To look at Little Dom you'd never believe that the guy had murdered more than ten people.

"I put him in Boot Hill" was one of Little Dom's favorite expressions. It wasn't brag, just fact. Little Dom, who bore a passing resemblance to the actor John Garfield, did have his own private burial ground (a hill along the Taconic Parkway, 20 miles north of New York City). But we hadn't capped anybody tonight. This had been a straight boost, $143,000 in drug money. The beauty part was, we'd ripped off a wiseguy whose capo had banned drug dealing. So who was the guy going to run to?

Anyway, now we were back in Little Dom's safe house in Red Hook, Brooklyn, divvying up the cash. It was me, Little Dom, Frank and Lino. Everybody was hungry. Little Dom had told me he was tired of the "same old garbage." His heart was still racing, like it did whenever he nailed a big score, and he didn't want any meat. No problem. I decided on something light—a fresh salad with a nice vinaigrette and a vegetable casserole. As usual, his kitchen was stocked. The only thing I had to do was send Lino out for the dandelion greens.

CHICAUDIA INSALATA

- 1 bunch dandelion greens
- ½ cup olive oil (extra-virgin or virgin preferred)
- 1 teaspoon chopped garlic
- 1 tablespoon red wine vinegar (or lemon juice)
- 1 small red onion, thinly sliced

Wash greens and pat dry. In a bowl, add remaining ingredients to greens and toss. Season to taste. Serves 4.

PANACOTTE

- 1 head escarole
- 4 whole cloves garlic
- Olive oil
- ½ teaspoon crushed red-pepper flakes (optional)
- 1 16-ounce can *cannellini* beans with juice (or about 1 cup dried beans, presoaked and cooked)
- Salt and pepper, to taste
- 2 cups cubed stale bread
- ½ cup freshly grated parmesan

Wash and tear escarole. In skillet, slowly sauté garlic cloves (whole) in olive oil. Allow garlic to cook slightly. Add crushed red pepper and escarole and cook about 15 minutes over medium heat, until tender. Add beans with juice and bring to boil. Taste for seasoning and add salt and pepper if needed. Put bread cubes in casserole dish with ¼ cup parmesan and escarole-and-bean mixture. Sprinkle remaining parmesan over top. Bake in oven preheated to 375° until slightly browned (about 20 minutes). Serve with crusty Italian bread.

"Joey, did I ever tell you about the time I popped that big fat Lucchese family guy?" Little Dom asked between delicious bites. "I hated this _____, he owed me big for a long time, and I talked his own right-hand man, Johnny was his name, into conning him into meeting me in a parking lot in Queens.

"Anyway, after I whacked him, Johnny says to me, 'What're we going to do

(concluded on page 155)

"Normally, I don't like street mimes."

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

WHAT'S UP WITH MENSWEAR? PLENTY, AND WE HAVE IT COVERED FROM HEAD TO TOE

***fashion by* HOLLIS WAYNE**

AFTER LOSING more than a few customers to thrift shops, menswear designers have finally seen the light. No, they haven't lowered their prices. But they have introduced suits, sports coats and other fall offerings with the turn-of-the-century vintage features we like. Jackets and vests, for example, fit comfortably and are buttoned high on the chest. Shirts are soft and ample rather than stiff and starched. And fabrics feature the antique undertones and textures of the past. So what's our take on this retro trend? We think it's the best of both worlds: You get the great looks of old with the benefits of high-quality modern construction. It also broadens your options, giving you both traditional and contemporary styles to choose from. And it enhances the versatility of your wardrobe. Here are the details.

Suits: When shopping for suits, invest as much as you comfortably can in quality—even if it means buying just one new style. You can expect a well-made fall-weight suit to last for years with proper care. And since some of the latest models are versatile, they can be worn from nine to five and then out on the town. We've dubbed this new relaxed style the seven-day suit. Does the suit you're considering qualify? Ask yourself these questions: Can I wear it to work on Monday with a shirt and tie, to dinner on Friday night with a turtleneck, and then to a museum on Saturday afternoon with a banded-collar shirt? If you answered yes to all of the above, then you've hit the mark.

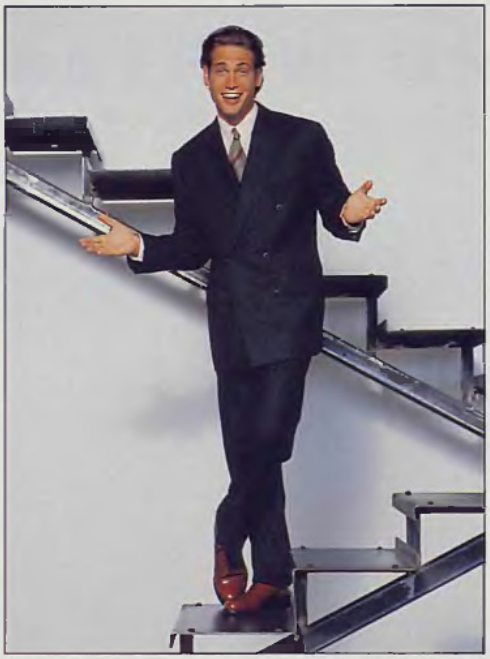
Definitely on target for fall is the three-button single-breasted style. We like the jacket buttoned all the way up, but you can also leave either the top or the bottom button undone. For a little more daring, check out a four-button single-breasted suit. (There's one by Calvin Klein on page 124.) Both three- and four-button models underscore the trend toward Edwardian higher-button stances and look sharp when worn with a similarly stanced vest.

Do you prefer double-breasted suits? Try a six-button two-to-button model such as the ones pictured opposite and on page 122. This traditionally British style looks best when worn with the bottom button left undone. It appears more relaxed and results in a flatter chest. The six-button one-to-button double-breasted suits are drapey and distinctly Italian in feel. To get more mileage from a three-piecer, alternate wearing the suit with and without the vest. You can pair the vest with a sports coat or something more

Leading the pack this season in double-breasted suits is the handsome six-button two-to-button style. At left is a wool glen plaid model with double-pleated trousers, about $1000, worn with a cotton broadcloth mini-check dress shirt with a modified spread-point collar, about $70, and a woven-silk tie with a geometric pattern, about $80, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren. (Her outfit by Joseph Abboud.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREGORY HINSDALE

casual on the weekend. All of the season's top suit styles share some common threads, so to speak. Cuts are lean, with soft shoulders and a lightly fitted torso. This slimmer tailoring offers a natural silhouette and makes these jackets appear longer and their lapels wider—even though both measurements remain unchanged.



Four ways to suit up for foll. Top left: Try o wool flannel chalk-stripe six-button double-breasted suit, by Vestimenta, $1025; with an ontique-white cotton shirt, by Donno Karan, $185; o silk rep tie, by Andrew Fezza, $60; ond leather cap-toe shoes, by Giorgio Armoni, $425. Top right: Wear o wool glen ploid three-button single-breasted suit, $1080, with o cotton dress shirt, $190, ond o silk tie, $80, all by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni; plus sunglosses, by Calvin Klein Eyewear, $225. Bottom left: Teom o wool crepe glen ploid six-button double-breosted suit, from Grays by Gary Wasserman for Greif, $725; with o cotton shirt, from JA II by Joseph Abboud, $75; o wool flannel vest, by Calvin Klein Collection, $263; and o silk tie, by Andrew Fezza, $60. Bottom right: Combine o three-button single-breasted sports jocket of wool herringbone, about $750, o lomb's-wool crewneck cardigan sweoter, $295, o wool herringbone vest, $115, ond cotton corduroy trousers, $185, all by Nick Hilton Collection.

Vents, another important detail, are back after several years' absence. These add comfort to leaner cuts while accentuating the retro feel of higher-button stances.

Colors and fabrics have the same effect. For fall, colors remain dark in shades of navy, gray, brown and black but are softened through the use of undertones and texture. A black suit, for example, may feature scattered flecks. A charcoal-colored one may have a subtle pattern (such as a soft glen plaid) or a texture that's noticeable only when it catches the light. Fabrics—including drapey wool crepes and twills, and the new itch-proof tweeds and plaids—are comfortable and light enough to wear ten months of the year. And they, too, reflect the season's vintage flair.

A word on pants: Although suits are relaxed enough to be worn with creaseless trousers, we prefer the more classic look. That means pants with one or two pleats, a soft crease and a break at the ankle. Pleated pants with fuller cuts also work well with the season's lean jackets, as do the revitalized plain-front styles. And cuffs that measure about one-and-a-half inches wide are always a handsome accent. Note: Designers may be showing new ankle-baring short pants, but we think it takes a pretty cool guy to wear them and not look like he's anticipating a flash flood.

Dress shirts: The old equation still applies: Every suit should have four shirts. Gangster-style dark-toned looks prevailed over the past few years, but this season's suits are being paired primarily with soft (not crisp) white or cream shirts. Look for comfortably ample fits, long-point collars and accents such as textured fabrics or French cuffs.

If you already own a drawerful of white shirts, consider adding a shadow-plaid style to your collection. Otherwise, you can still go with a dark shirt. It's not too late for dark-on-dark combinations, according to designer Donna Karan, who has paired almost all her new suits with color-compatible shirts.

Ties: If every suit gets four shirts, then every shirt commands two ties. The latest tie colors have the washed, faded quality characteristic of antique silk. Prints are subdued

If you have yet to purchase a three-button sports jacket, now is the time to make your move. The wool-and-silk windowpane model at right, $825, is teamed with a rayon shadow-plaid straight-point collar shirt, $125, a pair of double-pleated creaseless trousers made of wool herringbone tweed, $250, and a silk knit tie, $75, all by Joseph Abboud Collection. (Her outfit by CK Calvin Klein.)

and include small geometrics and subtly toned reps. Silk knits are also a smart choice. In all cases, tie widths remain the same at three and a half inches, or about equal to the widest point of the suit jacket's lapels.

Sports jackets: With the move toward retro menswear, now is the time to buy a tweed, herringbone or antique-plaid sports jacket (no elbow patches, please). You can also choose among casual pinstripe models or pale neutral ones. Regardless of fabric, though, we recommend that you go with a three-button single-breasted jacket that has open patch pockets and a center or side vents. Both versatile and up-to-the-minute, the three-button sports jacket has made its fashion mark and will be on the scene for seasons to come.

What do you wear with it? Try a cotton rib or wool-knit henley shirt, a knit polo or one of the newer polos with a zip front. Then go with a pair of soft, creaseless pants, such as the wool herringbone ones by Joseph Abboud pictured on page 123.

The key is to think tonal, not solid, and to opt for fabrics that coordinate, not match. We put this rule of thumb to work on page 122 by teaming Nick Hilton's herringbone tweed jacket with a lamb's-wool sweater and corduroy pants—all in shades of taupe, blue and brown. Check it out.

Vests: Vests are coming into their own. In fact, there's such a wide variety these days, it's hard to go wrong when choosing a style. Our hands-down favorite is a lightweight textured wool vest in a traditional tweed. (An example by Vestimenta is pictured opposite.) There are also some sharp high-stance models with small lapels. Whichever look you choose, make sure the vest fits comfortably and lies flat when buttoned.

Accessories: Vintage accessories underscore the gentlemanly feel of the season. Tops on our list are antique watches, cuff links and key chains, retro scarves with silk fringe, and oval- or oblong-shaped eyeglasses with tortoise or wire frames.

Outerwear: Traditional is the way to go with winter coats this season. Lengths should be longer, ending below the calf. Colors should be classic (i.e., camel, navy or black). Both single- and double-breasted styles are flattering on any physique, but belts draw attention to the waistline, so you should try on a few models before you buy one. One look we recommend is called the balmacaan. With roomier sleeves and a cut that's fuller overall, it's perfect over sweaters and other bulky cold-weather styles.

Above: If you want to get more mileage out of your work wardrobe, look for one of the new relaxed suits, which we've dubbed the seven-day style. A perfect example is this wool four-button single-breasted model, featuring creaseless trousers with inverted box pleats, by Colvin Klein Collection, about $1000. We've dressed it down for the weekend with a wool crepe banded-collar shirt (worn casually with the top button undone), about $250, and a wool four-button vest (buttoned all the way up), about $230, also by Calvin Klein Collection. (Her outfit by CK Calvin Klein.)

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY GUILLERMO HERRERA AND EDWARD ST. GEORGE

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

When it comes to accessories, think quolity, not quantity. Pictured clockwise from top left: Wool saxony six-button vest, by Vestimenta, about $230. Tortoise and antique-gold metal-framed eyeglasses, by Calvin Klein Eyewear, about $250. Gold cuff links with a star design, by Cuffton, $50. Silver-plated vintage watch with a leather band, from Sentimento, about $500. Striped silk knit tie, by Streets LTD Design Group, about $40. Embossed alligator eyeglass case, by Donna Karan, $150. Tortoise ond matte-black metal oval-shaped eyeglasses, by Alexander Julian, about $290. Gold vintage cuff links with a floral design, from Sentimento, about $150. Silk knit tie, by Joseph Abboud Collection, about $70. Embossed colfskin credit-card holder, about $60, ond embossed calfskin billfold, about $110, both by De Vecchi. Yellow and white 18-karat-gold Thirties watch with a crocodile band, by Longines, $4300.

JAMES IMBROGNO

SARAH JESSICA PARKER

hollywood's favorite sprite gushes about high colonics and gay men, and explains how victoria's secret ruined everything

When you tell Sarah Jessica Parker her nose is sexy, she'll blush. She'll protest. She'll thank you. She'll ask if she can quote you. And then she'll tell you how her looks (she means the nose) were, for the better part of her career, unacceptable by Hollywood beauty standards. All that's changed. Overnight, after an 18-year-career spanning stage ("Annie"), screen and tube ("Square Pegs," "A Year in the Life," "Equal Justice"), she's turned from ugly duckling to swan. Parker credits Steve Martin, who detected an infectious irrepressibility and cast her as SanDeE in "L.A. Story." Her next role was as the object of desire for both Nicolas Cage and James Caan in "Honeymoon in Vegas," easily the best of the recent spate of my-money-for-your-wife films. Coming up: "Striking Distance," with Bruce Willis (the first time she uses a gun), and "Hocus Pocus," with Bette Midler (she plays a witch). Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Parker in Los Angeles when she flew in to attend the Oscars. Says Rensin: "Sarah wears a size one. That's all you need to know."*

1.

PLAYBOY: Women poets of the 19th century acquired the affectation of three names. And now actresses: Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Mary Stewart Masterson, Mary Louise Parker, Catherine Mary Stewart, Sarah Jessica Parker. Is this an accident of Screen Actors Guild registration? With whom are you most often confused?

PARKER: These are all flowery, embroidered names. It makes sense that somebody who has that kind of name might find herself in the entertainment industry. The list goes on and on. I feel connected to Mary Louise Parker because our names are so close. I'm mistaken for her quite a bit. In fact, when I did a play last year in New York, the review in *The New Yorker* was accompanied by caricatures of the cast. But the one that was supposed to be of me was of Mary Louise by mistake.

2.

PLAYBOY: On average, do you break up with guys or do they break up with you? Do relationships go wrong a little at a time or all at once?

PARKER: On the significant ones, if I count all six, I'm split even. Relationships generally go wrong a little at a time. There's an accumulative effect. It's as if someone is tapping you a lot for a really long time and you don't pay attention. They keep tapping you and you're like, "One second. One second. One second." Then all of a sudden they shove you. It's jarring. That's sort of what happens.

3.

PLAYBOY: In an interview with *The Advocate*, you said you didn't like sex. That you consider it a woman's obligation. Have you changed your mind?

PARKER: It's interesting how things can be taken wrong. I actually said that when you're young or when you first have sex, it's not necessarily enjoyed. You don't know enough about it. You don't know enough about yourself or the other person. It's this strange, foreign thing. It's like doing a love scene. It's so technical and weird that there's little loving and natural and great about it. My first time, I didn't know enough about myself and I didn't know enough about sex. And I was way older than most people are when they first have sex. I was at the point of no return, where you can't ask questions.

4.

PLAYBOY: What would you do for David Letterman that you wouldn't do for any other man?

PARKER: Can I pretend my boyfriend doesn't exist for a moment? David Letterman is incredible. I felt it the first time I saw him. I'm not talking about when his late-night show started. I mean years ago on his morning show. Few of us remember that. The theory in my family is that he looks like a ballet teacher I adored and revered, who was incredibly good to me. Beyond that, which is saying a lot already, David is incredibly bright and incredibly funny, which makes him perfectly sexy. On the other hand, he's such an odd man. David is the biggest mystery in America. I admire that he's maintained such privacy, but I feel I know more about Bill Clinton. When you do David's show you don't say hello to him before, at all. And you don't speak to him afterward. You leave when you're done. There's so much I want to know. When he drives home, does he eat dinner in Connecticut? Does he sleep late? If he stays up until 1:30, does that mean he sleeps until nine or ten, or does he get up and run? I know none of this stuff. His girlfriend must be a really neat woman. I admire her. He's so bright and interesting, she must be, too. Does she cook or is she really independent? He might be unbelievably difficult. I read everything I can get my hands on about him.

5.

PLAYBOY: Unlike Letterman, you have publicly discussed the penises and sexual preferences of your boyfriends and co-stars. You also have said that you are a gay man. Is there a sense in which all healthy heterosexual women are in fact homosexual men?

PARKER: Don't you think so? If we're going to speak in really broad terms? Homosexual men like other men. They seem to have a good eye, great aesthetic taste. They seem to be emotional. They're not particularly linear, like many heterosexual men tend to be. Their friendship is like the women's friendship thing. Doesn't it make perfect sense?

6.

PLAYBOY: What do you imagine is the best thing about being a man?

PARKER: Being able to propose. This is the one place where I belong in the Fifties. I don't think it's appropriate for a woman to propose to a man. The ball is in the man's court. That's probably totally backward in today's world, but, as a woman, proposing wouldn't be at all satisfying. It'd be like begging.

7.

PLAYBOY: You've played women who have a million things going through their minds at once. Is there one subject that's most prominent among that sort of woman that immediately cuts through the distraction?

PARKER: Sure: marriage. Will I? Won't I? When will I? I ask this question of myself and all my friends. It's incredible that they all react the same way and suffer the same *(continued on page 156)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELA FEDERICI

Late-Night Wars

JAY AND DAVE BATTLE TO BE THE GUY AMERICA STAYS UP FOR

FLIPPING through the channels, I sift the offerings of late-night TV. Eventually I settle on a talk show—what else?—but there's something wrong, disturbing. The host is a big-jawed, gap-toothed comic named Lenoman. It's a little unnerving—I was expecting Jay or Dave, not both—but Lenoman tosses off a one-liner to put me at ease, then leans into the camera, screws up his face and intones a single word: "Buttafuoco." The audience is with him all the way. I feel good, but all at once things get ugly. Lenoman has split back into his former selves, and they're fighting for control of the desk—Leno at one end, Letterman at the other, both gripping the corners, sweating and cursing and tugging like pro wrestlers. The audience is choosing sides, and an army of hosts storms in from the wings: Arsenio, Chevy, Rush, Shandling, Koppel and some new kid called Conan—a tall, carrot-top guy who leans into the camera, screws up his face and repeats a single word: "Buttafuoco," and again and again, "Buttafuoco, Buttafuoco."

•

I wake up in a West Hollywood hotel room—jet-lagged, late for my first meeting with Jay Leno and unable to shake the dream. For fans of late-night TV talk (hell, of late–20th century American comedy in general), it *is* surreal that the two funniest men in the chat-show universe are going head-to-head in the same time slot.

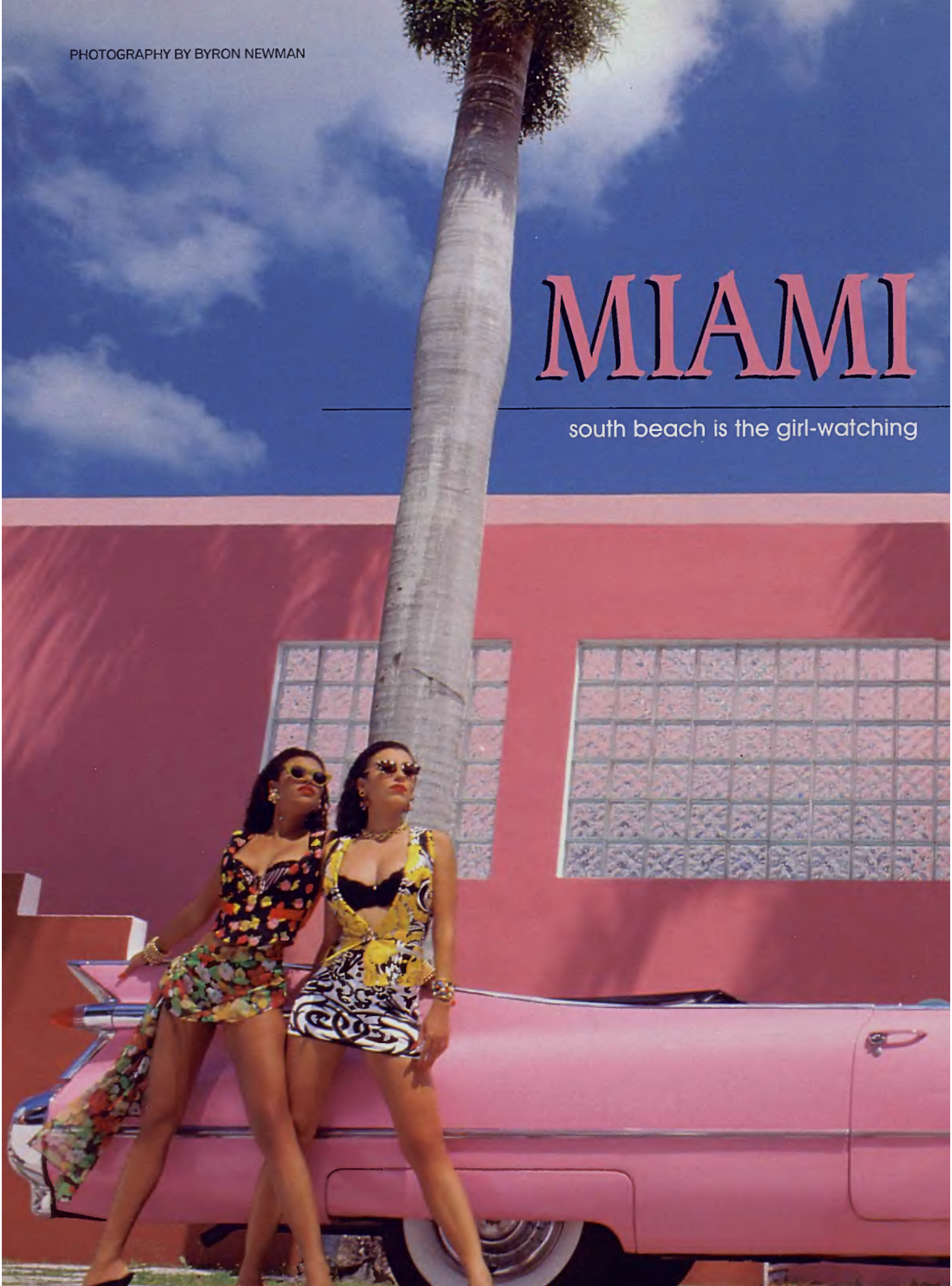
After more than a decade of knowing that *The Tonight Show* leads to *Letterman* just as surely as watching them makes us late for work, we must now learn to surf between the two shows—using a remote to customize our own Lenoman program, deciding minute by minute who fits our state of mind, who's delivering the laughs right now.

Despite the best efforts of Chevy Chase and Arsenio Hall, most viewers in a not-ready-for-*Nightline* mood will tune in to Lenoman—"I think it does come down to me and Dave," says Jay—and the struggle for control of their hearts, minds and zappers will turn 11:35 P.M. Eastern into ground zero of the Late-Night *(continued on page 140)*

 ARTICLE BY ERIC POOLEY

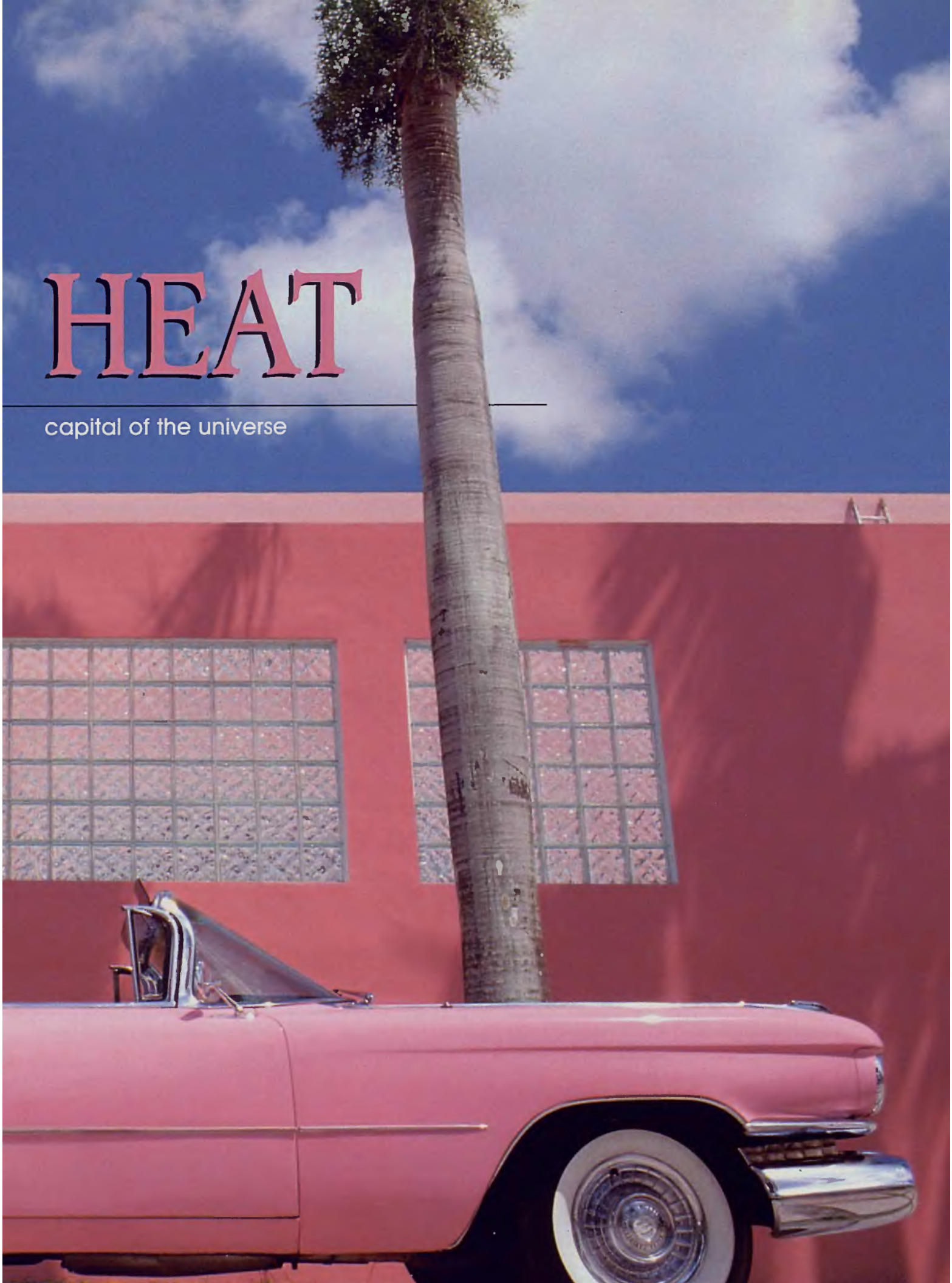
ILLUSTRATION BY CARTER GOODRICH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN



MIAMI

south beach is the girl-watching


HEAT
capital of the universe

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

text by
PAT BOOTH

IT HAS never happened before. Not anywhere. Ever. There is a greater concentration of female beauty on the southern tip of Miami Beach between First Street and Fourteenth Street than has ever occurred in the history of the planet. This sounds like hyperbole, doesn't it? But hear me out.

We are talking about 120 blocks. According to Irene Marie of the Irene Marie Model Agency, 1500 models live in these blocks year-round. The math is simple. There are about 13 beauties per block. A lucky number for some. And that's not all. During the winter season, the megamodels jet in from New York—the Christys, Stephanies, Naomis and Cindys. They come from Europe,

Sisters Marina and Elena Ayala (apening spread) welcame you to Sauth Beach for o day—and night—in paradise. At left, Mercy Lopez favors the au naturel approach to sunbathing. On facing page: Simone and Verina Wimmer (top left) pose with their favorite parrots. Tracy Gearge (top right) flaunts her tan lines, while Heidi Marke (bottom right) sports nane. "Viva España," shauts Elise Anctil (battam left), whose mother was a flamenco dancer. And viva Sauth Beach!

FRESH JIVE

1.75 LITERS
VALUE
PRICE
QUALITY
6 BOTTLES

from Scandinavia and from Germany for the catalog shoots—hundreds of Nordic beauties. And long-legged Hispanics from Latin America. In season, there are perhaps 500 more girls visiting from abroad.

South Beach is now a major modeling center in America. Some say that it is bigger than Los Angeles. It is almost as big as London, Paris or Milan. But those other places are vast cities. South Beach is a village. That's why it's unique. That's why beauty fills the eye of the beholder. It is the girl-watching capital of the universe.

You will need somewhere to stay. Try the Marlin Hotel. Lots of top models stay there. You'll meet them in the funky bar and in the funkier Jamaican restaurant, Shabeen, where you eat goat and listen to state-of-the-trend reggae. The Marlin is owned by Chris Blackwell, the Englishman who signed Bob Marley and U2 to his Island Records label. Another hotel possibility is Gloria Estefan's Cardozo, on Ocean Drive. Eat with the Cuban elite in the nearby

When it comes to Horley biking, Lord hove mercy. Mercy Lopez (facing poge, bottom), thot is. After you stogger back from the beach, where you've been watching Julia Young (right) ond Cormen Todd (top left, opposite poge) work on those mind-melting bikini lines, stop ot the Fashion Cofé on Oceon Drive, where you'll rub shoulders with models (facing poge, clockwise from the top) Jennifer Driver, Deirdre Wolf, Karen Dove, Nicole, ond (in the middle) Ingunn Trosdohl.

Coca-Cola

THE RALEIGH HOTEL, MIAMI BEACH

Carlos Alves–decorated restaurant, Larios. New Yorkers like the Park Central, which was there at the beginning of the beach revival. Barocco, its restaurant, is an offshoot of the one in Soho. Magazines such as *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* use it. So if you like your girls Kate Moss–thin and on top of things, this is where you will go. Or you could stay at the Raleigh, which has the most beautiful pool in Miami and an open-air muscle-pumping station beside it. Models from the North hang out here to pick up the obligatory South Beach tan. Sharpen your chat, Milwaukee. This is it.

You have come here not just to see the girls. You have come here to meet them. In the rest of America that is not easy. Here, it is. But you will need some tips. More important, you will need some accessories. First, transport. Forget cars. You will be outgunned by the Porsche- and Mercedes-tooling locals. What you need is a bike, and not just any old bike. You need a

(continued on page 161)

Jody Hoskins, Sandy Flynn, Angie Grgat and Natalie McCullough (left to right on preceding spread) enjoy the South Beach sunshine. Marina Ayala and sister Elena (above left) also get exposure. This month's PLAYBOY cover girl, six-foot Jennifer Driver (far left), likes her men "in Armani garb and at the helm of long, fast boats." Julie Lynn Cialini (left) glows with the knowledge that the world is her oyster. Jody closes out the tour (at right) with Tracy George.

"Letterman is bolder, more tortured and self-aware. In his hands, everything gets a harder twist."

Wars. Where's my flak jacket?

Articles on talk shows are starting to read like dispatches from a war zone, with headlines hollering about secret weapons and strategies for victory. But battlefield language doesn't really suit these guys. Leno and Letterman are not enemy generals so much as chief executives of rival companies—hugely profitable whoopee-cushion concerns.

"Girding ourselves for battle?" asks longtime *Late Night* head writer Steve O'Donnell. "I guess, if that means doing what we've always done—desperately scramble to fill an hour a night without losing that last shred of self-respect."

Don't expect Arsenio-style declarations about "kicking ass" from these guys. But just because everyone is being polite, don't assume the stakes are low. Moving to this side of midnight was essential to Letterman—as important as the $42 million CBS is paying him for three years—because he's tired of running a carnival in the wilderness. He wants to test himself against *Tonight* and *Nightline*, but that doesn't mean he's suddenly going mainstream. Letterman has been so influential that the mainstream has come to him. Besides, he's been smoothing away a few of his jagged edges (no more torturing Teri Garr) and deep-sixing the goofier stunts (no more donning the suit of potato chips and plunging into a huge vat of onion dip).

With time, that has led him closer to a (gulp) plain old talk show. "I'm 46 years old," Letterman has told his cohorts. "I don't need wacky hats." Dave will always be Dave, but *Letterman* has become more like *Tonight*.

At the same time, *Tonight*'s becoming more like *Letterman*. Leno (who's now 43 and earns a paltry $3 million a year for his day job) seemed awfully stiff when he took over the desk—and no wonder, what with all those long knives sticking from his back.

"Doing *The Tonight Show* is like going to your girlfriend's parents' house," he says. "You don't want to be too funny or smartass, you just want to get in there. Once they get to know you, you can relax and be a wise guy."

Leno has never been the subversive that Letterman is. Jay wants nothing more than to get off a few good lines each night and give his guests a chance to do the same. Who would have thought such modest goals would run into so much opposition? "They hit you for six or eight months," he says, "and if you're still standing, then they move on."

He weathered endless off-the-set storms, starting with the great Carson backlash, continuing through the public firing of his manager and *Tonight Show* executive producer, Helen Kushnick, and ending with NBC's agonies about whether to dump him and give *Tonight* to Letterman. Somehow, the tension made the show looser, riskier, funnier. Jay tried a lot of new gags, and some of them—phoning Al Gore, having Paula Poundstone do commentary from the political convention floors, escaping the studio for taped remote pieces—were unmistakably Dave-like.

Can it be? Are Jay and Dave morphing into the mighty Lenoman? "Nah," says Leno in his sarcastic bray. "David is David and I'm me. The problem is, we do have a similar sense of humor. We laugh at the same things. One night Dave and I did exactly the same joke in both our monologs: 'Next week is national condom week. Now there's a parade you don't want to miss.' Nobody stole it from anybody; it just happened."

He's in his *Tonight Show* office, observing the amazing Leno Diet—spoonfuls of frozen yogurt chased with handfuls of microwave popcorn. ("My director says I'm getting too fat," Jay says. He wags his head and does a woman's singsong voice: "'September's coming and Dave is skinny and you have to get skinny.'") He and Dave work to avoid each other's terrain, but overlap is inevitable. After all, they come from the same planet, a middle-American outpost in the Bizarro Universe, where everything looks pretty normal but seems pretty funny. Their differences are mostly of degree: Leno is gentler, giving life a mere quarter turn before showing it to the rest of us. Letterman is bolder, more tortured and self-aware. In his hands, everything gets a harder twist.

Pick your favorite, but know that the two dovetail in the late night of the mind: Last spring, after Alaskan dogsledder Jeff King won the Iditarod, he was asked if he'd like to be on Letterman. "To fly all that way and have a guy embarrass you, I don't know if I'm up to that," King said. So he agreed to appear on Leno, instead.

Someone in Jay's camp thought it would be funny if King mushed his huskies up a hallway in the Burbank studio. Leno applied the Letterman test—is it too Dave-like? He called Letterman's producer, Robert Morton.

"Morty said they'd done something like it once, but he didn't have a problem if we wanted to try," says Leno. Jay, though, had a problem. He doesn't like to follow Dave's sled tracks more than he has to (Dave has a decade-long head start, after all). Then Leno started getting calls from animal-rights activists.

"It's amazing to me how seriously everybody takes this stuff," says Leno, yelping like one of those huskies. "It's a comedy show. Shut up. It's a joke."

Wearing his trademark denims, his hair grayer than it was a year ago, he sits behind a generic little desk in a generic little room that bears not a trace of the public Leno: no photos, no memorabilia, no framed articles, no honorary degrees.

Here's a guy whose image verges on cartoonish—he is blessed, after all, with that oversized head, that leering, rubberized Leno-mask of a face—who wants a workplace free of the persona. "It's like a hotel room," he says. "I check in every day and I carry my stuff out at night. I don't get comfortable or uncomfortable. I don't get ecstatic or wildly depressed."

If he sounds like a ballplayer in a roller-coaster pennant race, no wonder. Leno's season of travail started the moment he took over for Carson. Everyone decided he wasn't up to it. "This new man," declared would-be TV critic Jimmy Breslin, "is going to chase people off into the night."

"It helps to develop a really thick skin," says Leno, who thickened his years ago by telling jokes in a Boston strip club where audience members stubbed out their cigarettes on him for extra amusement. "You have to revel in it. You say, 'Take a shot, see what happens. Hit me again.' That's what I used to like about Jake LaMotta. He wasn't the greatest fighter, but you could just keep hitting the guy."

Critics kept hitting Jay. He was too awkward, they said, too bland, too nice to his guests. They even attacked his band. Jay's ratings, weak at first, started to improve, and advertising picked up. But suddenly, NBC, scrambling for a way to keep Letterman, was talking about dumping Leno. At one point there was speculation that nice-guy Jay might swap spots with Dave, moving to a 12:35 slot just to keep Dave at NBC—a notion Leno soon quashed. "I'm not that nice. If NBC gives my job to Dave," he said, "I'm outta here."

NBC let Leno hang while it decided who would rule the wee hours. But something funny happened while Jay

"Golly, a threesome. Could this be an indication that we're finally coming out of the recession?"

was hanging—in fact, lots of funny things happened. Leno mined the situation for laughs. During one show the phone rang on his desk. "It's CBS," he said. "Well, thank you. Thank you. But, oh, no, this is Jay. You want David. Can you call back in an hour?"

"There's been an awful lot of teasing about what's going on," he said on another night, "but today I got a lovely card from the folks at GE and NBC." He held it up to the camera: MERRY CHRISTMAS, OCCUPANT.

Then Garry Shandling came out to plug his HBO talk-show parody, *The Larry Sanders Show*. "It's cable," Shandling said, "but there's a lot of job security." And Marsalis introduced a new *Tonight Show* theme—*Stand by Your Man*.

"I felt for Jay," says Marsalis. "He kept it to himself, but I know he felt betrayed. He knew he'd be all right, but he worried about his staff—people were wondering if they would lose their jobs."

Leno called a meeting to tell the staff what he knew, which wasn't much. Marsalis stood up. "I can't speak for anyone else," he said, "but I'll cover Leno's back." Leno's back didn't need watching for long. NBC stood by him, letting Dave go and setting up this clash of talk-show titans, this Late-Night War. I expect Leno to scoff at the media hysterics—"Shut up, it's just TV"—but he surprises me again. "I understand it," he says. "I have a hard time even watching the local news now. Every day it's carjackings and murder, and suddenly this story comes along. It's about rich people, television, humor—it's fun. It's important, but not really." He gives the cockeyed grin. "It's the kind of story I like to make fun of in my monolog."

Leno strides onstage a few hours later, playing the air-guitar lick that cues the band to stop. He rolls into his monolog, needling Bill Clinton and then Bob Dole ("Doesn't he look like he should have an eye patch and a parrot?"), getting a huge laugh thanks to Richard Simmons, who has been "accused of sexual harassment—by a woman. Even Anita Hill is going, 'Oh, come on.'"

Funny stuff, but fairly standard: Quick setup, then boom. Leno's a joke mechanic. He values timing and precision in his monolog the same way he does in his collection of 19 classic motorcars. And he prefers humor that springs from insight—skewed-attitude stuff that may not even have a punch line. Such comedy is tough to do on TV these days. In a club there's time for a setup; on the tube, in the age of channel surfing, there had better be a laugh within seven seconds or, click, you're history.

Ten jokes into this monolog he tries a fairly abstract one about the scientists who devised "the world's most accurate atomic clock: It won't lose a second in a million years." He pauses, selects a matter-of-fact voice. "How do you set this clock? You think the guy who invented it goes, 'Yo, Phil, got the time?'" It takes the crowd a moment, but then it's with him. "You think on Fridays the guys who work on this clock try to move the hands forward so they can sneak out early?"

Jay's favorites aren't always the ones that go over best. His audiences—the 500 people in the studio and the 5 million in their bedrooms—come from all over the map in age, attitude and sense of humor. So he comes right back with "something really stupid—a new telephone service you can call to test your IQ over the phone. They charge you $3.95 a minute." Monumental laughter and applause. "It's a pretty simple test: If you make the call, you're an idiot. And finally, in what has to be the strangest story of the week, a North Carolina woman, with a little help from her friends, used a turkey baster to inseminate herself. I'll tell you one thing—that's one house you don't want to go to for Thanksgiving dinner. 'Oh, I'll just have a little cranberry sauce, thanks.'" The place goes nuts.

•

Eight hours later, Leno still savors the moment. "The turkey baster was huge," he says, meaning the joke, not the baster. "It's so disgusting." Jay is sitting in the stone-and-wood kitchen of his Tudor-style Benedict Canyon home, getting ready to start the second shift of his long workday. It's late. Leno does nine-to-seven in the office—including the taping from 5:30 to 6:30—takes a few hours off and then, around 11 P.M., meets at his kitchen table with one or more writers for the nightly feeding of the beast: chewing 250 jokes down to the 15 that will make up the next day's monolog.

"Most comics who do three shots a year on *The Tonight Show* worry about having enough material," says Jim Brogan, one of Leno's writers and old friends. "Jay does eight minutes every night. It's astounding."

"OK," says Leno, "what do we have here?" He begins going through the stack of index cards. On each is a joke he has plucked from a freelancer's fax, his writers or his imagination, because it offers some hope of a laugh. Now he speed-reads each one aloud, flipping the rejects onto an empty chair, sorting the rest into several piles: YES, FIRST CUT, NEEDS WORK.

Jay's a little sad tonight because he has some great David Koresh jokes—a staple of his monolog for the past 50 days—that he can't use because the Waco compound has burned. Jay doesn't joke about such things—in public. "Poor Koresh," he sighs. "That's what you get for trying to keep up with the Joneses."

Now he's left with Clinton, Bush, Dole, Perot, Yeltsin, La Toya Jackson, the Navy's Tailhook sex scandal—jokes that leap from the news and usually fly right into the reject pile. Brogan, his long, ascetic face in a frown, is the sternest judge of material. Jay gets excited; Jim shoots it down. "No, Jay, I don't think it's quite enough."

By two A.M., the man Jerry Seinfeld calls Robocomic is looking pretty damn human: He's barefoot, bone-tired and prodigiously rumpled—as close to horizontal as his wooden chair will allow. Then he gathers himself and reads 15 jokes into a small tape recorder, editing and honing as he goes. In the morning the tape will go to the cue-card man.

By the time they have the material set, it's usually three A.M.

Six of the 15 hours in Leno's average workday are spent on the monolog—the heart of *Tonight*, the jokes America repeats at the office coffee machine. Leno's monolog is his lodestar—it led him to this job—and it's the one part of the show he can fully control. Dave's opening remarks, on the other hand, are an antimonolog, mostly attitude from a guy who knows how to lean way in and look up the camera's skirt.

Of course, Jay was learning along with Dave in the early Eighties, becoming a star thanks to frequent appearances on a show called *Late Night with David Letterman*. How close were they back then? "I guess you could say it was a professional friendship. We didn't hang out together. Dave's a jock, he likes to go to games and I don't. To me, the measure of it is whether you truly respect and like someone. David makes me laugh and was always very generous about letting me get laughs. He always let me do what it is that I do.

Leno had a gift for coming up with the little phrases that Letterman liked to repeat throughout a show. One night they were talking about popular tourist attractions, and Leno mentioned that he'd "just been out to the old Manson place."

"The old Manson place," said Letterman, obviously delighted. For the rest of the hour, he intoned those four words at regular intervals, until they came completely unhinged.

(continued on page 158)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

In its quest for back-to-back national championships, Alabama's Crimson Tide will leave the opposition behind.

OUR PRESEASON PICKS OF THE TOP COLLEGE TEAMS AND PLAYERS

sports by Gary Cole

WEARY OF PRO football players pouting because they can't renegotiate their $8 million three-year contract for a $20 million five-year deal? Welcome to college football, the game in which wads of money are made by schools, bowls, TV networks, coaches, athletic directors, shoe companies, sportscasters, T-shirt vendors and NCAA administrators, but the players can't even afford haircuts.

Now, fanned by the increasing success of the NCAA's postseason basketball tournament, the NCAA executive suites echo with chatter about launching a national tourney in college football. Former NCAA executive director Dick Schultz estimates that "a college Super Bowl could raise as much as $60 million." And you thought the NCAA was just trying to clean up that messy argument about who's number one?

Playoff system or not, the players won't see a penny. They don't have a union and no federal agency has taken up their cause. And gender equity (women's sports funded on an equal basis with men's) hangs over college athletics like clouds over Chernobyl. All those who think women's field hockey should receive the same funding as college football, raise your hands. Then enroll in Susan Faludi's How to Raise Hair on Your Lip course for the gender-confused. The rest of you, continue with us while we sort out the likely winners and losers of the college football season.

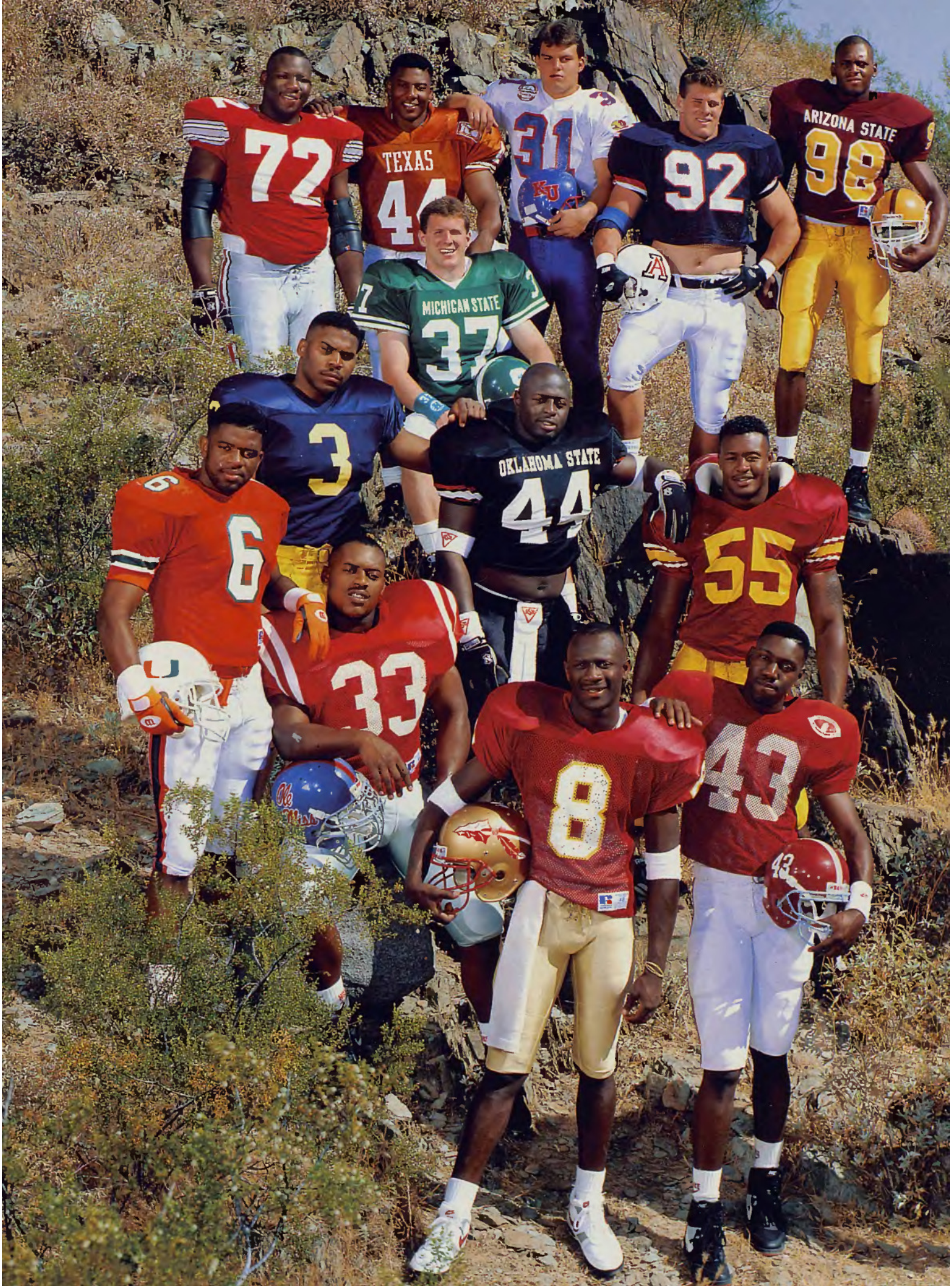
TOP 20 TEAMS

1.	Alabama	11-0*
2.	Florida State	11-1
3.	Michigan	10-1
4.	Texas A&M	11-0
5.	Syracuse	10-1
6.	Nebraska	10-1
7.	Miami	9-2
8.	Tennessee	9-2
9.	Arizona	9-2
10.	Florida	9-2
11.	Notre Dame	8-3
12.	Washington	8-3
13.	Colorado	8-3
14.	Georgia	8-3
15.	Stanford	8-3
16.	Fresno State	8-3
17.	Boston College	8-3
18.	Ohio State	8-3
19.	USC	8-4
20.	North Carolina	8-4

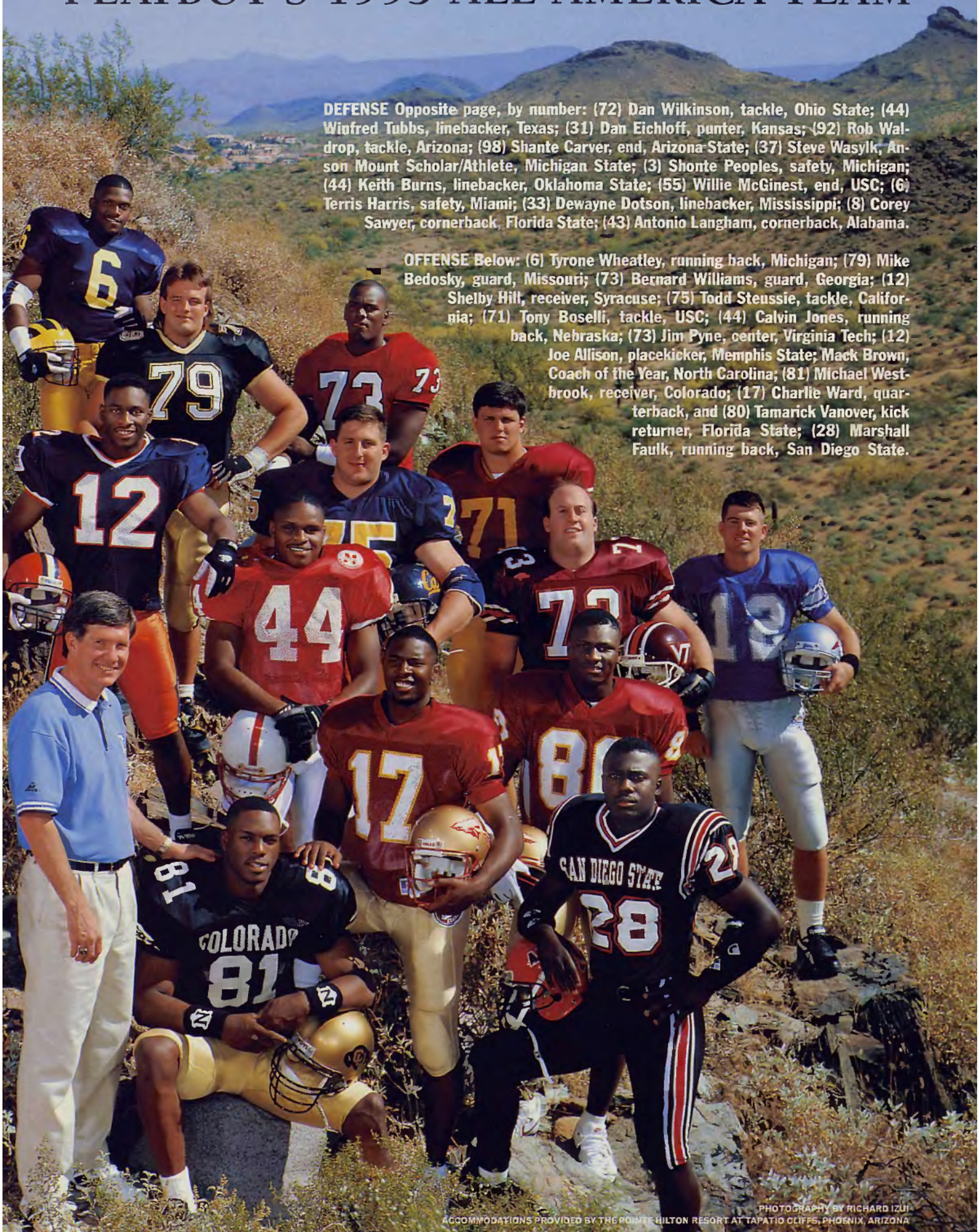
The next 20: Brigham Young, North Caralina State, Mississippi State, Clemson, Indiana, West Virginia, UCLA, Oklahama, Mississippi, Wisconsin, Penn State, Baylor, Arizona State, Air Force, Hawaii, Texas, Nevada, Kansas, Iowa, Virginia.
Prognostications do not include SEC championship or bowl games.

1. ALABAMA

On the heels of Bama's sparkling undefeated season, capped by a Sugar Bowl victory over Miami (34–13) to clinch the national championship, one postseason publication about the Crimson Tide carried the title "Back to Glory." After this season, the sequel will probably be called "Back-to-Back." Despite losing dominant defensive ends John Copeland and Eric Curry as the fifth and sixth overall picks in this past NFL draft, Alabama is again loaded. The schedule also cooperates by offering the same 11 teams that the Tide crushed by a combined 304–88 total in 1992. Tennessee, potentially its toughest opponent, has to come to Birmingham, which also happens to be the site of the SEC championship game on December 4. David Palmer, the Tide's talented flanker and kick returner, is just a junior. You could say that quarterback Jay Barker is unspectacular, but Bama has come up a winner in each of his 17 starts. There's some rebuilding to do up front on defense, but the linebackers—especially Lemanski Hall—are ferocious. The secondary,


72
TEXAS
44
31
92
ARIZONA STATE
98
MICHIGAN STATE
37
3
OKLAHOMA STATE
44
6
55
33
8
43

PLAYBOY'S 1993 ALL-AMERICA TEAM



DEFENSE Opposite page, by number: (72) Dan Wilkinson, tackle, Ohio State; (44) Winfred Tubbs, linebacker, Texas; (31) Dan Eichloff, punter, Kansas; (92) Rob Waldrop, tackle, Arizona; (98) Shante Carver, end, Arizona State; (37) Steve Wasylk, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Michigan State; (3) Shonte Peoples, safety, Michigan; (44) Keith Burns, linebacker, Oklahoma State; (55) Willie McGinest, end, USC; (6) Terris Harris, safety, Miami; (33) Dewayne Dotson, linebacker, Mississippi; (8) Corey Sawyer, cornerback, Florida State; (43) Antonio Langham, cornerback, Alabama.

OFFENSE Below: (6) Tyrone Wheatley, running back, Michigan; (79) Mike Bedosky, guard, Missouri; (73) Bernard Williams, guard, Georgia; (12) Shelby Hill, receiver, Syracuse; (75) Todd Steussie, tackle, California; (71) Tony Boselli, tackle, USC; (44) Calvin Jones, running back, Nebraska; (73) Jim Pyne, center, Virginia Tech; (12) Joe Allison, placekicker, Memphis State; Mack Brown, Coach of the Year, North Carolina; (81) Michael Westbrook, receiver, Colorado; (17) Charlie Ward, quarterback, and (80) Tamarick Vanover, kick returner, Florida State; (28) Marshall Faulk, running back, San Diego State.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI
ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED BY THE POINTE HILTON RESORT AT TAPATIO CLIFFS, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Football Coach of the Year for 1993 is MACK BROWN of the University of North Carolina. In five seasons, Brown has rebuilt a sagging Tar Heels football program into an ACC and national power. Brown previously worked this same turnaround magic at Tulane and Appalachian State before arriving at Chapel Hill. Still, it wasn't easy. In each of Brown's first two seasons, North Carolina finished 1–10. Brown's third season was a winner at 6-4-1. His fourth team improved to 7–4. Last year North Carolina topped off a 9–3 campaign with a Peach Bowl win over Mississippi State.

OFFENSE

CHARLIE WARD—Quarterback, 6'1", 185 pounds, senior, Florida State. 1992 ACC Player of the Year. Set Seminole record for single season total offense with 3151 yards. Point guard on Florida State's top-20 basketball team.

MARSHALL FAULK—Running back, 5'10", 200, junior, San Diego State. Runner-up for Heisman Trophy in 1992. Only fifth player to win back-to-back national rushing titles.

TYRONE WHEATLEY—Running back, 6'1", 225, junior, Michigan. 1992 Big Ten Offensive Player of the Year. Rose Bowl MVP. Averaged 152 all-purpose yards per game.

CALVIN JONES—Running back, 5'10", 210, junior, Nebraska. The Big Eight's 1992 Offensive Player of the Year. First Nebraska back to gain more than 2000 yards (2110) before end of his sophomore year.

SHELBY HILL—Wide receiver, 6', 194, senior, Syracuse. Currently ranks sixth on Syracuse all-time receiving chart with 1359 yards.

MICHAEL WESTBROOK—Wide receiver, 6'4", 210, junior, Colorado. Holds school record with 76 receptions for 1060 yards and eight TDs last season.

JIM PYNE—Center, 6'2", 280, senior, Virginia Tech. Over 1800 snaps in college career and has never allowed a sack over his position.

BERNARD WILLIAMS—Guard, 6'9", 310, senior, Georgia. Strength and driving power make him a likely high NFL draft pick.

MIKE BEDOSKY—Guard, 6'5", 288, senior, Missouri. All–Big Eight and Academic Big Eight choice last season. 31 consecutive starts.

TONY BOSELLI—Tackle, 6'8", 295, junior, Southern Cal. Only fifth USC sophomore to make All-America. Two-time Playboy All-America.

TODD STEUSSIE—Tackle, 6'6", 305, senior, California. All–PAC Ten. Bench-presses 465 pounds.

JOE ALLISON—Placekicker, 6', 190, senior, Memphis State. Nation's top kicker. Converted 23 of 25 field-goal attempts.

TAMARICK VANOVER—Kick returner, 6'1", 210, sophomore, Florida State. The ACC's 1992 Rookie of the Year. Averaged 51.6 yards on eight kickoff returns last season.

DEFENSE

SHANTE CARVER—End, 6'6", 230, senior, Arizona State. Broke ASU record for career quarterback sacks (31) in three seasons.

WILLIE MCGINEST—End, 6'6", 245, senior, Southern Cal. Pac Ten sack co-leader with 16. Had 23 tackles for losses.

DAN WILKINSON—Tackle, 6'5", 300, sophomore, Ohio State. All–Big Ten in first season after being switched from offense.

ROB WALDROP—Tackle, 6'2", 275, senior, Arizona. One of three finalists for Outland Trophy in 1992. Had 22 tackles for losses and ten quarterback sacks last season.

KEITH BURNS—Linebacker, 6'2", 235, senior, Oklahoma State. The Big Eight's 1992 Newcomer of the Year. Had 126 total tackles.

WINFRED TUBBS—Linebacker, 6'5", 250, senior, Texas. Led conference with 157 tackles last season.

DEWAYNE DOTSON—Linebacker, 6'2", 255, senior, Mississippi. All-SEC. Described as dominant player by Rebel coach Billy Brewer.

ANTONIO LANGHAM—Cornerback, 6'1", 170, senior, Alabama. Made key plays in three games, one an interception and return for a touchdown in the SEC championship game.

COREY SAWYER—Cornerback, 5'11", 170, junior, Florida State. Led the ACC in interceptions with seven and in punt returns with a 14.8-yard average.

SHONTE PEOPLES—Safety, 6'1", 227, senior, Michigan. Wolverines' interception leader. Had 72 tackles.

TERRIS HARRIS—Safety, 6'1", 195, senior, Miami. Hurricanes' top returning tackler.

DAN EICHLOFF—Punter, 6', 215, senior, Kansas. Two-time Playboy All-America. Averaged 40.62 yards per punt. Converted 16 of 20 field-goal attempts, including a 61-yarder.

anchored by Playboy All-America Antonio Langham, is one of the best in the nation. According to coach Gene Stallings, "It's much harder to repeat a national championship than it is to win one." It's also hard not to see the Tide in the national championship hunt come January 1. 11–0

2. FLORIDA STATE

Two years ago a magnificently talented Florida State team lost a game and momentum in its drive toward a national championship when a last-second field-goal attempt sailed wide to the right, giving rival Miami the victory. Last season, it was, as Yogi Berra put it, "déjà vu all over again," as the Seminoles, on yet another wide-right kick, missed a chance to tie the Hurricanes with seconds remaining. The loss was the only blemish on an otherwise perfect season. The night after the loss, coach Bobby Bowden (number seven on the all-time coaching-victories chart with 227 wins), who has led Florida State to six consecutive top-four national finishes and eight consecutive bowl victories, had a vision: a kicker who never pushed wide right. Bowden hopes his vision will become reality in the person of Scott Bentley, the gemstone of the Seminoles' number-one-ranked recruiting class. Bowden has many other jewels on this year's team. The brightest is Playboy All-America quarterback Charlie Ward, who got better each game last season, winning ACC Player of the Year honors and Orange Bowl MVP honors in the Seminoles' 27–14 victory over Nebraska. Ward has recovered from off-season shoulder surgery (his nonthrowing arm) and is a leading contender for the Heisman this season. Florida State has talent to burn, with Playboy All-America kick returner Tamarick Vanover, who will be securing good field position for the offense, and Playboy All-America cornerback Corey Sawyer, who is already drawing comparisons to alum Deion Sanders. At the other corner, Clifton Abraham may be nearly as good. Even with superlative players, Bowden's quest for a national championship will be formidable. The Seminoles face a murderous schedule that features Miami, Florida and Notre Dame in addition to its regular ACC opponents. 11–1

3. MICHIGAN

Wolverine fans had dreams of an undefeated record going into last season. The dream came true, but with a nightmarish twist as coach Gary Moeller developed a taste for tie food—his charges battled Notre Dame, Illinois and Ohio State to draws. Fortunately, Michigan persevered against

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Washington in the Rose Bowl (38–31), or the concept of kissing your sister might have turned into incest. Ties aside, Michigan enters the season only one victory shy of the conference all-time unbeaten streak (22). Junior quarterback Todd Collins has already proved in two winning starts in 1992 that he can fill Elvis Grbac's blue suede shoes. Playboy All-America running back Tyrone Wheatley gave a glimpse of the future when he grabbed the Rose Bowl MVP while rushing 15 times for 235 yards and three touchdowns. And if Wheatley has an off day, Ricky Powers, an All–Big Ten performer in 1991, is waiting in the wings. The Wolverines have five wide receivers capable of the big play. If Michigan has a weakness, it is along the line of scrimmage, but only because of a lack of experience, not from a lack of talent. Offensive tackle Trezelle Jenkins, only a sophomore, has great size (6'8", 298 pounds) and potential to match. Michigan plays its first four games, and a total of seven, at home. 10–1

4. TEXAS A&M

This season, the Aggies may not have the best team in the nation, but there doesn't appear to be anyone on the regular schedule who has better than a long-shot chance to beat them. Coach R. C. Slocum's crew coasted to 12 straight wins last year before Notre Dame laid them out 28–3 in the Cotton Bowl. There are 17 starters back from that team, including junior running back Greg Hill, whose only problem may be his eligibility status with the NCAA. At the start of last season, A&M's only apparent weakness was at quarterback. Freshman Corey Pullig turned that weakness into a strength. Marcus Buckley and big-hitting safety Patrick Bates are gone from the Wrecking Crew defense, but five other all-conference performers return. The problem: Even if they clean up in the weak Southwestern Conference, will the pollsters care? 11–0

5. SYRACUSE

Coach Paul Pasqualoni has already totaled 20 wins in two seasons. With senior quarterback Marvin Graves back at the helm and Playboy All-America receiver Shelby Hill racing downfield, the Orangemen have an outside shot at the national championship. Graves, MVP in three straight bowl appearances, will have amassed more than 8000 passing yards by the time his college career is over. He proved his pluck last season against Miami when, after being sacked seven times in the first half and trailing 13–0, he led a spirited Syracuse comeback. Six points down and on the final drive of the game, an exhausted Graves first threw up in the huddle, then completed a pass to tight end Chris Gedney. As time ran out Gedney was tackled three yards short of what would have been the winning touchdown. Terry Richardson replaces graduated David Walker at running back. Nose guard Kevin Mitchell and inside linebacker Dan Conley will anchor the defense. 10–1

THE ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as on the playing field. Nominated by their universities, candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend, receives a commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, PLAYBOY awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's university.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Steve Wasylk from Michigan State. A free safety for the Spartans, he holds the school record for tackles by a defensive back in one season. The top student in MSU's engineering department, Steve's three-year grade point average is 3.957.

Honorable mentions this year go to Tom Burns (Virginia), Tim Ruddy (Notre Dame), Justin Hall (New Mexico), Pat O'Neill (Syracuse), Robert King (Texas Tech), Bob Dudley (Bowling Green State), Mike Cole (Illinois), Chris Oliver (Arkansas), Marc Milia (Michigan), Kenneth Alexander (Florida State), Jim Nevelle (Washington), Tom Hetherington (Rice) and Matt Taffoni (West Virginia).

REST OF THE BEST

QUARTERBACKS: Trent Dilfer (Fresno State), Heath Shuler (Tennessee), Eric Zeier (Georgia), Marvin Graves (Syracuse), Glenn Foley (Boston College), Len Williams (Northwestern), Steve Taneyhill (South Carolina)
RUNNING BACKS: Greg Hill (Texas A&M), Napoleon Kaufman (Washington), LeShon Johnson (Northern Illinois), Errict Rhett (Florida), Nathan DuPree (San Jose State)
RECEIVERS: Lloyd Hill (Texas Tech), Charles Johnson (Colorado), Lee Gissendaner (Northwestern), Derrick Alexander (Michigan), Ryan Yarborough (Wyoming), Johnnie Morton (USC), Darnay Scott (San Diego State), David Palmer (Alabama), Corey Holliday (North Carolina), Willie Jackson (Florida), Carlester Crumpler (East Carolina)
OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Tobie Sheils (Alabama), Tim Ruddy, Aaron Taylor (Notre Dame), Zach Wiegert (Nebraska), Stacy Seegars (Clemson), David Leaks (Baylor), Reggie Green (Florida), Mark Dixon (Virginia), Tre Johnson (Temple), Vaughn Parker (UCLA), Kevin Mawae (Louisiana State), Jim Nevelle (Washington), Tom Nalen (Boston College)
DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Sam Adams (Texas A&M), Charles Beauchamp (Indiana), Darren Krein (Miami), Bernard Carter (East Carolina), Kevin Mitchell (Syracuse), Andy Mason (Washington), Kevin Carter (Florida), Luther Elliss (Utah), Lamark Shackerford (Wisconsin), Taase Faumui (Hawaii), Bryant Young (Notre Dame)
LINEBACKERS: Ron Woolfork (Colorado), Trev Alberts (Nebraska), Lemanski Hall (Alabama), Derrick Brooks (Florida State), Steve Morrison (Michigan), Tyrone Nix (Southern Mississippi), Barron Wortham (Texas–El Paso), Cassius Ware (Mississippi), Danton Barto (Memphis State)
DEFENSIVE BACKS: Tyronne Drakeford (Virginia Tech), Jaime Mendez (Kansas State), Jimmy Young (Purdue), Johnny Dixon (Mississippi), Greg Evans (Texas Christian), Aaron Glenn (Texas A&M), Jeff Burris (Notre Dame), Perry Carter (Southern Mississippi)
PLACEKICKERS: Scott Etheridge (Auburn), John Becksvoort (Tennessee), Joe Nedney (San Jose State), Scott Szeredy (Texas), Tommy Thompson (Oregon), Doug Brien (California)
PUNTERS: Mitch Berger (Colorado), Pat O'Neill (Syracuse), Todd Jordan (Mississippi State), Mike Thomas (North Carolina), Shayne Edge (Florida), Tommy Thompson (Oregon), Todd Sauerbrun (West Virginia)

6. NEBRASKA

If rushing titles were national titles, Nebraska coach Tom Osborne would have an armful. The Cornhuskers topped the rushing charts for the eighth time in the past ten seasons, yet remained a distant runner-up (14th in the AP poll) for the national championship. But Osborne has hope, and his name is quarterback Tommie Frazier, who shows promise of being the passer that Nebraska has so desperately needed. Whatever happens in the air, Nebraska will once again be formidable on the ground despite the loss of Derek Brown, one half of the Huskers' lethal We-Back combo that gained 2110 yards last season. That's because Playboy All-America Calvin Jones returns, with talent enough to gain 2000 yards all by himself. He'll get help from 310-pound Zach Wiegert, who'll blast open holes up front. Nebraska's linebacking is the strength of the defense, where Trev Alberts is ready to fill the All-America shoes of Travis Hill. 10–1

7. MIAMI

An 11–1 record would be a banner season for almost any football team in the nation—any team, that is, other than the Miami Hurricanes, winners of four national championships in the past ten years. Miami's season and winning streak ended in frustration and embarrassment in the Sugar Bowl as Alabama's superlative defense silenced the trash talkers 34–13. Miami returns only two starters from last year's offense, just five on defense. But Miami's talent runs deep, and coach Dennis Erickson continues to recruit well. The starting quarterback will be junior Frank Costa. To use an abundance of quality running backs, Erickson will add a two-back variation to the Hurricane's traditional one-back set. Look for *USA Today* High School Player of the Year Jammi German to make an immediate impact. On defense, Darren Krein is the latest in Miami's line of downsized but extremely quick defensive players (including reggae king Bob Marley's son Rohan). The Hurricanes were shocked that they lost once last year. How will they feel if they drop two this season? 9–2

8. TENNESSEE

It's not easy to replace a legend, especially when the legend gets fired. But that's the challenge facing new Tennessee coach Phillip Fulmer, who replaced John Majors at the end of the regular season last year. Fulmer quieted critics—at least for the moment—by leading Tennessee to a 38–23 Hall of Fame win over Boston College. With junior quarterback Heath Shuler at the helm and a roster filled with talent, Fulmer should be able to make the Tennessee faithful forgive if not forget. Fulmer has a quartet of gifted backs (Charlie Garner, James Stewart, Aaron Hayden and Mario Brunson) and three promising receivers (Cory Fleming, Ronald Davis and Nilo Silvan). The defense is especially strong at linebacker—all three starters from last season return. 9–2

9. ARIZONA

Arizona's 6-5-1 record doesn't come close to indicating the success of last year's Wildcat football team. Arizona twice toppled teams ranked number one in the national polls: once by narrowly losing to Miami 8–7, then by stifling Washington 16–3. And the Wildcats' defense kept Stanford, Washington, UCLA and New Mexico State out of the end zone entirely. Coach Dick Tomey, voted Pac Ten Coach of the Year, expects this year's defense to be nearly as good and the offense to be a lot better. Playboy All-America noseguard Rob Waldrop is the center of the Wildcat defense. Sophomore Dan White, a classic drop-back passer, should give the Wildcats, heavily run-oriented in recent years, a more balanced attack. If White plays well, Arizona could show up for the parade in Pasadena. 9–2

10. FLORIDA

Things didn't exactly gel last season for the Gators. The defense was inexperienced and the Gators' road opponents seemed to be top-25 teams. And yet Florida won nine games, was the SEC's eastern champ and beat North Carolina State in the Gator Bowl. A lot of teams would like not to gel so well. Coach Steve Spurrier loses only one starter from last year's offense. Unfortunately for Florida, that starter happens to be quarterback Shane Matthews, the SEC's all-time leader in passing yards and touchdowns. Whoever steps up as QB will be protected by an awesome offensive line, anchored by sophomore tackle Reggie Green (6'6", 295 pounds), a Freshman All-America. Running back Errict Rhett is versatile—2800 rushing yards and 117 receptions and counting. The schedule-makers are on the Gators' side as well: Florida meets its toughest opponents—Tennessee, Mississippi State and Florida State—on its home turf, where it has won 18 straight. 9–2

11. NOTRE DAME

Poor Lou Holtz. Most coaches who lose players like Rick Mirer, Jerome Bettis, Reggie Brooks, Tom Carter and Demetrius DuBose are allowed a season to rebuild. But this is, after all, Notre Dame, where they always finish at least as high in the recruiting-class rankings as in the year-end polls. And some of Holtz' best big guys, the ones who slug it out on either side of the line, are back. Aaron Taylor, an All-America guard on offense last season, will switch to tackle this year. The Irish defense ended last season holding Texas A&M to three points in the Cotton Bowl. They will be Holtz' darlings, especially early on when the new guys are learning the offense. Senior Kevin McDougal and junior Paul Failla are first in line to find out if Mirer's slippers fit their feet. Only a few years ago, ND alums would have been thrilled with eight wins. This year, eight wins will bring out the Holtz boo-birds. It's enough to make a guy want to put a headlock on a referee. 8–3

12. WASHINGTON

The Huskies couldn't have anticipated problems as they prepared for last season's game at Arizona. What was to fear? Washington was riding a 22-game win streak. But then came a series of revelations about improper loans to now-departed quarterback Billy Joe Hobert, followed by a 16–3 whipping by Arizona, the first of three the Huskies were to receive. Said coach Don James, "I feel like Queen Elizabeth when she said, '1992 has not been a very good year.'" But—barring further disclosures—he has another pretty good football team this year. The offense returns eight starters, including lightning-quick tailback Napoleon Kaufman. The defense is strong up front but drops off at linebacker and secondary, where some untested players will have to step forward. 8–3

13. COLORADO

Before last season, coach Bill McCartney brought in new offensive coordinator Les Steckel, who overhauled the rush-heavy Buffalo offense and installed a one-back set that spelled the end of CU's run-first-and-pass-later attitude. Steckel has moved on to the Denver Broncos, but Colorado, knee-deep in quarterbacks, will continue to throw. Kordell Stewart is first in line to take the snaps. Playboy All-America wide receiver Michael Westbrook has awesome potential. Charles Johnson at split end is nearly as good. The schedule, which may be the most difficult in the nation, features Texas, Baylor, Stanford and Miami as nonconference opponents. 8–3

14. GEORGIA

The Georgia Bulldogs would be positioned pretty well for a run at the national championship if running back Garrison Hearst and wide receiver

Andre Hastings had not jumped to the NFL. The defense is strong, the offensive line is intimidating and junior quarterback Eric Zeier can read defenses like a Steinbeck novel. Junior Terrell Davis will dash through holes opened by huge offensive lineman Bernard Williams. The rising star on the defensive side for the Bulldogs is inside linebacker Randall Godfrey, a Freshman All-America last season. Georgia is good, but Alabama, Tennessee and Florida probably are better teams. 8–3

15. STANFORD

To the surprise of almost everyone, Bill Walsh took over as coach at Stanford when Dennis Green moved to the Minnesota Vikings. To the surprise of almost no one, Walsh succeeded immediately. Stanford won its first Pac Ten championship since 1971 and enjoyed its highest final national ranking (ninth) since 1970. And Walsh isn't done. He recruited just about every player he wanted in the off-season. The Cardinal will be long on offense. Quarterback Steve Stenstrom returns for his final year. Running back Ellery Roberts is outstanding. The defense, which lost seven starters, will apply pressure from the outside, play man-to-man, gamble a lot and blitz more. The schedule is brutal, featuring six 1992 bowl teams. But with Walsh at the helm, anything is possible. 8–3

16. FRESNO STATE

Move over, California football powers: Fresno State has arrived. Veteran coach Jim Sweeney returns key elements from the team that led the NCAA in scoring with 40.5 points per game. The marquee player in Sweeney's pro-set offense is 6'5" junior quarterback Trent Dilfer, who threw for 3000 yards and 21 TDs last year. With five quality receivers, the best of whom is Malcolm Seabron (who led the nation with a 23.8 yards-per-catch average) and running backs Ron Rivers and Anthony Daigle (who combined for 1741 yards and 26 TDs), the Bulldogs will keep scorekeepers busy. FSU's only problem is that its defense may do the same. 8–3

17. BOSTON COLLEGE

Coach Tom Coughlin has revived Boston College's football fortunes in two short years. The Eagles were the surprise team of 1992, shutting out three opponents and suffering only a tie (24–24 against West Virginia) through their first eight games. The wheels came off a bit against Notre Dame (54–7) and Syracuse (27–10), but BC wound up 8-3-1, good enough to earn Coughlin an invitation to coach the New York Giants. He opted to stay at Chestnut Hill and is intent on making the Eagles a Big East power. Running BC's complex offense will be quarterback Glenn Foley, a Davey O'Brien Award finalist last year. It seems clear that Coughlin made the right choice: BC will be better than the Giants. 8–3

18. OHIO STATE

The key to the Buckeyes this year will be the performance of Bob Hoying, a sophomore quarterback who has little experience but a big-time arm. As usual, Ohio State will have some massive bodies up front. Korey Stringer (6'5", 310 pounds) and Alan Kline (6'6", 290 pounds) anchor the offensive line. Playboy All-America tackle Dan "Big Daddy" Wilkinson (6'5", 300 pounds) shuts off the middle on defense. The early departure to the NFL of safety Roger Harper and running back Robert Smith hurt coach John Cooper's chances of mounting a Buckeye challenge against Big Ten archrival Michigan. 8–3

19. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

John Robinson—the man who guided USC football to three Pac Ten titles and one national championship in seven years—once again rides the Trojan horse. In his mission to restore team pride, he'll bring back the power-I running attack, with Deon Strother or Dwight McFadden carrying the ball. Junior Rob Johnson, the returning starter at quarterback, will be protected by two-time Playboy All-America offensive tackle Tony Boselli. Playboy All-America defensive end Willie McGinest will spend this season greeting opposing quarterbacks in their own backfields. The schedule is difficult, but then, Coach Robinson has been there before. 8–4

20. NORTH CAROLINA

Mack Brown, 1993 Playboy Coach of the Year, took over a Tar Heels program that languished in the shadow of North Carolina basketball. Brown has been rebuilding with charismatic recruiting, knowledgeable coaching, easier scheduling and patience. The patience was especially important the first two seasons, when the team put together back-to-back 1–10 records. The recruiting began to pay off in 1991, when North Carolina improved to 7–4. Jason Stanicek and Mike Thomas will quarterback, and a pair of Johnsons (Curtis and Leon) will fill out the backfield. And while this year's schedule is more formidable, NC's talent level should bring it to the brink of the top 20. 8–4

ATLANTIC COAST

Florida State	11–1
North Carolina	8–4
North Carolina State	7–4
Clemson	7–4
Virginia	6–5
Georgia Tech	6–5
Wake Forest	5–6
Maryland	4–7
Duke	4–7

Florida State is the class of the conference, while North Carolina, rebuilt under coach Mack Brown, has a shot at the top 20 for the second year in a row. North Carolina State, which enjoyed a successful 9-3-1 year in coach Dick Sheridan's final season, returns only five starters on each side of the line. Junior Geoff Bender, who sat out last season as a redshirt, takes over the QB spot. The losses on defense, especially in the secondary, will hurt the most. Clemson, a disappointing 5–6 last year, will improve this season. The Tigers, always tough in Death Valley, play only four road games this season. With its all-time rushing leader Terry Kirby graduated, Virginia will struggle offensively. Coach George Welsh has the additional problem of settling on a starting quarterback from a group of four candidates. The defense is in better shape: Eight starters return. Georgia Tech has terrific depth at running back, good receivers and a solid offensive line. But the team's problem is likely to be the same as last year: weak D. After announcing that 1992 would be his last season as head coach, Wake Forest's Bill Dooley guided the Demon Deacons to an 8–4 season, topped by a victory in the Independence Bowl. Dooley has handed over the reins to former Penn State assistant Jim Caldwell, who inherits a team that will be sorely lacking in defensive talent. Maryland proved it could score last season, using new coach Mark Duffner's run-and-shoot offense. But the Terrapins can't stop most of their opponents from scoring even more. Duke coach Barry Wilson's future was in doubt after the Blue Devils won only two games last season. Wilson is back, but Duke will probably remain near the bottom of the conference.

BIG EAST

Syracuse	10–1
Miami	9–2
Boston College	8–3
West Virginia	7–4
Rutgers	6–5
Virginia Tech	4–7
Pittsburgh	4–7
Temple	3–8

Big East basketball may have fallen on hard times, but nobody doubts the

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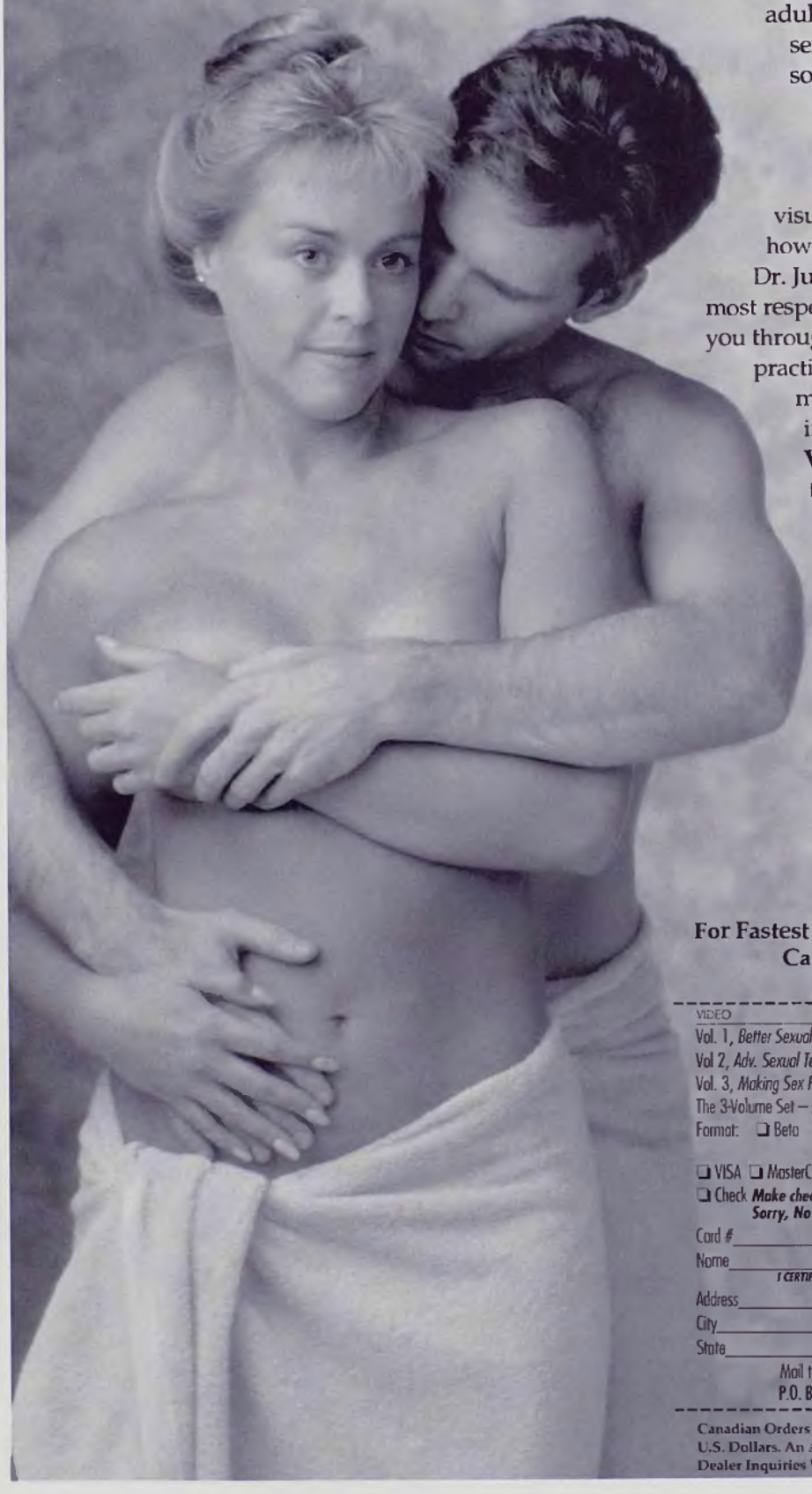

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potency of the conference's football programs. Syracuse, Miami and Boston College should all finish in the top 20. West Virginia coach Don Nehlen continues quietly to put together winning programs in Morgantown (11 winning seasons out of 13). The Mountaineers have two quality quarterbacks—Jake Kelchner and Darren Studstill. Tailbacks Jon Jones, Robert Walker and Jimmy Gary will fill in for Adrian Murrell, who piled up 1145 rushing yards in 1992. Football fortunes have been on the rise at Rutgers since Doug Graber took over as head coach three years ago. The team, which finished 7–4 last season, welcomes back two strong-armed quarterbacks: Bryan Fortay, a drop-back passer, and Ray Lucas, a strong, agile scrambler. Running back Bruce Presley could gain 1000 yards this season. The defense needs improvement. Dumped by Tennessee, John Majors accepted the head coaching job at Pittsburgh, where he has a major rebuilding job on his hands. The Panthers won only three games last season. Temple welcomes new coach Ron Dickerson, who has stated that his goal will be "to become the first black head coach to win a national championship." One of his biggest hurdles may be winning his first game.

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	10–1
Colorado	8–3
Oklahoma	7–4
Kansas	6–5
Kansas State	6–5
Missouri	5–6
Oklahoma State	5–6
Iowa State	4–7

Take Nebraska and Colorado out of the Big Eight race and you're left with a dogfight. At Oklahoma, credit coach Gary Gibbs with cleaning up a program that once got more space on the police blotter than on the sports page. But Gibbs needs a win against Texas, Colorado or Nebraska to keep his job. Kansas enjoyed an 8–4 record last season, including a victory in the Aloha Bowl against BYU. Still, the loss of quarterback Chip Hilleary may force the Jayhawks a step back. Says coach Glen Mason, "We have more depth at quarterback than we've ever had since I've been here." (Translation: "I don't know who is going to start.") Kansas State coach Bill Snyder needs a strong performance from quarterback Jason Smargiasso to keep the Wildcats above .500. The Wildcats may have trouble in the defensive trenches, where experience and size are lacking. Missouri could play the dark horse in the Big Eight this year. Junior quarterback Jeff Handy could help make the difference, but the Tiger defense needs improvement. Last season it allowed opponents an average of more than 400 yards per game. Oklahoma State has some studs on defense: Playboy All-America linebacker Keith Burns is the best defensive player in the Big Eight. Jason Gildon, a 6'4", 225-pound end, pressures opposing quarterbacks. Heavy graduation losses on defense (only four starters return) and a lack of speed in the backfield will hold Iowa State's aspirations in check this year.

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Got a minute for a little Big Ten bashing? Big Ten teams were 13-17-1 against nonconference teams last season and a miserable 2-11-1 against ranked teams. If this year's record against nonconference foes is better, it will be only because the overall nonconference schedule is slightly easier. Michigan is the only certain top-20 team. Ohio State can make the grade only if an inexperienced sophomore quarterback quickly learns the art of winning. Indiana, deep on defense and loaded with seniors, may surprise if it can find an adequate replacement for graduated quarterback Trent Green. Coach Barry Alvarez has turned Wisconsin from Big Ten patsy into a solid contender. The Badgers' defense allowed only 122 rushing yards per game last season, the fourth-lowest total in school history. Alvarez has seven starters back from that defense, including Lamark Shackerford, UW's first all-conference noseguard since Tim Krumrie in 1982. Penn State's Joe Paterno will have to watch lots of tape to prepare for the Nittany Lions' first full slate of conference opponents, ending over 100 years as a football independent. They do not enter the conference on a high, finishing 7–5 last year. Paterno has two quality quarterbacks this season in Kerry Collins and John Sacca, both of whom missed time last season because of injuries. Last year, Iowa collapsed under a brutal early schedule. This year's schedule is easier, but coach Hayden Fry's frustration may continue as the Hawkeyes return only two starters on offense and only one all-conference player, tackle Mike Wells, on defense. Michigan State coach George Perles believes his Spartans (5–6 last year) are ready to have a winning season again. As always, MSU's early outing at Notre Dame is critical. Last year Illinois coach Lou Tepper had trouble deciding whether to play experienced quarterback Jason Verduzco. This year he will have no such problem because he has no experienced quarterbacks. While the offense learns the ropes, the defense will win some games. Ten of the starting eleven return from last year, the best of whom is linebacker Dana Howard. Minnesota will be improved, but not by enough to give them a winning record. Tim Schade, a transfer from Texas Christian, brings speed and versatility to the Golden Gophers at quarterback. Corey Rogers, who sat out last season for academic reasons after being named 1991 Big Ten Freshman of the Year, should give needed punch to Purdue's running game. The Boilermakers need consistency from junior quarterback Matt Pike and quick development of young players on the offensive line. Northwestern coach Gary Barnett made progress in improving the Wildcats' woeful football fortunes: NU managed three wins last year and came within a whisker of two more. Underrated quarterback Len Williams returns, but a tough nonconference schedule will make it difficult to improve on 1992's record.

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICA WEEKEND

PLAYBOY has published its annual *Pigskin Preview* and selected a preseason college All-America football team for the past 37 years. Since 1960 the magazine has gathered together these preseason All-Americas at the Playboy All-America Weekend (this year held at the Pointe Hilton Resort at Tapatio Cliffs in Phoenix, Arizona), so that the players can have some fun before the rigors of the college football season begin. In addition, portions of this year's weekend activities were taped as part of *The Reebok Preseason College Football Special*, featuring the 1993 Playboy All-America team. The show, hosted by Pat O'Brien, will air across the nation during August. Check your local listings for time and station.

BIG TEN

Michigan	10–1
Ohio State	8–3
Indiana	7–4
Wisconsin	7–4
Penn State	7–4
Iowa	6–5
Michigan State	6–5
Illinois	5–6
Minnesota	4–7
Purdue	3–8
Northwestern	3–8

BIG WEST

Nevada	8–3
San Jose State	6–5
Utah State	5–6
UNLV	5–6
Northern Illinois	5–6
New Mexico State	5–6
Louisiana Tech	4–7
Pacific	4–7
Southwestern Louisiana	3–8
Arkansas State	3–8

Nevada stepped from Division IAA to IA in a big way last season, winning the

Big West title in its first year. Chris Vargas, the feisty little quarterback who specializes in leading comebacks, returns for his senior season, as does his prime target, Bryan Reeves. The entire secondary corps has graduated, so the defense is hurting. **San Jose State** welcomes new head coach John Ralston, late of Stanford, the Denver Broncos, the World Football League and the Moscow Bears (the football team, not the circus act). He inherits a good team. Quarterback Jeff Garcia has strong skills and better leadership. Tailback Nathan DuPree is tough to tackle. Coach Charlie Weatherbie thinks his **Utah State** will be a Big West contender this year. Best of the Aggies is linebacker Jermaine Younger, who was the conference's Defensive Player of the Year last season, and quarterback Anthony Calvillo, who led the Aggies to five wins at the end of 1992. **Arkansas State, Louisiana Tech, Northern Illinois** and **Southwestern Louisiana** all join the Big West this year. Of the four newcomers, Northern Illinois may be the most interesting because of LeShon Johnson, a ball-of-fire running back. Huskies coach Charlie Sadler describes Johnson, who runs the 40 in 4.51 seconds, as "the best running back east of San Diego."

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	8–3
Southern Mississippi	6–5
Memphis State	6–5
Louisville	5–6
Army	5–6
East Carolina	4–7
Tulsa	4–7
Cincinnati	4–7
Navy	3–8
Tulane	3–9

Notre Dame may be the only school with enough power to sustain itself as an independent. All the rest will be seeking the security (and TV revenues) of a conference. **Southern Mississippi** gets little national attention, but it consistently fields good teams. The Golden Eagles, 7–4 last season, return 16 starters. They'll need all of that experience. Seven road games will ruffle a few Eagle feathers. **Memphis State**'s offense will determine the team's success this year. Quarterback Steve Matthews, who in 1992 passed for over 2000 yards and threw 18 touchdowns, returns for his senior season. Linebacker Danton Barto is the leader on the defensive side. **Louisville** is strong at the skill positions but will have trouble handling more powerful opponents on the line of scrimmage. Quarterback Jeff Brohm, who took every snap from center last year, is the main man on offense. Running backs Ralph Dawkins and Anthony Shelman give the team a strong backfield combination. With nine offensive starters returning and more depth than at any time in coach Bob Sutton's three-year command, **Army** may surprise opponents, who traditionally view meeting the Cadets as a picnic on the parade ground. **East Carolina** promises to run more this season, which shouldn't be difficult: Last year the Pirates threw 497 times in 11 games.

MID-AMERICAN

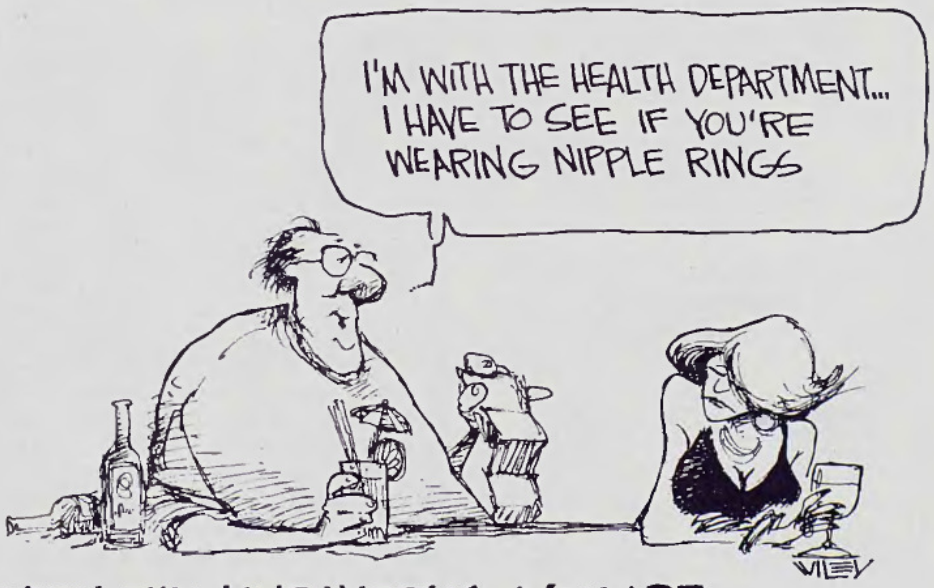
Akron	8–3
Central Michigan	7–4
Toledo	7–4
Bowling Green State	7–4
Miami	6–5
Western Michigan	5–6
Ball State	5–6
Kent State	4–7
Ohio	2–9
Eastern Michigan	2–9

Big Ten schools used to schedule games with the Mid-American Conference as a way to pad the win column. But that has changed. Just ask Michigan State coach George Perles, whose Spartans have been soundly beaten by Central Michigan two years in a row, or Purdue's Jim Colletto after his Boilermakers were thumped by Toledo. And the MAC is always fun because it seems that every year there are five or six teams with a legitimate shot at the conference title. **Akron** returns quarterback Marcel Weems, a strong runner and the number-one option QB in the conference. The Zips are two-deep at every offensive position except wide receiver and kicker. **Central Michigan**, traditionally a run-oriented team, figures to pass a lot with quarterback Joe Youngblood, who last season set CMU records for completions (161), yardage (2209) and TDs (18). Coach Herb Deromedi will have to replace seven defensive starters from last year, including two-time all-conference performer Mike Nettie. **Toledo** returns substantial portions of both offense and defense, but two key players are gone: Kevin Meger, a four-year starter at quarterback, and defensive end Dan Williams, a first-round NFL draft choice. **Bowling Green State**, last year's MAC champ and 21–3 over the past two seasons, returns most of its offensive and defensive front lines but not much else. **Miami** can be a contender for the conference title if quarterback Neil Dougherty can step up his game another notch. Running back Deland McCullough led all freshman runners in yards per game, averaging 114.

PACIFIC TEN

Arizona	9–2
Washington	8–3
Stanford	8–3
USC	8–4
UCLA	7–4
Arizona State	7–4
Oregon	6–5
Washington State	5–6
California	5–7
Oregon State	3–8

The Pac Ten is the strongest conference in the nation. The scary part is that



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it will only get stronger, with Stanford's Bill Walsh and Southern Cal's John Robinson attracting even more good football players. If **Arizona** gets solid quarterbacking, the Wildcats' defense might be strong enough to edge out **Washington**, a very solid **Stanford** and a rejuvenated **USC** for the conference title. Decimated by injuries last season, **UCLA** can push itself back into bowl contention despite a tough schedule that features Nebraska and BYU in addition to the usual conference bullies. The best Bruin talent is along the offensive line. Jonathan Ogden, a Freshman All-America last season, is dominating. If you're looking for a dark horse in the conference, **Arizona State** could be your team. Playboy All-America Shante Carver will provide leadership and an awesome pass rush from his defensive end spot until coach Bruce Snyder's hot crop of junior college transfers gel. The offense is in the sure hands of quarterback Grady Benton, who broke Bernie Kosar's freshman record for completion percentage last season. **Oregon** provides a solid example of just how strong the Pac Ten really is. Despite the fact that 14 starters return, Oregon's chances of cracking the top half of the conference standings still have to be rated as slim. **Washington State** will have to survive a double whammy: the early departure of quarterback Drew Bledsoe to the pros and the graduation of Shaumbe Wright-Fair, the conference's leading rusher last season. Coach Keith Gilbertson suffered through a disappointing 4–7 campaign in his first season at **California**. He recruited well in the off-season, but the Golden Bears are probably a year away from challenging the conference front-runners. So far, coach Jerry Pettibone's two-year experiment with the wishbone offense has been a bust at **Oregon State**. The Beavers finished last season 1-9-1. Pettibone remains upbeat and thinks he finally has enough depth on offense to give the system a chance to succeed.

SOUTHEASTERN

EASTERN DIVISION

Florida	9–2
Tennessee	9–2
Georgia	8–3
South Carolina	6–5
Kentucky	4–7
Vanderbilt	3–8

WESTERN DIVISION

Alabama	11–0
Mississippi State	8–3
Mississippi	7–4
Auburn	6–5
Arkansas	5–6
Louisiana State	3–8

It was a banner year for the SEC. The conference produced the national champion and dominated Division IA nonconference opponents 27–9. With **Alabama** back at the top of the heap and strong Eastern Division teams at **Florida**, **Tennessee** and **Georgia**, there's little reason to expect any falloff in conference fortunes. A threatened player walkout at **South Carolina** after an 0–5 start evidently helped turn around the Gamecocks' season. Coach Sparky Woods installed long-haired Steve Taneyhill as his starting quarterback and the team promptly won five of its next six games. Only the overall strength of the SEC will keep the Gamecocks from a bowl. **Kentucky** has some good players at the skill positions: Quarterback Pookie Jones, who also plays baseball for UK, is an exceptional athlete. Randy Wyatt and Tim Calvert are dangerous pass receivers. But the Wildcats need a vast improvement from its offensive line. **Vanderbilt** will probably run more than pass: No starter has stepped forward to replace Marcus Wilson at quarterback, while running backs Tony Jackson and Cliff Deese, who combined for 1190 rushing yards last year, return.

The SEC's Western Division has been dominated by **Alabama**. But a bevy of colorful coaches will keep things entertaining until the Crimson Tide rolls out again. **Mississippi State** coach Jackie Sherrill—who drew fire for showing his players a bull castration to inspire them—is foremost among them. Sherrill likes his Bulldogs' chances because his offensive line is big and experienced and his quarterback corps is deep if not spectacular. **Mississippi** coach Billy Brewer will have trouble matching last year's nine wins. His biggest problem is that for the first time since he took over in 1983, he won't have an experienced returning quarterback. The Rebels' defense seems to blitz on almost every play. At **Auburn**, Pat Dye resigned after another mediocre season for the Tigers (5-5-1). Terry Bowden, son of Florida State coach Bobby Bowden, takes over after a successful stint at Samford (46-22-1). Bowden promises to "make the Tigers champions again." He'll have to start by recruiting better football players. **Arkansas** provided plenty of controversy last season. It fired head coach Jack Crowe after an opening-game loss to Division IAA The Citadel, setting off a scuffle for the head coaching spot. Former Clemson head coach Danny Ford emerged from the fray, even though he carries with him the whiff of scandal. Never mind. Hog fans want a winner. In the short term, the Hogs should have a decent passing game with several promising quarterbacks and receivers returning. This is probably a make-or-break year for **Louisiana State** coach Curley Hallman. LSU stumbled to a 2–9 record last year and the faithful are grumbling. With talented sophomores returning and a more imaginative scheme from new offensive coordinator Lynn Amedee, LSU should be able to put more points on the board. It had better, because the defense graduated.

SOUTHWEST

Texas A&M	11–0
Baylor	7–4
Texas	6–5
Rice	6–5
Texas Tech	5–6
Houston	5–6
Southern Methodist	3–8
Texas Christian	3–8

Speculation continues that the Southwest Conference will merge, expand or fold in the near future. But for this season, the conference will be intact and **Texas A&M** remains top dog. **Baylor**, the only other SWC to go bowling last season (a 20–15 win over Arizona in the John Hancock), has a new coach, Chuck Reedy, and two old hands on offense: fourth-year QB J. J. Joe and Robert Strait, a 250-pound fullback. **Texas**, 6–5 under coach John Mackovic last season, is improved, but a brutal schedule may not let the Longhorns show it. Nonconference opponents include Colorado, Syracuse and traditional rival Oklahoma. Playboy All-America linebacker Winfred Tubbs is a big hitter, but the Longhorn secondary is questionable. **Rice** will miss running back Trevor Cobb, the SWC's second all-time leading rusher. But coach Fred Goldsmith hopes that the Owls will be more versatile without the Cobb option. **Texas Tech** will be inexperienced on defense. Coach Spike Dykes will start three sophomores at linebacker and another at rover back. The Red Raider offense is in better shape. Robert Hall and Jason Clemmons are both competent QBs and wide receiver Lloyd Hill will make a lot of All-America lists. **Houston's** QB Jimmy Klingler, who led the nation in total offense last year, will try to compensate for the Cougars' porous defense. Nine teams averaged 40 points against Houston in 1992, and this year the same nine are back, looking to feast again. **Southern Methodist** was one of the most improved teams in the nation last year. The Mustangs, who were 1–10 in 1991, finished 5–6. Unfortunately for coach Tom Rossley, 28 lettermen from that team have graduated, leaving standout defensive end Chad Patton and not much else. The situation is bleak on offense at **Texas Christian**. Eleven starters return from a squad that managed two wins and a tie last season. Wide receiver Jimmy Oliver could be all-conference caliber if there is anyone to throw him the ball.

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With quarterback Trent Dilfer at the controls, **Fresno State** is good enough to win the WAC and finish in the top 20. The **Brigham Young** Cougars, who usually pass first and then pass again, may run the ball a fair amount this season, since Coach LaVell Edwards—entering his 22nd season—is impressed with both

Jamal Willis at halfback and Kalin Hall at fullback. Air Force coach Fisher DeBerry has problems on both sides of the ball: He must replace ten starters on defense

WESTERN ATHLETIC

Fresno State	8–3
Brigham Young	7–4
Air Force	7–5
Hawaii	7–5
San Diego State	6–5
Wyoming	5–6
Utah	5–6
New Mexico	4–7
Colorado State	4–7
UTEP	3–8

and integrate a new quarterback into the Falcons' pass-poor offense. San Diego State's biggest moment of the year came when Playboy All-America running back Marshall Faulk, the nation's most exciting college football player, decided to stay in college for at least one more season. Coach Al Luginbill is hoping that quarterback David Lowery and wide receiver Darnay Scott can give the Aztecs enough versatility on offense to keep opposing defenses from loading up against Faulk. Wyoming welcomes back Ryan Yarborough, who owns virtually every Cowboys receiving record. The roughest Cowboys are on Wyoming's defensive front. Kurt Whitehead, Thomas Williams and Tyrone Williams have all-conference potential. In 1992 Utah played in its first bowl game in 28 years (the team lost to Washington State in the Copper Bowl). If the Utes succeed again this year, it will be because of an improving defense. Luther Elliss, who led the WAC with 16 tackles for losses last year, is only a junior. New Mexico made significant improvements on defense last season. Unfortunately for coach Dennis Franchione, many of the players who were responsible for the upturn have graduated. Our favorite-name quarterback, Stoney Case, started every game last year. And he is only a junior. The Lobos have talent at running back and wide receiver: Winslow Oliver gained more yards (1063) than any other freshman in the nation, and Carl Winston has caught a pass in every game in which he's played (35). Colorado State fired coach Earle Bruce for "creating a climate of intimidation and fear" in its football program. Bruce, a head coach of 21 years, responded with tears and rage. "I never hurt anybody—nor would I," he sputtered, though he did later admit that he occasionally punched players. "I don't think I ever hit anyone hard enough to hurt them." If you compare the diminutive Bruce to most of his players, he's probably right. But clearly, an era of coaching has passed: Guys like Lombardi, Halas and Hayes wouldn't fit the sensitivities of the current age. The sport may be kinder, but it's certainly less colorful.

THE MAFIA COOKBOOK

(continued from page 118)

with this fat pig now?' And since he got the guy there for me to whack, it's only fair I help him get rid of the body. So we stuff him into my trunk and drive to Boot Hill. I told Johnny that we gotta dig deep, five or six feet, because the lime I use to cover the body smells, even through the ground. When we were finished, I drove my car close to the hole, and we threw the fat man in.

"Then I said, 'Damn, Johnny, I forgot to take his watch off, his ring and his dough. No sense in burying them.' So Johnny jumps in the hole to get the stuff and I shot him, too. I put the lime in, then the dirt, then the grass seed. But I had a lot of dirt to spread around, because I had a two-story job there.

"Ha-ha, that's funny, Joey."

Little Dom Cataldo really cracked himself up.

•

Menu: New York Strip Steak Florentine with Sautéed Mushrooms

Setting: Tommy Agro's apartment, Hallandale, Florida, 1976

People present: Joe Dogs, Tommy Agro, Skinny Bobby DeSimone, Louie Esposito, Buzzy Faldo

It was T.A.'s coming-out party. He'd just done eight months and this was his first night back in Florida. He'd asked me, Skinny Bobby, Louie and Buzzy over, and I'd told him his wish was my culinary command. Like any guy fresh from the joint, he wanted steak. (Tip for would-be *compares*: If any guy wants to join your crew and tells you he's just out of the joint, take him to dinner. If he orders anything but steak or lobster, he's lying and probably a fed.)

NEW YORK STRIP STEAK FLORENTINE WITH SAUTÉED MUSHROOMS

3½ tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons olive oil (extra-virgin or virgin preferred)
2 pounds mushrooms, cleaned and sliced
Salt and pepper, to taste
2 tablespoons chopped fresh chives (or 1 tablespoon dried crushed chives)
3 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
3 cloves garlic, sliced paper thin with single-edge razor blade, or crushed and chopped fine
1 shallot, chopped fine
¼ cup cognac
Juice of ½ lemon
5 New York strip steaks, 8 ounces each

Heat butter and olive oil in large frying pan over medium to high heat. When hot, add mushrooms and 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Cook for 10 minutes, stirring or tossing occasionally. Add chives, parsley, garlic and shallot, stirring them to blend in for 7 or 8 minutes. Add cognac and lemon juice. Allow to simmer for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Taste for seasoning. Broil steaks to your preference (rare is best) and pour mushrooms over steaks.

"Joey, these mushrooms are so good," Tommy said in the calmest voice I'd heard in years. The joint must have done him good.

"You gotta be careful with mushrooms, though, Tommy." Skinny Bobby always had to put in his two cents. "Some of them are poisonous."

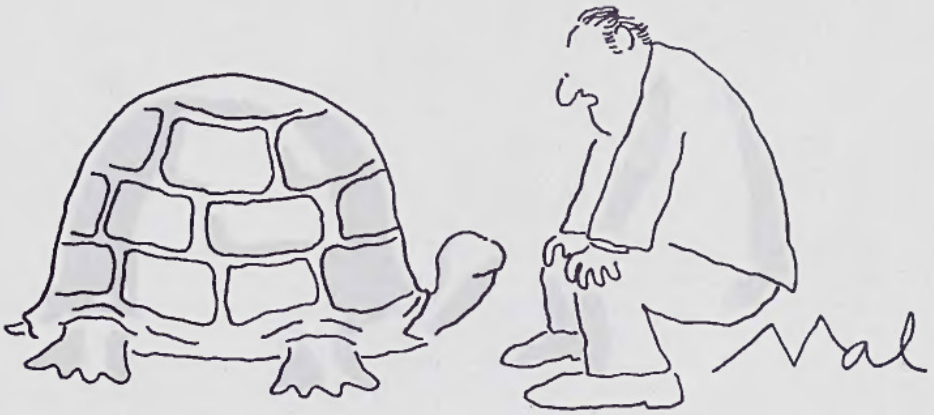
"Yeah, I know," I said, "I lost my first wife that way."

Tommy was seriously taken aback. "Geez, Joey, I didn't know that. You never said nothing."

By this time I was almost in tears. "Yeah, I lost my second wife, too. From a crushed skull."

"*Marrone*," Tommy said. "What happened? Car accident?"

"Nah. She wouldn't eat the poison mushrooms."



"What I'm saying is that you're much more likely to have an orgasm if you come out of your shell."

"I wouldn't be uncomfortable doing it in front of the dog. I'm unbelievably comfortable with my pet."

way. We all want to be married. I don't even know if we know why, anymore. I guess we just want to settle down and have families. We want something other than ourselves to obsess about. My female friends are generally wonderful, giving people. They are funny and bright. They have a million things going on at once. But our desire for marriage can stop us right in our tracks.

8.

PLAYBOY: Imagine your underwear drawer. What about it makes perfect sense to you, and what about it would cause confusion or surprise to someone who shouldn't be looking inside?

PARKER: They're all cotton. I'm just an old-fashioned girl. I was raised on Carter's underwear. Now I always wear Calvin Klein. What might surprise someone is that I have no lingerie. No one has ever given me lingerie. None of my boyfriends, even by mistake. I guess they figure it out. I've never even worn it, though I have a nightgown, which I guess is somewhere on the border. Anyway, I just don't understand the point of lingerie. Perhaps it's my downfall, but it's so much money, then you wear it once and show somebody. Then what? It serves no functional purpose. I know it's supposed to make a woman feel sexy under her clothes, but I think Calvins are as sexy as anything. So is a simple bra. Victoria's Secret has changed everything, though. It put the whammy on cotton underwear. It's not fair.

9.

PLAYBOY: Fill in the blank: Republicans: Can't vote for them, can't ____.

PARKER: Can't sleep with them. [*Laughs*] I should probably have said, "Can't go to a museum with them." I'd like to think that I'm a bigger person than that. [*Pauses*] Nah.

10.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time someone touched you with hands that made you think they knew something you didn't know?

PARKER: I do have a thing about hands. It's one of the first things I look at. I make a big thing about clean hands and feet. I'm compulsive. This started easily ten years ago. [*Smiles*] You know, Bill Clinton has the most beautiful hands. They're exquisite, truly beautiful. He has really long fingers, and his hands are enormous. He has really clean nails. They're almost like an artist's hands. They don't belong on a politician's body. Politicians have been taught so much about not pointing and about using their hands a certain way that they never seem comfortable. Clinton gesticulates a lot. People who are more artistically inclined tend to gesticulate a lot. Once you notice his hands, you never forget.

11.

PLAYBOY: After you dated John F. Kennedy, Jr., you said you got blasted for it in the press. What did you mean? And how did you handle talking about his dad? Who brought it up first?

PARKER: Number one, it got an awful lot of coverage. I didn't expect that. It's as if I had lived in some sort of backward world until then. The attitude was either, "Wow, isn't she a lucky girl," or it was somehow turned into some sort of cheap thrill. Was it good or bad for him or me? It was never taken for what it was: a few dates. I'd spent 18 years building a career and having a life and overnight my dating him minimized all that. It became uninteresting compared to whom I was dating. Like, God, it must have been a lean week for him.

We really only spoke about his father once and he brought it up. I've known a lot of people—granted, their fathers weren't leaders of a nation—whose parents have died. It's as uncomfortable to bring it up with them as it was with John. It's just something about losing a parent early in life. You don't know how to broach the subject. You don't know if they've dealt with it yet, if they have lots of sadness, or hurt or anger. So my awkwardness in talking about it was more because of that than who John's dad was. I didn't think of him as a celebrity, just as a guy whose dad had died.

12.

PLAYBOY: When do you want to know the whole truth no matter what?

PARKER: When it involves my immediate future. I have this theory about men and women and having affairs. You can never control somebody. They're going to do what they're going to do. Men might have affairs, as women might have affairs, and there's nothing I can do to stop it. So I don't want to know about it unless it is jeopardizing my relationship. If it's a one-night stand, do what you need to do. I'm not endorsing it, I'm not encouraging, but what am I going to do? Naturally, there's a difference between compulsive one-night stands and having some sort of fling that means nothing once or twice. Once really being the limit for me. But trying to be very cool and progressive, I'd say once or twice. Compulsive behavior needs some attention. I mean, we're not talking about me washing my hands a lot, we're talking about compulsive sexual acts outside of the home. So just don't tell me unless it will involve my heart, in which case I think it's only fair that I know about it and have the opportunity to get out.

13.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that pet owners should allow their pets to be spectators of human sexuality?

PARKER: My boyfriend had a dog first, which is why I got a dog. I never even liked dogs until I met his dog. Dogs can be incredible. They can do funny, wonderful things and have their own unique traits that you think are so incredibly brilliant. And human. But every now and then they show you that they are not bright at all. For instance, there's a ball behind a gate. Now, they could walk around and get the ball in a matter of 30 seconds. Instead, they paw and scrape and cry at the gate and you realize they're not human at all. If a pet had a brain that functioned more like a human's, it would not be appropriate to have sex while it was in the room. But that said, I wouldn't be uncomfortable doing it in front of the dog. I'm unbelievably comfortable with my pet.

14.

PLAYBOY: Can you explain to the television-and-movie generation the reasons to attend live theater?

PARKER: It's the same reason you like going to basketball games: beautiful movement and unbelievable pace. It's live and you get to experience it like nobody else does. Each night is unique. It will always belong to the actor and that night's audience. Beyond that, the experience is too profound for words. I feel like I have to do a play every year. It's a fundamental of my life, like sleeping with sheets on my bed.

15.

PLAYBOY: In *Honeymoon in Vegas*, Nicolas Cage jumped out of a plane with the Flying Elvises. Is there anyone you'd like to see pushed out of a plane?

PARKER: That's a really violent act and I'm not a proponent of violence. [*Smiles*] That said, Randall Terry. I've long been an advocate for the issue of choice, trying to make certain that it stays our choice. And now, I'm even more so, given what happened to Dr. David Gunn in Florida. People from Operation Rescue weren't horrified at the act. They weren't embarrassed and humiliated by a person of their ilk—not necessarily a member of Operation Rescue—doing such a thing, so they didn't come out and say, "This is horrible" and "We don't support acts of violence to get our point across." It was an irresponsible, heinous

act. And it's completely contradictory to what they say they believe in: saving life.

16.

PLAYBOY: What is so completely bullshit about your job that you've been dying to talk about it?

PARKER: That there are all these people who run around and do nothing but get you water. I don't get that at all. That's bullshit. That's a waste of money. All they ever say is, "Do you want anything to drink?" "Can I get you something?" "Can I get you a chair?" In the theater no one ever asks you once if you need water, if you need a chair, if you need a lunch. And everybody does fine. No one starves, no one's dehydrated and everyone has a place to sit. Everyone complains about the cost of movies. This is one reason why.

17.

PLAYBOY: You're one of a number of actresses who played Little Orphan Annie onstage. Any good Sandy stories you'd like to tell?

PARKER: The truth about Sandy was that Sandy was, by the time I took over the role—which was maybe a year into the play—the most blasé, big-movie-star type I'd ever met in my life. He ate between shows every day at Gallagher's, the big steak house. He was pretty lackadaisical about the whole thing. There was one point in the show where I'm singing *Tomorrow* to him. The policeman comes by and says, "What are you doing, little girl? Whose dog is that?" I say, "It's my dog." He says, "Really? What's his name?" I look at the dog and go, "His name? His name is . . . his name is"—and I have no idea what the dog's name is. I say, "His name is Sandy, yeah. See, I call him Sandy because of his bright sandy color." He says, "Right, Sandy. OK, let's see him answer." I say, "You mean when I call him?" He says, "Yes. When you call him. By his name, Sandy." So I go like this, "Come here, boy. Come here, Sandy." And of course there's just no way in hell a strange dog is supposed to answer to the name Sandy. But of course he comes running over and jumps on me, and I go, "Good Sandy. Good old Sandy." Well, every night Sandy would be bored out of his mind and he'd lope over and I'd have to reach down and pick up his paws and put them on me, as though he'd jumped on me, and say, "Good Sandy. Good old Sandy." Then he'd walk offstage really slowly. Sandy was the kind of dog who would have loved somebody to bring him water and a chair. He'd have wanted a huge trailer. Sandy's dead now. He passed away three years ago. It was quite devastating.

18.

PLAYBOY: In *Striking Distance* you handle a gun for the first time. Some actresses handle a gun very well. Is this a natural facility? Is this nature or nurture?

PARKER: Either you have the capacity to learn it and to make yourself look really good or you don't. And the funny thing is that your political beliefs have nothing to do with how comfortable you feel holding a gun or how good you can look. I would have assumed that I had no business holding a gun and that I was going to look really stupid—not to say that I don't. But I found a way to make it like an appendage, like something I've always had. It was strange. I also discovered I had good aim. No one had to tell me what to do with this gun. When Bruce Willis was helping me, I refused to show him anything I knew. I let him show me as though I didn't have a clue because I was embarrassed. My parents and I are so antigun, I was ashamed. And I can't tell you how much I hate them. I'm terribly afraid of guns. Yet I became so comfortable with the gun in my hand that I would gesticulate with it on the set. People kept backing away from me.

19.

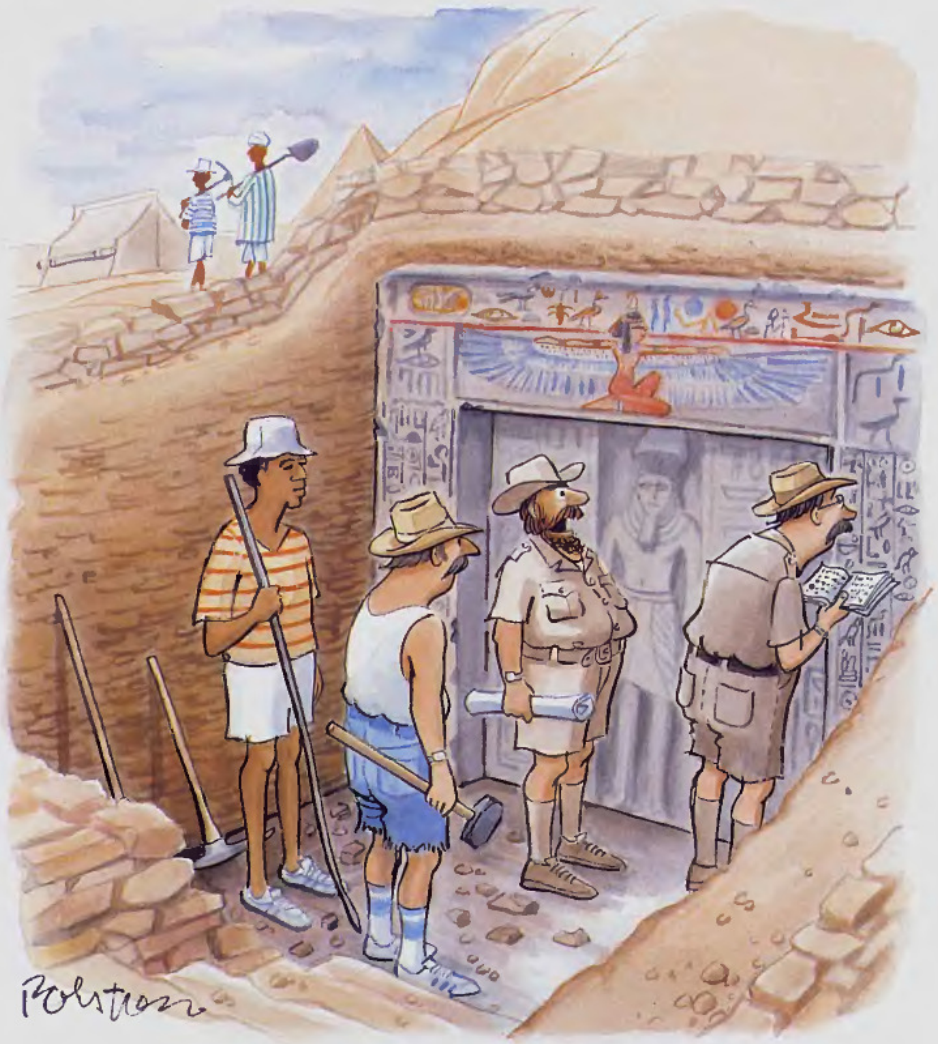
PLAYBOY: In *L.A. Story* you sang the praises of the high colonic. Did you research that aspect of the movie?

PARKER: I've never had one. But at the time I was living with Robert Downey, Jr.—I don't think he'd be too embarrassed if I told you this—he has. The enema sort. All I needed to know was what it was. I didn't need to have personally experienced it. Give me the lingerie first, then maybe, after a few cocktails, I would consider it. But I don't think so.

20.

PLAYBOY: In a pitch-black room, how do you tell the difference between an actor and a regular guy?

PARKER: An actor would say, "How do I look?"



"I'm being bled to death by alimony, my kid is on drugs and my home is slowly sliding into the Pacific. You think I'm going to worry about an ancient curse?"

OFF CAMERA

(continued from page 20)

PLAYBOY: Who has been your favorite leading lady?

FORD: Geez, I've had such good luck. I'm a guy who doesn't have a favorite color or a favorite ice-cream flavor or a favorite movie. I tend not to nominate favorites.

PLAYBOY: Come on, Harrison, everybody has a favorite ice cream.

FORD: If you can call vanilla a favorite ice cream—the reason I like it is that it doesn't include all of those other complications. I have a common man's taste, though I've had more than a common man's experience. So it has probably widened my palate.

PLAYBOY: What was it about *The Fugitive* that interested you?

FORD: I wanted to work this spring, because I wanted to work twice this year and then not work at all next year, so I could stay home with my family and see my kid through first grade and enjoy being in Wyoming for one whole year. I knew I wanted to do another action picture while I still have the capacity, and this was an interesting project. The character is not unique, but his circumstances are unique and compelling. He's wrongly accused of killing his wife in a particularly cruel and horrible way.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been wrongly accused of something?

FORD: Never. I was always correctly accused. I have almost always been caught for things I did wrong.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever want to look like anyone else?

FORD: Anybody else. Anybody with a straighter, thinner nose, a better chin.

PLAYBOY: Norman Mailer has said that "there isn't a man alive who doesn't have a profound animosity toward women." Think he's right?

FORD: He must not be a happy guy. I don't feel that at all. I feel a real kinship with women. I'm real comfortable with them. I like women.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever endorsed a product?

FORD: I do commercials that appear only in Japan. They are not quite an endorsement. And they're very lucrative.

PLAYBOY: What are the three worst celebrity-oriented magazines?

FORD: *Peephole*. *Vanity* is fair. *Us*, as opposed to them.

PLAYBOY: What are the five most important things in life?

FORD: Kids. A good bed. Good shoes. Practical clothing. And time for yourself.

PLAYBOY: Why don't screen doors work?

FORD: Probably because the weight of the top and bottom rail is not sufficient to bear the strain put on it by the pneumatic door closing. Best to go with a solid bottom half. The dogs and the kids won't kick it in to start with, and you'll have more meat on that middle rail.

"You have reached the fire department's voice-mail terminal. If your house is burning, press 'one.'"

Late-Night Wars

(continued from page 142)

"It was fun to find things Dave could plug into," says Leno.

•

"When all else fails," Letterman advises Conan O'Brien, his replacement in the *Late Night* slot, "just say 'Buttafuoco.'"

He's delivering his Top Ten list of hints for the new host: "GE executives are pinheads. NBC executives are boneheads. Don't panic if you find a strange woman in your house."

Nobody really expects O'Brien to start insulting the network brass or repeating Joey Buttafuoco's name like a mantra. Aping Letterman would be professional suicide, and Conan's comic sensibility is very different from Dave's.

"Conan is more naturally enthusiastic in a way David isn't," says one old friend of O'Brien's. "And he's not so tortured about television. You know how Dave sometimes despises what he does for a living? Conan loves it."

O'Brien, 30, has been learning by doing: When NBC unveiled the new *Late Night* host on Leno's show, O'Brien made it clear that he needs all the helpful hints he can get. Everybody is rooting for the guy, if only because giving him the show is the first positive thing NBC has done in recent memory.

The network could have chosen a washed-up, thrice-failed talk-show hack. Instead, it took a gutsy shot. But O'Brien tested that bravery with some shaky outings: On *Tonight* he looked as if he might turn into televised road kill. I was waiting for a camera to glide across the polished floor and finish the kid off. When O'Brien spoke, he sounded more like a Miss America finalist than the new prince of after-hours irony.

"This is something I've wanted to do all my life," he told Leno. "I'm ecstatic."

Leno came to the rescue. "You know," said Jay, giving it his cartooniest delivery, "Dave Letterman is a legend here at NBC, and if there's anything fun to do, it's replacing legends at NBC. I know."

"I'm thrilled," O'Brien said. "This is like a huge shock to me." Whew.

"Well, I'm excited," said Leno, "because to me it'll be great to see someone else's name in the paper all the time." O'Brien laughed—a sign of life—so Leno fed him a straight line. "I don't know what you're doing for music."

"Branford says he'd do it."

Budda-boom—his first televised rim shot! Across the set, Marsalis nodded and jerked his thumb: "I'm outta here."

Conan the Comedian (the New York tabloids come up with a name for everything) is the Boston-area product of a *Harvard Lampoon* cabal that's taking over television comedy ("In six years, you'll

all be working for us," says O'Brien). He may be unknown outside the *Late Night–Saturday Night Live–Simpsons* axis, but those who know him describe a sense of humor that's never meanspirited, one that gets its kick from non sequiturs and jarring directional shifts.

The first glimmer of the guy's talent and charm came a week after he'd been chosen, during a half-hour-long ad-lib for the press. In the Rainbow Room atop Rockefeller Center, NBC laid out a nice spread for the media horde—snacks, booze—and 50 photographers responded by jumping on chairs and screaming at the first sight of O'Brien's broad, ruddy Irish mug: "Conan! Conan! Look over here, Conan!"

Two hundred scribes were on hand to ask the usual penetrating questions.

"How'd you get your name?"

"I believe that it's the Gaelic word for 'wide face.'"

In the audience, a man with a pronounced stutter, wearing a baseball cap and a phony mustache, asked whether anything on O'Brien's set had "Garry Shandling's name crossed out"—an unkind reference to NBC's first choice for Conan's job.

"Hey, you're from Howard Stern's show," cried O'Brien, and he was—Stuttering John, commando of the celebrity ambush. Chevy Chase once came close to punching this guy; O'Brien took a wiser approach. "Hey, let me shake your hand." He leapt off the podium, plunged into the crowd and gave Stuttering John's paw a vigorous shake.

"By the way, how is Howard?" Conan asked. "Can I come on his show sometime and be humiliated?"

Stuttering John had a follow-up: "Will you study *The Dennis Miller Show* and do every single thing differently?"

"Come on!" O'Brien was outraged. "Dennis is a good guy. But, yes, I will." He was getting big laughs now. "Hey, I'm enjoying this," Conan said, and it showed. Had he given much thought to the show's format? "We're going to do a Top 30 list. The jokes won't be as good, but there'll be three times as many."

Then he risked a serious remark. "Let's face it, I found out about this job a week ago. I'm 30 years old, I'm not that bright and this is going to take some time. We're going to have to find this show. I'd like to create an environment where we can experiment. That's the only way to do it."

Getting serious was a bad move—it reminded the reporters that they're paid to be skeptical. "How are you going to make the affiliates feel good about that approach?"

"By lying to them. That's all I can do, really."

Suck up to the affiliates: If O'Brien has learned that rule already, he's surely on the road to success. Leno's brilliant stroking of the NBC affiliates that carry *Tonight* may have saved his job. A retail comic in the way Bill Clinton is a retail pol—never tiring of the one-on-one that wins viewers or votes—Leno spends huge amounts of time keeping affiliates happy. He's always taping another promo, making another call, sitting through another interview with the nice folks from WXYZ. And when NBC started thinking about dumping him, all those nice folks made their feelings known: Give the guy a chance. He's good and getting better.

Now it's Letterman who's sending a message to affiliates. CBS is asking 50 stations to dump or delay Arsenio Hall's syndicated show in favor of Letterman's new program. (Arsenio, now carried by more than 200 stations, is in trouble. His ratings have dropped, and 71 Fox stations are moving him deeper into the night to make room for Chevy Chase's show.)

Letterman won't have trouble wooing stations away from Hall. Dave is likely to pull in twice the ratings Arsenio gets. Dave's prospectus boils down to this: I'm not too weird for 11:30. If there's a question about Letterman's move, it's whether his humor will work as well in the earlier time slot. It's a question that amuses folks who know him. "We're talking about him doing the same thing one

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hour earlier in a studio five blocks from where he's always been," says humorist Randy Cohen, a *Late Night* writer for eight years before leaving in 1991. "People talk about it as if he's going to be broadcasting from ancient Athens."

Here's the real deal: After 11 years, is Dave still a TV radical? "Not anymore," says Cohen. "His point of view was so influential and spread so far that it has become utterly familiar." That's a triumph and a burden—some folks who once watched Dave devoutly stopped doing so because they got tired of the joke. How many times can you send up dumb culture before the send-up itself seems just as dumb?

Letterman knows this—it's the source of the exquisite grimace he uses to follow his big phony smile, and it's one reason he phased out so many of his pranks. He hasn't lost energy, just learned to make the long haul gracefully. He has also gained confidence, so he doesn't need to get laughs from overwrought stunts, good as they were (his minions once overdubbed an entire show—it sounded like a bad Japanese import. Dave's part was read by the guy who did Speed Racer in the Sixties cartoon). Ideas like that work only once, and *Late Night* ran through reams of them before Dave said "enough."

"He realized that his talk and personality were the attractions, not whether we writers could think up more weird structures," says Steve O'Donnell. "That stuff was there only for him to play and elaborate on spontaneously. Marching midgets and mermaids in go-carts are easy, but weirder isn't always funnier. Surreal isn't an end in itself."

Now the show tries little things—electronically altering bandleader Paul Shaffer's voice "for security reasons"—and Letterman sometimes grows impatient with even these.

"And we have no idea why your voice is like that?" he asked Shaffer.

"Let's just say," came Shaffer's booming reply, "that certain executives would be in a more relaxed state of mind if my voice were scrambled, as it is now."

"OK," Letterman replied, "Let's just say we're tired of the bit."

With Dave, of course, hating the gag is part of the gag. Patent showbiz insincerity has carried him for years. "If we could pass one thing on to our children, our friends, our neighbors, it would be to be in a wonderful mood," he said at the top of the program, with a phony smile that gave way to a grimace, then turned back into a phony smile.

Dave's mood was hard to read that night, but it wasn't wonderful. He seemed to have the best time interacting with a non-showbiz "civilian" named Meg Parsont, the levelheaded young woman who works near a window of the publishing house across the street from *Late Night*'s Rockefeller Center studio. Dave likes to call Meg and chat, and the "external camera" pokes through the venetian blinds and finds her.

Sometimes, Dave gets Meg to do things for him. The night Shaffer's voice was scrambled Dave said, "We want you to throw beach balls out the window, but for the life of me, I can't remember why."

Well, it was funny to see them fall 13 stories to 49th Street, where stage manager Biff Henderson, dressed in a green Hawaiian shirt, was knocking into cars and buses while trying to catch the balls in a big metal washbasin.

Dave loved it. "To me, that's your show. Everyone else can pack up and go home." Packing up was on his mind. "You know we're going to CBS pretty soon," he told Meg, "so I don't know if I'm going to get a chance to talk to you before we blow outta this dump. Meg, will you be able to come with us or not?"

Meg sounded sad. "I think I have to keep my job here."

"I don't want to catch you with the new guy, you know what I'm saying?" said Dave. "By the way—the new guy is here today. Are you excited about that?"

"Are you?"

Letterman grimaced, playing it for laughs. "Well, yeah. Sure." He looked miserable, but when O'Brien came out, Dave was as gracious as he's ever been.

"How ya doin'?" Dave asked.

"I'm all right," O'Brien said, then confessed: "This is weird."

It was weird for both of them. You could see it on O'Brien's unlined face and on Dave's face, too, now weathered from 11 years of talk-show tension.

"You haven't had other talk shows in the past, have you?" Dave asked.

"I've had five—they all failed miserably and now I'm getting this one."

Letterman helped O'Brien to his funniest appearance yet. To prove he had performing experience, Conan played a video clip of himself lurking in the background of various *Saturday Night Live* sketches. Then Letterman did something most un-Dave-like: He allowed himself a brief moment of genuine, televised emotion. "We've had great fun here," he told O'Brien, "and we've had wonderful times and terrific success. And I certainly wish all of that for you." He grabbed O'Brien's hand, shook it hard, smiled for real and let his voice rise: "Conan O'Brien, ladies and gentlemen. It's the new guy. Look, it's the new guy!"

It was a Jay-like moment—a sweet taste of Lenoman.

After Conan left, Dave became himself again. "He was very pleasant," he said about O'Brien, "and as soon as we went to a commercial, he was backstage yelling and calling people names: 'Out of my way, punk. I'm taking over. This dump is mine now. You geeks is history.' That's the ugly side of show business." Then Dave introduced Kenneth Branagh, "a very entertaining actor, director and writer, and recently punched unconscious by Conan O'Brien. That's the truth! That's the damn truth!"

Which Dave will host the new show? Here's hoping it'll be the same surly guy we know so well. But I wouldn't be surprised to see more flashes of sweetness. Can we expect any other changes in the program? "My relatives keep asking me that," says Steve O'Donnell, "and I tell them the new show will have the same ingredients, but it'll be a Western."

The changes fall into two categories: cosmetic and contractual. The cosmetic changes will include all the usual vanities of the talk-show form: the desk-and-chairs setup that Letterman calls home base, the mural backdrop, the band (it might include a horn section, the better to stack up against Marsalis' outfit). The contractual changes depend on how difficult NBC wants to be. Along with the *Late Night* name, the network owns the rights to such rubrics as Viewer Mail and Top Ten. "So you might see a drastic change from Top Ten to Big Ten," says O'Donnell, "or maybe Top Nine." (Letterman's set once featured a fountain called Dancing Waters. When the holder of that trademark complained, Dave started calling it Prancing Fluids. True to form, Letterman's new entry will be called *The Late Show*.)

Beyond that, the show will be pretty much what it has been: Dave talking, visiting with people, doing goofy stuff when the mood strikes. "People who expect us to change everything because it's on an hour earlier have an exaggerated idea of how carefully we can calibrate the product," says O'Donnell. "We've always done what Dave thought was funny and what we thought was funny. I don't see how that can change. I don't see how what Jay or anybody else does can affect what we're doing. We're too crazed trying to get our thing done to notice what anyone else is up to."

Out in Burbank, Leno and his crew are saying the same thing. "I never worried too much about what the next guy was doing," says Jay. "When David and I and Freddie Prinze and Richard Pryor were all working the same club, if all the comics were good, then it was a good show. If we all were bad, then it stunk. It's the same now: If everybody on late-night television is good, then late-night becomes this innovative area where creative stuff is happening. It attracts attention and increases the total audience. And it makes everyone work harder to be that much funnier. There's 250 million viewers out there. Some of them are going to watch David. Some are going to watch Jay."

And some of them won't settle for anything less than Lenoman.

 (continued from page 138)

"This is a voyeur's paradise, but you are a man of action. So make your move. It's time to work out."

Harley, a great big chrome and custom-painted monster—a Fat Boy, a Heritage Softail or a sexy Low Rider. You can rent Harleys here, believe it or not. Next stop, Wings of Steel on Española Way. Here you will buy your Harley accessories and wonder about shipping a sleek new bike home. As you cruise the strip, eyes on red alert for girls, your cellular phone will be sticking out of your black canvas bag. You were wise enough to pick up a pair of sunglass clip-ons and now you are ready for your first major South Beach experience. You are going to do some serious people-watching at the News Cafe.

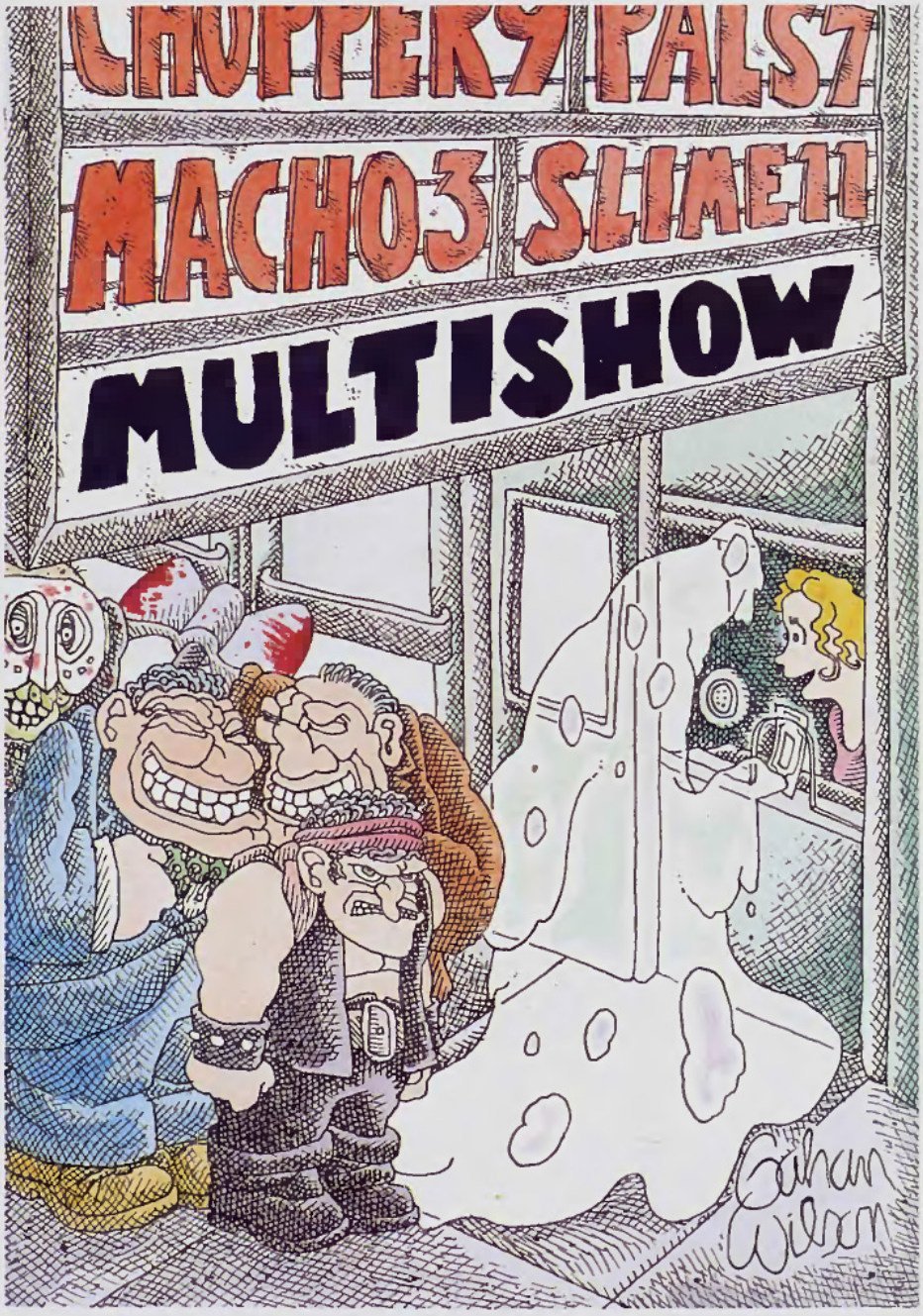
Dressed from head to toe in faded blue denim, Sixties style, you will buy a copy of the *International Herald Tribune* and case the joint to see which tables are handled by the prettiest waitresses and which are close to the tables with the girls. If you sit long enough at the News, and they will let you, you will see everyone in South Beach walk by. It's the only place to start. Past you will parade the girls in these photographs. They will waft by on the Rollerblades you will rent tomorrow, their perfect buttocks encased in blue denim minishorts, the top buttons undone to show the bikinis beneath. You have never seen quads like these, or legs or ankles. You have never seen tans so even and breasts so pert. They are deliciously different, and gloriously the same. They are young and fit and confident. They are in the right place at the right time, and so are you. However, your anxiety is beginning to rise. The women are everywhere. But how to make contact?

The two German girls at the next table are deep in conversation. You haven't made eye contact. Ditto the three American girls in front of you. What you need is a prop. The last time I was there, a guy brought a snake, a great, sleek, fat one, in his beach bag. He had it crawl round his neck, and there wasn't a girl in the place who wasn't trying to talk with him. Another guy had an iguana, but that was another day. Puppies are great, but as yet are difficult to rent on the beach. (Babies are heavy lifting and give out contradictory vibrations.) A pretty girl by your side makes you very attractive on the unto-them-that-hath-it-shall-be-given principle, but we are in catch-22 land now.

The top of your head is wired from the Cuban coffee, and you are getting desperate. This is a voyeur's paradise, but you are a man of action. So make your move. It's time to work out. Take your choice. The South Beach Gym. The Gridiron on Alton Road or Club Body Tech on Washington Avenue. Shared sweat and shared pain break down barriers. These places are thick with models trying to lose weight on their agents' instructions. Their hearts are not in it. So they will welcome the distraction that will be you.

What are the pick-up lines that work? Here's the lowdown. Tell her you recognize that she's a model. Appeal to the Narcissus who lives just beneath the surface in these girls. "Do you mind my asking just how tall you are?" should bring an appreciative smile from a six-footer. Tall girls clean up, and it was clever of you to know. Or you can ask for help. "How do I adjust this machine?" "Am I doing this right?" or "How long did it take you to get your legs looking like that?" Be brave. Fear not. This is friendly South Beach. This is not L.A., where the girl you are hitting on would already be thinking about calling the cops.

Let's imagine it is not your day. You still have no partner for the club crawl of the century. Do not despair. Outside on Washington Avenue, it's hotter than hell. Up and down the sidewalk are the



"You're 'Slime,' right?"

Cuban juice bars, where they squeeze things like guanabana, mango and papaya. You sit on a long bench and quench your thirst with the healthiest and most delicious drinks in the world. And you are not alone. The Rollerblade models get hot, too. One flops down beside you on the bench and the pair of you are alone—fellow travelers in some quaint Third World country. How about that? Vitamin C and the girl of your dreams, both there at the same time.

But it's no good. Is it your cologne or the lack of it? Whatever. Here's what you do. Go back to your hotel, pick up the phone and make an appointment for a massage. Jacqui, the masseuse at South Beach Massage in the historic Webster Hotel building, will give you one of the best therapeutic massages you've ever had. And you are also going to take Rollerblading lessons with Tina Wiseman. Tell her I sent you. Now here's the deal. Lucky for you, she is also a nightbeat authority par excellence. Are your culinary tastes offbeat? She'll send you to eat red snapper at Bang, which looks like a set out of *Phantom of the Opera*, and then to drink and party at Rebar, just across the road, and later to Sean Penn's Bash. Are you a gastronome? She'll send you to the French-owned Strand, where South Beach restaurants began, or to Cassis, whose chef used to run the kitchen at New York's Le Cirque. After that, Tina will send you to stylish Les Bains, whose sister, Les Bains Douches, has been the Paris night spot for years. If you own a disco medallion, you will want to try Le Loft or Van Dome for dirty dancing. If you are a hungry student, then Lulu's is definitely your place.

But the immediate future is Tina. She is your Rollerblade instructor, or if you desire, she will guide your workout in the gym. Tina is better looking than all the girls you have seen so far. She was a model and now she is a trainer. She sparred with Mickey Rourke a few months back. Her body is as near as you will come to heaven on this earth. Anatomy doesn't get more perfect than this. Soon you are out on the boulevard with her, gliding along Ocean Drive, framed by the water and the palm trees. All the guys in all the cafés are watching and wishing they could be you. It might be cheating, but it will do wonders for your self-confidence, and, as we all know, self-confidence is all there is.

Oh, and of course, there is still tonight, and this is still South Beach.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you'll notice our captain has turned on the 'Pray as You've Never Prayed Before' sign. . . ."

to the **white sea**

(continued from page 80)

It was coming on for night, so I'd been down a long time. I was really rested. For one thing, I like to sleep on the ground, and I'd slept on a lot worse ground than that. I hadn't felt a single rock; I was just a little stiff. I got up and walked on up into the little hills. I figured to walk all night and, if I could, find a place to bed down that was darker and quieter. I wanted to be under something the next time. I wanted to find rocks where there'd be overhangs. That way I wouldn't be hemmed up. I'd have some cover, but I could scramble out either way. Always leave yourself a way out, my father used to tell me. Fight with something to your back, especially if you're fighting more than one guy. But sleep where you can go the other way from whatever's after you.

I had the old man's wine in my bag. When the night got dark enough I uncorked it and took a long swallow, and then another one. It was like sour water and kind of bitterish for wine, but my head began to work faster right away, and the good side of things started to show up. The nights were when I would use the roads, as much as I could. Any vehicle would have to show a light, and I would be where nobody could see me, before anybody could even think, before the light got anywhere near me. If people were walking on the road I could hear them, and even if I happened to run into somebody, some guy walking the other way, maybe, the advantage would be with me rather than with him. I wasn't worried about one guy, or even two or three of them, especially at night. I hadn't seen any one person I couldn't handle and handle pretty easily. I just had to keep the situation like it was and find food wherever I could and a place to sleep during the day. Those were the main things. In daylight, whenever I wasn't too tired, I could get off the roads and take off through the fields, or woods if I could find them.

I had another shot of wine and finished the bottle. The houses were farther apart now; the lights in them were low, like everybody was telling secrets.

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Toward morning, in front of me, far off and down, I saw a heavy stand of trees. There might be something for me there, and I decided to go down and have a look. Dead-white big birds were going by at a great rate, dozens of them, and as I sat there I saw more coming from all over like they were homing in, from every which way they were getting there. I saw more than one lift its head and rear back, setting its wings like flaps, to go down out of sight on the other side of the trees. A curved line of bushes was

between, and if I could get on the far side of it, away from the road, it shouldn't be hard to work on into the grove. I eased down the hill and slanted along toward the bushes. I had been in the open, or on the road, and I quickened up a little to get into the trees, where anybody would be hard put to deal with me, because trees and I have an understanding, especially when it comes to hiding from something, or getting after it.

All I heard was the whistle of wings, though, and the change in the sound of them when the birds would brake back and settle down. They were coming down on water, I knew before I saw it. I went up a tree about ten feet for a down look, put the needles aside just enough and looked out. The lake was about 30 acres, with swans all over it, hundreds of them. I had never seen so many birds at the same time, even when the geese were migrating up home. They were actually crowded, and that's something you don't expect birds to be.

It was a park, and while I sat there a few people, women with little children, came in and walked part of the way around the lake and fed the swans. Neither the mothers nor the children seemed any too enthusiastic about what they were doing, and most of them didn't stay long. I was not interested in them. I was looking for somebody who was there all the time, because there was a fence around the lake and a little shack at the side of it nearest me. I figured somebody must live there or use it in some way. Probably there was only one guy, and I waited there to find him.

It didn't take that long, or anything like it. A little girl and her mother went up to the shack and knocked on the door, and an old man in baggy clothes came out. He bent down and gave the little girl something and then went back in. I didn't have any way of knowing whether anybody else was in there with him, but I didn't believe there was; or if there was, there would likely be only one. I came down out of the tree, stretched out behind it, put my hands under my arms and went to sleep. I was hungry, but your mind gets sharper when you're hungry, and it was a good feeling in its own way. I felt good and strong, and fast, and quick.

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I slept a long time, curled up and not too uncomfortable. When I woke up the sun was leaving. I couldn't see the lake from the ground, so I went up the same tree until I could. There were no people in sight. All I could hear was the rustle of feathers as the downy swans brushed against one another and the whistle of feathers on the ones that were still in the air, changing their beats as they pulled up and settled in. A dim light was in the shack, and I planned to wait until I knew the park was closed and nobody was there except whoever might be in the shack. With the dark I felt my strength grow until it was better than any sensation I or anybody else has ever had—a million times better than fucking or being drunk. The breath through my nose had fire in it, except that it was cold, colder than the air. I slid down and stepped clear of the trees.

It was no trouble getting past the fence: The top rail was smooth metal, and I just put one hand on it and vaulted over. The swans nearest where I came down made a shift, a little flurry, and then were just like the others, crowding, a few of them dipping their heads. I moved along toward the shack in the shadows—there were plenty of them. I got to the one little window.

There was nobody but the old guy, with light shining on his bald head in the middle of short, bristly hair. He was bent over, and I waited until I could make out what he was doing. After my eyes came good I saw he was working on something on a table, and when I could see even better I could make out it was a swan with its wings spread. The neck was in some kind of a clamp, and when I moved a little I could barely tell—but I could tell—that the old man was fixing one of the swan's legs, putting a splint on it and wrapping it with string or tape. The swan couldn't bring its head up, but the light caught its eye; there was nothing in it that had any interest. People in hospitals have the same look. I tried the door and it was not locked. Then I pushed on in, little by little.

He never heard me. For a second I stood right behind him and watched his hands work on the swan's leg. I pulled the knife and took the step, the one step. I had him under the throat, lifting him off the floor, and I ran the knife through him right to left, all the way through. I held him until he quit kicking—both legs kicked together—and then let him down slow. He was close enough to my size, and I pulled off his coat and shirt and pants. There were some bags in a corner, and I took the biggest one and put the others over him. Then I went back to the table. I cut off the swan's head and started pulling out feathers and putting them into the bag. When I had one side plucked, I cut out a piece of the leg and ate it. People have a hard time getting used to the idea of eating raw meat, but it is not really much different from the way it is when it's cooked. I ate all I wanted and then plucked the rest of the feathers. I aimed to fill the bag before I left. Then I could work for cold weather, sure enough. There were a lot of things I could do with feathers.

I needed more, though. I would have to go after them on the lake, grab the swans out of the crowd they were in any way I could. My notion was to panic some of them and force them out of the water and then take what I could get.

I left the bag in the shack and went out. The swans were just like they had been, a big shifting blur on the water, making those strange noises they make, sounding like they were a long way off no matter how close you were.

I worked the shadows and let them see me as I came nearer. There was a corner to the lake, and some of them bunched up in that. When enough of them got in, I picked up a stick and pitched it. Three or four slapped and flapped up out of the water, and I hit the shadows again and worked around. There were two left on land when I got close enough, and I grabbed the nearest one. I made the mistake of catching it by the wing and one leg, and it turned and bit me right below the eye. That thing really clamped down, without making a sound, and wouldn't turn loose till I tore it off. You couldn't believe a bird could be as strong as that one was, not even a bird that big. It bashed me with its wings and it was like being hit with a soft hammer, but one that had a whole lot of power in it, soft or not. To tell the truth, I was afraid to turn it loose, afraid it would come after me if I did, and maybe the whole lake of them would hit me then, from the water, the land, the air, everywhere. I dragged the swan into the water and held it down with everything I had, held it and kept on holding it, and after a long time it died, and I was left with that long neck in my hands and the wings down limp. All that power and the thing so light. I couldn't believe it. I went for the bag, dragged the swan into the dark and plucked it. And ate a little more, too. Then I went back into the water and found the stick I had thrown in, and from then on I used it. I found out I could get close to the swans without all that stalking, and when I did I could level a hard lick along where their heads were and I'd hit one or two of them, and one of them really hard, usually. It wasn't easy, and I missed some, but I was at it nearly all night, plucking them and then slitting them open, letting them fill with water and sink. I raised a lot of hell with those birds, and I put the bag over the fence, went back through the trees, then through the bushes and was in the open again and on the road if I wanted it. My face was bleeding pretty badly—flowing right on—and I kept trying to sleeve it off as I walked. But then I got to laughing, not a lot, when I thought of the old guy under the burlaps. He could say that I killed him for his feathers, which is the God's truth.

The bag was great. I hefted it and shook it around, and the feathers made a sound like they did when they were flying by on the real birds. I shook the bag and the feathers scraped and whistled, and I laughed again. If I could get enough of them I might fly, and I said it

out loud and looked up as more birds passed over, going to the lake. Seeing the swans in flight, hearing them, it was hard not to think it, and I didn't turn my thoughts, because on that particular road, at that time, they were right.

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I wanted to lay up a day or two and sew. I had some thread in my emergency kit, but I didn't think I had enough. I could come on more thread, though, I believed; there would have to be some wherever I went. I had two coats and two pairs of pants, all of them more or less sized to fit me, though I might have to cut a little in one place or the other; that was all right. Although it was not cold enough for it where I was, I wanted to make an insulated suit with feathers between the two layers of clothes, and then carry the suit in the bag until I was ready for it. That meant I needed one more suit for the weather until I got up into the snow, and if I were going to make the suit any time soon, I needed the extra clothes before I started sewing. When I thought it over, I decided not to do it until I had the other suit, which I would find some way to get in the next few days. That was good enough, and I went on, shaking the bag now and again for the sound.

The last part of the night I stayed on the road, checking my compass now and again, ready to get off into the fields if the road varied too much from north.

When I came out of the woods there were long fields, with terraces on the other side of them going up the hill. There were people working in the lower ones, though only a few. I made it across the first terrace by keeping as much distance as I could from any of the others, and I climbed up onto the next level, where there were only a few workers a couple hundred yards away, bent over like always. On the third terrace a man stood up, put one hand on his back and the other shading his eyes and hollered something at me. I bent down and wondered what I would do if he came to me. He didn't, and edging over a little slower than I had before, I got to the bank and went up. It took me all afternoon to work into the top field. There was a path there. Even though I was on the ridge and anybody could see me, I went along it until it dropped and led through a clump of little trees. They were spaced different, though; I didn't have the feeling I was in a real woods or among trees that grew like they would have if they were wild. I probably knew more about Japan already than I thought I did. I had noticed, for one thing, that the Japanese like to arrange whatever they can get their hands on, to have as much neatness as they can. Arrangement is big with them. I had never been in a forest of arranged trees, but it was easy to walk there, and not bad. After about half a mile I came to a house. It was bigger than most of the houses I had seen in Japan, and to the side it had those weird arches of wood that look like they might be big doors or gates, except there's never anything behind them; they just sit out in the open.

My way is to wait as long as I have to. I got fairly close to the house and set up behind a tree that lined up with another one between me and the house. Arranged trees are good cover, I could see that. As it was just beginning to get dark, about quitting time for everybody and everything except the predators, a bunch of men came along the same way I had and went to the house. A door opened—slid open—and an old man stood there, not coming down, and talked to them. There didn't seem to be any excitement in the talk and nobody moved his arms around. The Japanese are very excitable, and if the slightest little thing bothers them, whatever is not exactly what they're used to, they talk fast and loud and throw their arms. There wasn't any of that, and I took it to mean that none of them had thought there was anything strange about my being in the terraces, if I had even been noticed at all. I didn't recognize any of them, but they must have been some of the old man's workers—there was nobody else for them to be. Finally they left, and the night kept coming.

About the time the first stars started to show, a dim light changed the house. On my side there was a window, a big one, and there must have been a blind over it, because the light was not only dim but had a haze to it like it was shining through cloth, the kind bandages are made out of, or maybe slats real close together. I moved up.

I saw this as being no different from a stalk, and I used everything that was there, going from shadow to shadow and from my toe to my heel on every step. Nobody in the house could have heard me, even if he had been listening. Looking, maybe; listening, no. I stepped up on the one wooden board that took my eyes to the level of the window and started to try to penetrate. It was a blind of some kind, and the slats were real thin and close together. At first I couldn't make out anything. But when I got used to it, I could see a couple of shadows and they were sitting down. I moved side to side and up and down until I found a little chink that gave them to me. There was an old man, and a woman not quite as old. The man was sitting near a corner, and the woman was putting things on the floor, probably getting ready to eat. She was slow, and after a few minutes she got up and went into another room. To do this she had to slide a part of the wall, or panel, and she didn't make any more sound than I had. Everything was so quiet. It was more quiet than anything in the woods. She came back with some bowls and dishes, and the man, without any hurry, came and sat cross-legged where the food was, near something that looked like they probably cooked on it.

I went over everything I could see, which was not a whole lot. There were three sets of panels. Before I went in I thought it would be good if I knew what was in the other rooms, if I could find a way to look in. I moved to my left and

"I think she likes you."

around the corner, but there were no windows on that side. I went around. In what I took to be the back, there was a window but no light. There was a door, and I pulled on it just enough to see that it would slide. The other side of the house didn't have a window, either, so I came back to the door, pushed it open just enough, took off my shoes and went in. I could have waited until they went to sleep, but there might not have been any light then and I would be at a disadvantage I didn't want.

I was at one anyway, though; I knew I better not try to make out just by feel in such a dark place. I would be sure to hit something, trip, make a noise. I risked one step, feeling with my foot, then another, which should have put me in the middle of the room. I needed to find the other door, and there was nothing to do but use the flashlight for a second, let the setup brand on my brain, move a couple of steps, cut the light and take hold of the panel. I should come out behind the man; I figured to take them fast.

I got set for the light and hit the switch. The door with a big red dragon design on it, fire out of its mouth and all, was right in front of me, and out of the sides of both eyes I could tell that this was a room used mainly for clothes and stuff that hung up. There was a bed almost flat to the floor that I had just missed in the dark. I could have busted my ass, might even have pitched through the screen flat on my face. Luck, sure. I pulled out my long blade, made for American kitchens, and put my hand on the door; I knew which way it slid.

I moved the panel. It didn't make any sound, but he heard it. He was on his feet in a half-crouch before I could even take a step, and he was halfway to the wall before I tried to cut him off. I couldn't get the shot I wanted with my knife, but I tried anyway and missed and drove through the panel, which was paper, or something like it. By the time I pulled back, he had a sword that he held with both hands, like a baseball bat. He came at me flat-footed, and then with a low scream, like an explosion, swung the blade. I backed off and held up my knife, and it was gone like a bell had rung and made it disappear—that was his blade on mine. I heard my knife hit the wall, the panel, and for the first time since I had been in the room I made a good move: I faked and went around him, as fast as he was. I jumped faster than he could turn and was down the panel and through it and closing it before he could get to me. It was dark in there, not completely dark but almost. Now, I thought, now. And then, no, not now.

I pulled my issue knife, my short one. The panels were closed at both ends, and even if I couldn't hear them move I would know it as soon as one of them changed. I had my hand on the one I had just closed, my fingers as sensitive as they were on the line when I fished. If he moved the panel at my end I would hit him through the paper before he knew it. If he tried to put the sword through the paper, hoping to hit me blindside, he would miss and would give himself away. I'd be all over him, too. I had my eyes on the panel at the far end, and if it showed any new light I would ease open my own panel, look out and locate him.

Nothing happened. He knew I was there, somewhere along the panel, and he knew that I would try to kill him if I could, and probably his wife as well. I felt building up the need to take a risk, maybe just a small one, to find out more than I knew, standing there in the dark with half my nerves in my hands and the other half in my eyes. That couldn't last for long, and I knew it. I believed he would not think I had stayed at the same place where he saw me disappear. I slid the panel a crack, didn't move my feet, and looked out.

There was no one in the room. Now what? My first thought was that he had left the house and gone to get some other people. He might have gone out the back, the way I had come in, and taken his wife with him. But I was willing to gamble that he hadn't. One of the other things I had noticed about the Japanese, besides how excitable they were, was their pride, especially the men. The women didn't have much to say. And this old man with the sword was a soldier, a samurai, or whatever the name is, and would have that pride. He would defend his house; he would not let some stranger run him out. And as I kept looking into the empty room, more came to me. If the guy was a warrior, from the warrior class, as they say, he would not only fight, he would want to fight. He was the quickest man I ever saw in my life. He had probably been using that sword, in one way or another, for 50 years. This would be his last chance for all that training. Quick, he was quick. I didn't say fast; fast means running. I didn't know whether he was fast that way, but it didn't matter. I didn't plan to run.

The only other possibility was that he was still in the house behind one of the three other panels, and if that were so he had me in the same position that I'd had him in. He was invisible; I had to go look for him. I had to move the other panels, and he would be in there in the dark and he would be able to see my silhouette as soon as I let the light in. And that was not all: He could move from one paneled-off room to another. We could keep this up all night, until somebody made a mistake, or guessed wrong. And I was at one other disadvantage, too. I was up against somebody who could hear better than I could. I hated to admit it, but it was true. I would never

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have believed it in a million years.

Disadvantage; or advantage, maybe. Most of the movies I had seen in my life were cowboy movies. I hadn't seen many, but in at least three or four of them was a scene where two guys are shooting at each other from behind rocks, and the hero pitches a rock over behind some other rocks. The other guy raises up and fires in that direction, shows himself, and the good guy mows him down. Why not? I thought in the dead quiet. Why not something like that? I felt around and pulled some silk stuff off the wall—a gown or a dress of some kind—and balled it up slowly, using one hand against my side. This would have to be a soft sound, not a rock making a big clatter, bouncing off other rocks, but soft, real soft. I leaned out a little and pitched the silk so that it would fall close to the middle of the room. I slid the panel down to a fine crack and watched; this was my bait.

And finally one of the panels moved, just a hair. It was not the one I would have expected, the one opposite me, but the panel I had first come through in the room that went to the outside where I had left my shoes.

Things had narrowed down, but I was still up against his ear. No matter how quiet I was he could hear me. The logical thing would be to move down to the end of my room, which was like a long, dark hall, open up real sudden and jump him through the other panel as hard as I could and as fast as I could. But if he heard me, and he would, he would then be able to make a move of his own. He would hit me with that fantastic speed or would be gone. Or I could move out into the center of the room and dare him to come at me, but right away I knew I wouldn't do that; he had too much quick, too much training for me. The life I had behind me would not stack up to his, at least not in hand-to-hand.

I could step out, let him see me, cross the room and go in behind the other panel. That way he would have three choices. He could change panels and come into the dark hall where I would be and we could have it out. I would be able to see him come in, and he would not have all that much of an advantage in the dark. I liked that. The sound of silk had done part of it, the sound of silk falling. It might be that the dark would do the rest. I believed he would come in there with me. I had the image of him staying outside in the main room and stabbing back and forth through the panel on the other side. I felt this so strongly that I didn't believe there could be any other way to go.

I stepped out and went over. It was like crossing water so deep there was no bottom to it. The depth was the danger in itself; there is that pull. You cross on top and you know what you've been over. I got to the other side, opened the panel and closed it, knowing that he had seen me and would have to deal with my new position. It wasn't like on the other side I'd left, where I was sure I couldn't stay very long. Here, on this side of the depth, I was not worried about that; I would stay as long as it took.

Not long, not too long. The far panel opened, the light came in and stayed on the wall of clothes, on the bed between. The old man flat-footed forward, his sword at something like port arms, except that both hands were on the handle, the blade across his body, hip to shoulder. But this time was new, he was new: His head was forward, peering, in a way it hadn't been in the main room. I could maybe risk some sound, and I hit my bare heel on the floor. He took another step and swung, but he was at least ten feet from me. He swung again backhanded and then went into his crouch, in what must have been his defensive position. It was clear; it was clear, slow, then right away. Sound was his, but mine, too, if I could use it. I hit the floor again, the mat. He began to fight, but he was fighting a ghost, or maybe more than one of them. He still had that marvelous quick—I had never seen anything like it—but it all went into the dark and into his form. The moves of that long blade in the dim light were like a weave of steel, a net of metal and light. He thrust out, he pulled back, and all the time his balance was perfect. I didn't breathe and, almost caught in that net, for a second I thought I had everything. I thought I did. But I couldn't wait and I didn't; I would not ever forget. He must have been almost blind. But still quick, too quick. I led him with sound, he came in, he came onto my knife; I held it for him just so. Even though his jugular must have been cut, judging from the fire-out of blood, he stayed on his feet, still making his moves, holding his form, holding on to his ancestors who must have been soldiers, sure enough. Then, with the blood coming weaker, he went down, rolled, and I hit him through the back of the neck, cut the cord and finished him. He was still from then on out, but for me he would always be the one that made that weave of steel. Any lick would have cut through both forelegs of a bull elk, and I would always be just outside but watching; that was the best. "You're a good one," I said. "You sure are. I can use you."

I went back into the main room, got my knife, which was just like it always was except the relation was not quite the same. I needed to find the woman and started through the rooms. She was behind some clothes near the door where I had come into the house, not too far from my shoes. I ran her through twice without her making a sound. I laid her body out and put silk over it. I felt that maybe some of the good had come back into my blade, but I knew, also, that it would take more than that to get back what had gone out of it when it got knocked loose from me.

I dragged the old man's body out of the long hall and stretched it out near the table where he and his woman had been eating. I was thinking bone, long bone; I was thinking needles. If I got up as far north as I meant to, I would have to be better than any Eskimo; whatever I could pick up in the way of know-how I had better get. I peeled back the guy's sleeve and with my small knife I cut open the inside of his forearm, running

"Why is it that every time I decide to run for public office, someone trots out that damn old serial-killer stuff?"

the tip of the blade down the bone from his elbow to his wrist. Then I pulled a low stout bench from the wall it had been next to, laid the arm on it and brought down the handle of the old guy's sword as hard as I could three or four times. The bone cracked well enough, and I pried loose three long splinters and broke them off. The fire in the little cookstove on the table was going, with some meat in the pot, and I ate it while the bone splinters dried. It was good meat. I didn't think there would be much of it in Japan, the way the war was going for them, but this guy was rich, and I guess he could have had about anything he wanted. When I finished I took up the splinters and looked them over. They were dry now, and the points on them were as sharp as any needles you could want. I didn't want to work with them that night, but I did need to know if I could make eyes in them, so I took one of my fishhooks to see if I could penetrate the bone, and it turned out OK. I guess I could have straightened out the hooks and sewed with them, but I wanted them like they were.

I was real tired but maybe a little more excited than I should have been, so I walked around the room real slow, seeing what was there. It bothered me that there were no pictures or decorations, but I was not quite right about that, because off from the light in a corner was a little table with a vase on it and one flower. Funny, the flower didn't seem to be there in any way an ordinary person would put it. It's hard to explain, but it's like it was there as part of an arrangement from which the other flowers had been taken away. It reminded me of the jackstraws my father and I used to play with up in the cabin. You let a whole bunch of jackstraws fall any way they want to, and so far as you know they should've come out that way—even that they wanted to and knew about it before they fell, and even made it happen like it did. This flower had that about it: one jackstraw, right there, and right.

Up above the flower was a picture—I could barely make it out—of a young guy in a military uniform, probably the old man's son or grandson. I went into my first room, got my shoes from outside and lay down on the pallet. I was not worried about anything. I thought about the needles with a lot of pleasure because I had done something I never had before, and if I was going to live off the country when I got to where I was headed, as I planned to, this would help.

I slept pretty well, and it was first light when I woke up. Everything was very quiet, and I spent some time getting myself reorganized. I thought that when the sun came up the men who had talked to the old guy the day before would probably come back, but that they wouldn't come in the house without being asked. Sure enough, about eight o'clock there was a light knock at the door, and I was sure it was the same people. I sat on the pallet until they went away, and then I started going through the house for anything that I might be able to use. I didn't believe the others would be back that day. But I didn't think, either, that it would make sense to stay there more than just that day. I planned to leave before the sun came up again.

The old man and I were about the same size, though he was a little heavier. That was good, though, because the bagginess of his pants made it easy for me to fill the layer between two pairs of them with feathers. I spent all day sewing with strips of silk I cut out of some of the stuff hanging on the wall. By the time I finished I had two pairs of pants and two coats, all layered with swan feathers. That would do for a start; that would do pretty well. I needed some socks, or at least something I could wrap around my feet. And some gloves, and I found some with three fingers, but they would be all right since I didn't have anything else. I started the charcoal fire at the table and ate more meat, and then spent the last part of daylight going everywhere in the house I could, looking for light metals—anything thin and strong and, if possible, flexible. I wanted to streamline my bag, make it as light as I could and still have what I needed and not any bulkier than I could help. I had some feathers left. I could have used them all, but for some reason I didn't want to: I guess I had just got used to having them with me. The clothes I had sewn were hardly heavier than the feathers themselves, and with the other feathers, a couple of long things like skewers I wrapped up in silk, gloves, an extra pair of shoes and a hat with earflaps, I had what I wanted in the bag. That, plus the stuff I had brought with me, would be all I needed. I thought for a while I might take the old man's sword, because I could use it for hacking brush, say, or chopping light kindling. But in the end I left it, because I couldn't see any way I would be able to do any fighting with it. I wanted to remember how the old man looked when he was coming after me, like the sword was a part of him and the air in front of him was like a net, not on fire, exactly, but electric, sparking. I put some more silk over him, dark silk, and the sword on top of that, without the scabbard. I stowed the bag next to the back door by the woman's body and lay down again, and might even have laughed a little at the idea that I would be leaving before the break of light, the only American gunner in Japan who was sighting on Polaris and carrying two feather-layered coats and two pairs of pants, shoes, a flap hat, what was left of a bag of swan feathers and two pairs of three-fingered gloves.

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"What gets some people mad is that rap also speaks to white kids. It scares the parents."

gangbangers, junkies—that shit don't frighten me.

When you grow up in the ghetto, you're not afraid of it. You're there. I never want to be so far removed that I'm afraid of it. I remember my apartment with my mom. We'd hear everything in the night. She'd look out the window, being nosy and stuff. I'd tell her, "Stop being so nosy. Keep your mind on your own business." My father lived nearby. I didn't have to tell him nothing. Everybody in his neighborhood respected him, and they knew he had a big gun. That's how you build up a rep. You beat somebody's ass or you shoot somebody in the neighborhood. They know not to fuck with you.

ARMED AND DANGEROUS

I own a gun. My father owned one, too. And his father before him. I've grown up around guns and drugs and all that stuff.

The difference between you and me is that the brother in jail or the welfare mother or the lady on crack, those are my relatives. Those are people I've grown up with, who share my last name or are part of my family that I see at Thanksgiving or Christmas. Anyway, I'll be damned if I'm going to have somebody get the drop on me in my own house, and all I have is my Akita.

That scene in *Boyz N the Hood* where the father shot at the burglar actually happened. A guy broke into my father's house. My father had these mirrors up in the living room. He plastered them on the wall just so he could see, from the bedroom, a reflection of anyone who walked in the living room, who jumped through a window. He saw the guy and he got his magnum out—this is in the late Seventies. He had it halfway loaded and stuff. He got up to the hallway and just as he clicked it, the guy ran. My father fired on him, but my father didn't hit him.

He told me later, "Hey, this ain't like *Starsky and Hutch*." The cops came and one—black or white, I don't remember—said, "You should've got him—that would've been one less nigger we would've had to worry about." That's real life. That's the truth. That shit is real fucking life.

OPENING NIGHT MASSACRE

That first weekend *Boyz N the Hood* opened, lots of what happened was really overblown. Shootings around the corner and miles away were attributed to the movie. The media needed something to talk about on their six o'clock news. This stuff goes on every weekend in any major city in America. Only the media won't focus on it unless it's tied to a film opening. It happens with regular films, too. But that doesn't get reported.

I understand why some people are afraid to see a picture of a black man with a gun rather than a white man with a gun. In an American context, the former image is more threatening. [Actor/rapper] Tupac Shakur on a *Juice* poster, with a gun in his hand, is more threatening than Arnold Schwarzenegger with a gun in his hand on a *Terminator 2* poster.

When you see a crime show on TV, you see all these brothers getting shaken down. Or the Willie Horton thing. It's a debilitating image for a lot of black youth. Some of it is self-perpetuating. But these shows act like white people don't do any crime. They don't talk about the guy in Seattle who raped little boys and hanged them in their closets. But there's a lot more of that going on.

It's not concerts or the movies that get the people excited. It's the conditions they're living in. And one person doing something crazy can mess it up for 10,000. But the 10,000 can't be accountable for that one person.

KETCHUP AS A VEGETABLE

Reagan getting elected was the only thing I can point to that actually changed my life. I was 12 years old. Children in junior high school thought he was going to drop the bomb. During the 1981 assassination attempt, the news came over the school intercom. Here in the ghetto everybody clapped. I clapped. I thought they put a guy in there who didn't care about anybody. At 12 years old I already had a contempt for fascist politics.

He was more of a monster than I could imagine at 12 years old. When Reagan got in office, my neighborhood went straight down. And I didn't know things were bad. I didn't know that we were the underclass. The drug trade was more prolific. Just think if the president attacked education the same way they attacked Saddam Hussein. But no, teachers get treated like shit. I used to eat free lunches in school. Reagan deemed ketchup a vegetable. Ketchup was my vegetable! Truth is, he didn't want us to eat free meals. When I got to college, the motherfucker made it hard to get loans. However, I think things are like the early Sixties again. We're on the brink of another big revolution in terms of the way we all look at life.

WHY AMERICA LOVES BLACK CULTURE

America has always been fascinated. Look at Elvis. He made his fortune off the blood, sweat and tears of black music artists. The attitude with Elvis was that if they could get a white to do what was already being done by Chuck Berry or Fats Domino, it would elevate it. Any art form that black Americans start becomes distorted by others.

It's a natural thing, not a diabolical plan. Men in sheets aren't thinking, Hey, let's create Vanilla Ice and cash in on rap. It's about democracy and capitalism. But what sets then apart from now is this: Then, whites co-opted the culture and we weren't reaping any reward. Now, we're reaping the rewards. We're not expending all our creative energy and giving up our heart and artistic expression to make somebody else rich. Even white kids are buying hard-core rap now. [*Laughs*] I'm still trying to get my profit, though.

RAP: THE REAL INFORMATION HIGHWAY

In the Sixties different voices spoke out against repression. That's done now by rap music. Black men in this country, regardless of where they're from, just because of the conditioning that America puts down on them, are built to be soldiers. We're built to fight for our lives. Not only from the police and all the other forces in America that are against us but from our own. It's a constant battle. But some of that is beginning to subside because we are, in fact, getting our message out. For instance, there's no way that the Bloods and Crips could have formed a unity in Los Angeles if it hadn't been for the ascension of rap music as a communication base. It's our primary way of speaking out against the repression that we have to live with as black males in America. Even more so than black film, rap music has allowed black people to have a voice they didn't have before.

What gets some people mad is that rap also speaks to white kids. It scares the parents. It upsets the powers that be. They can sell it and they can pay us to make it, but it's not something they can control. If something comes out that they deem to be offensive, then they try to squash it. But I think it's great that young black men in my generation have a voice and can express it on any street corner in the country. If they get lucky, they can make a record and everyone else can hear what they have to say.

Everybody has creative energy. It doesn't matter if you make a record or make a movie, or jack somebody for their car, it's just energy. And it can be expressed in different ways.

If I couldn't be doing what I'm doing now, do you think I would just be passive and not be angry about my situation, not want to do something to strike out? If I

were so far into cars and into money that they were my priorities, and if the system prevented me from attaining them the so-called right way, don't you think I would take another way out? Anybody whose creative expression is squashed is a dangerous person.

SPIKE AND ME

I first met him just two weeks before I started film school. He was cool. Every so often, when he would come into town with a picture, I would see him. I'd be, "Hey, what's up, man?" We got to be on a first-name basis. Here I am in film school and Spike Lee knows me basically as John. That's cool for me because when my friends see me talking to him, they're like, "Man, some of that stuff's going to rub off."

Now, it's pretty cool because I've gone from Spike being my idol through film school to him being my peer. We know each other. There's things that he's experienced that I haven't experienced, and sometimes I'll talk to him about the things that are going on. If there were no Spike Lee, there would probably be no John Singleton. Spike has worked as a buffer for me. All the shit he had to climb through made a clear path for me. I've had it easy because he's had it so hard. That kind of angers me because it's like, here I am, poised to wade through it all and I haven't had to wade through it all. Spike took it to the next level. His very existence advanced black people in this country. He's shown that you can be African-American and carve a niche for yourself as a filmmaker. Before 1986, how many blacks had done that to his level? With the jackets and the T-shirts and the movies and the Levi's commercials and the Nike commercials, he's like a black P. T. Barnum.

POETRY IN MOTION

The first time I saw Janet Jackson was at Portola Junior High in the San Fernando Valley. In the eighth grade I got bused out there. My grades went all the way down. It was so bad—culture shock—but that's another story. I was a prepubescent kid and she was a year older, looked like a woman. It's interesting that our paths would cross years later.

What black man, what male in America, has not looked at Janet in the videos? So I wrote this script with her in mind. To actually have my plan totally come through is cool.

But I wouldn't work with her if she were plastic and could play only herself. People will see Janet born as a renaissance woman. They'll expect one thing and get another. They'll see an actress, which she was before she started singing. She's not playing herself. She's not singing. She's not hopping around in tight jeans and bustiers. It's beautiful, man. She's really like the girl next door.

THE GIRLS IN THE HOOD

Some critics called *Boyz N the Hood* misogynistic. Oh, please. The mother was a college graduate. She didn't dump the kid off with his dad. He told her it was his responsibility to make sure the boy became a man. She saw him on weekends. I cut out a scene where he's visiting her on a weekend because I wanted to get the pace up.

Those motherfuckers who say *Boyz N the Hood* is misogynistic are the same people who give good reviews to films that have black women who are maids and prostitutes. This movie was about guys—boys—who eventually survive to become men. It was in the title, you know. But at the same time, I can say that all the women in the movie were well-rounded and like real people. They weren't like the black women you see in all these other movies. Put my characters up against the others. You'll feel a different vibe.

GENERATION SEX

Sex in the Nineties? Got to be careful. You can't go around fucking 2000 women. Nothing wrong with safe sex, either. Ever since high school I've practiced it. I was always the dude to bring the protection. Like a Boy Scout, I'm always prepared. That just carried on into my adulthood. So it's cool with me. Of course, two years ago I didn't have to worry about bitches trying to get pregnant by me and shit, but that's the kind of shit I worry about now. And AIDS. That's greater incentive to put that hat on. My grandmother says: "Keep a sock on your worm."

She has another great saying: "A bitch will dig a nigger a ditch." Which means the wrong woman can lead to any man's downfall.

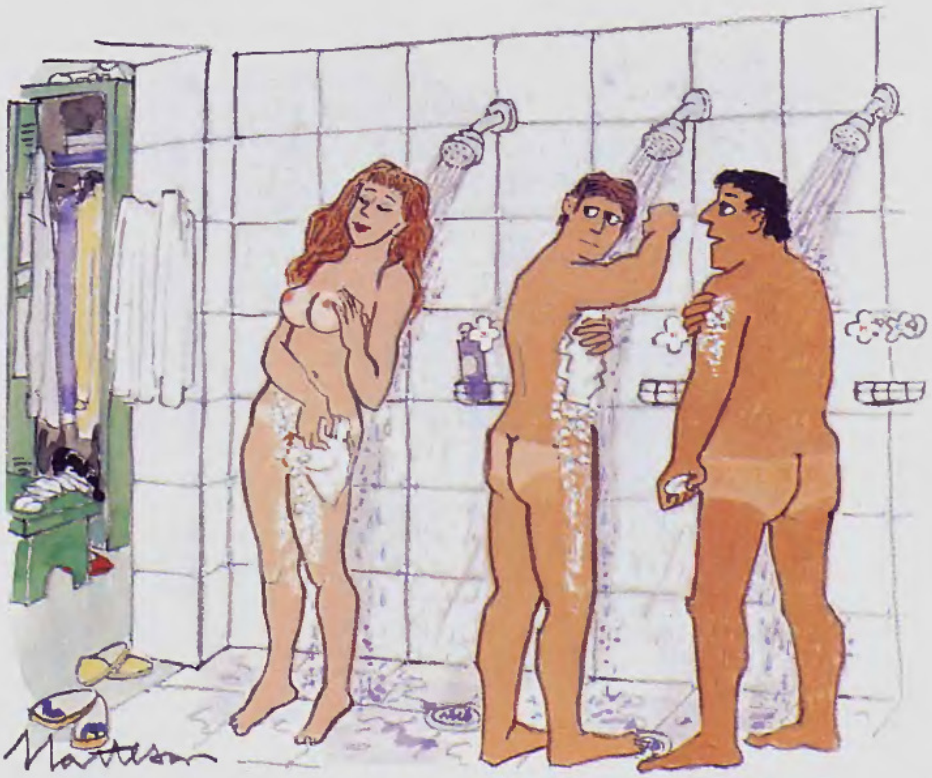
THE NEW JOHN SINGLETON

I'm already hearing young black filmmakers referred to as the new John Singleton. It makes me feel old. I'm still trying to be the next John Singleton. It makes a lot of young black filmmakers mad to be compared to me. I'd be mad, too. People were always comparing me to Spike Lee. My attitude is: "Hey, I had to carve my own niche."

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO JOHN

You want a philosophical thing? Life is a bitch. So fuck hard, eat good and die. I know my life hasn't been that hard. Although at any point I could have gone in the wrong direction growing up. I could be in jail, I could be dead, depending on the decisions that I made. Otherwise, I'm just your average 20-something American. It just happens I have a good job.

My primary interests are video games, fast cars and comic books. I look at movies. I like to get laid. It's cool. I'm a modern man. It's cool.



"At first, I was opposed to women reporters in the locker room, too."

WACO (continued from page 90)

"Agents live for the thrill of the moment, for the instant of a life-and-death confrontation."

instructors exchange an easy locker-room banter:

"Hey, Hank. What's doing?"

"Just more of God's work. Money laundering."

"Well, come on over to Hogan's Alley and get shot. Our new paint bullets sting like hell, break skin and everything."

Yet the hale, confident talk belies the reality that Quantico is a serious think tank bristling with 21st century crime-fighting tools. Special agent Steve Allan, chief of the forensic science unit at Quantico, told me that drug-detection devices have become sensitive enough to detect cocaine residue on any random dollar bill. A chemical called Luminol can find a bloodstain even under paint. Infrared lights can determine the chemical makeup of a tire smudge. And once the composition is known, agents have figured out how to track down that particular batch of tires. Quantico scientists can even take a hair or skin scraping, replicate the DNA and identify a suspect with the precision of a fingerprint.

Agents in the arson and bombing squad and the behavioral science unit can take the smallest crime-scene details and generate a detailed profile of the likely offender. One profile, broadcast on Seattle television, proved so accurate that an arsonist's parents recognized their own son. They turned him in and he confessed to setting a series of 75 fires. The expert who cracked the case told me: "That case went so well, it scared me. I think it's time to retire."

But even though Quantico sleuths can perform futuristic feats of detection, Koresh's crude methodology rendered every piece of gear and offender profile irrelevant. Listening devices planted in groceries that were delivered to the compound, helicopters taking heat-sensitive photos and even high-volume audio assaults using the sound of clocks ticking and Tibetan chants all proved useless. The case, it was becoming increasingly clear, would ultimately hinge not on gadgetry but on judgment. And already agents were bickering over whether Koresh was a con man or a psychopath, and whether to talk or assault. But to understand just how the Koresh compound looked to the FBI, I would need to delve deeper into Quantico culture.

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After completing a 16-week training course, all new agents swear to the FBI honor code, which appears at the close of a document entitled "Performance Dimensions of the Special Agent Position—Considered Critical to Effective Job Performance." In a few lines, the code stresses the pursuit of truth, excellence and honesty.

The curriculum, which covers firearms, physical fitness, criminal law and paperwork, molds agents into a tight-knit crew proud of its dedication and professionalism. FBI renegades do exist. But the agents I met spoke effusively about the privilege of working at the bureau. The older ones even became sullen at the mention of mandatory retirement at the age of 57. Yet one unspoken code seemed to define the Quantico ethos better than the codes of honor or bureau loyalty. It might be called "doing it."

Out on the grounds, agents were incessantly practicing tactical maneuvers. Students in black uniforms climbed walls, fired at pop-up targets or practiced drug raids on the side roads. It was a culture of action. Like every police officer I had ever known, agents live for the thrill of the moment, for the instant of a life-and-death confrontation, an event that is often the highlight of a career. Even members of the cerebral behavioral science unit reminisced with me about major busts and harrowing tales of murder.

But nowhere is the code of doing it more clearly embodied than in Hogan's Alley. Built at a cost of millions of dollars and based on Universal Studios in Hollywood, Hogan's Alley is a five-acre town used for simulating crimes.

At the entrance stands a pharmacy, the Bank of Hogan (known as the most-robbed bank in the world) and the Biograph Theater, eternally playing *Manhattan Melodrama* (a tribute to the movie theater near where John Dillinger was shot to death by federal agents). You round the corner and pass a pawn shop. Inside, a gambling casino is tucked away, complete with roulette wheel, blackjack tables and baccarat boards. The gambling gear came from real-life raids. As one agent put it: "The bad guys fund the good guys."

Past another corner stands a row of white-shuttered townhouses. Farther down are a seedy motel and a trailer park. A functioning luncheonette adds an unpredictable element of street life to crime scenarios. Many of the guys who sweated it out in Waco had cut their teeth in Hogan's Alley, talking role-playing agents out of blowing up buildings and forcing bank robbers to free their hostages. And many of the tactics considered in Jeff Jamar's briefing room were, no doubt, fine-tuned here.

During my visit to Hogan's Alley, I watched four agents attempt to capture a fugitive in the seedy motel. The team wore visors and carried pistol-sized paint guns. They split up into pairs, taking opposite sides of a door that opened into a darkened room. One student called out, "This is the FBI. Come out with your hands in the air."

Given the agent's angle and the darkness, the room seemed a confusion of shadows. Finally, one agent took out what looked like a car-radio antenna capped with a circular mirror. He dipped the mirror into the room and scoped out the blind corners. Still no sign of the fugitive. One agent lowered his hand. They all burst in, crossing in a V formation and yelling "Freeze." The fugitive, another trainee, sprang up from behind a dresser and fired. Paint exploded across the agents' visors.

In the debriefing session, the instructor seemed nonchalant about the raid's failure. "Well, you got yourselves killed," he began. Everyone laughed. He suggested some better strategies: entering with a "buttonhook," "slicing the pie" or using a percussion grenade.

Yet something about the exercise disconcerted me. Two of the agents had just made a mistake that somewhere down the road might cost them their lives. But these war games left you itching for the real thing, and they made the possibility of getting shot in the line of duty far less palpable. I thought of Koresh, holed up in Texas. Here was a killer whose actions demanded a swift response. Agents, however, were forced to hold off, lest lives unnecessarily be lost. The situation required the patience of a psychiatrist, not the guts of a crime fighter. And the mood, I imagined, surely must have been reaching the boiling point.

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To teach restraint and judgment while instilling raw skill, the ingenious FBI has begun using a new device. FATS—short for firearms training system—occupies a pair of trailers with blacked-out windows joined to make one large indoor firing range. The system, of which I was given a guided tour, turned out to be a cross between a video game and virtual reality.

Instructor David Martinez handed me a laser pistol modeled after the FBI's standard 9mm. He showed me proper stance: both hands on the pistol grip, arms locked, upper body leaning forward to absorb recoil. Then the lights went out and the games began.

I stood a few yards from a floor-to-ceiling projection screen. Instantly, my field of vision filled with the high-resolution, life-sized image of a typical mall. A voice explained: "You are a member of the LAPD on patrol with your partner. You have just been told of a disturbance at an ATM. You proceed to investigate." My partner pokes his head into the screen and says, "Man, I hope this is no big deal so we can get some lunch." We turn a corner and there's the ATM. A young black guy is banging at the cash drawer. As we close in, he turns and holds up a knife. I raise my pistol and assume firing stance.

"Hey, man, it's cool," he says, and lays the knife on the ATM ledge.

I keep my gun on him. Then he starts to reach into his back pocket. I say, "Stop. Keep your hands where I can see them."

The next instant he pulls a pistol and fires straight at me. Instinctively, I fire back. My first shot misses, but with the second he falls, though he doesn't drop the gun. I lower my pistol. He rears up to squeeze off two more rounds. This time I shoot until he's dead.

Martinez offered me a second chance since, as it happened, I was shot and killed by "the bad guy" the first time around. The game begins as before. My partner and I approach the man at the ATM. He puts down his knife and reaches behind his back. Primed, I shoot him in the head just as his hand returns to view. The man collapses to the ground. Too late, I see he's holding a wallet instead of a gun.

After the second scenario, Martinez played back the exercises with my side of the battle displayed on an inset screen. My shots appeared as green marks. Martinez then froze the frame, clocking my reaction time to the 100th of a second.

The firearms training system has dozens of scenarios: car stops, women with pistols under their skirts, bank robberies, four-man ambushes. Good guys endlessly chase bad guys. It was impressive in a gee-whiz sort of way. Yet by the third scenario I was ready for the tricks and fired accurately at the proper moments, and I felt no greater tension than during a fire drill. These weren't even paint bullets that could break skin. If faced with a real pistol, I would still probably either panic and forget to return fire, or spray bullets at anything that moved.

How, then, could you possibly train agents for the bizarre standoff at Waco?

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Five weeks after I left Quantico, David Koresh's apocalyptic vision was realized. Starting at 7:04 A.M. on April 19, the FBI

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 28, 120–125 and 173, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

WIRED

Page 28: "The Great Escape": **Virtual-reality game accessory** by *Sega of America*, for information, 415-591-7529. "For Speed Demons Only": **Laser–radar detectors:** By *Uniden America Corp.*, for information, 800-772-7497. By *Cincinnati Microwave*, for information, 800-433-3487. By *Bel-Tronics*, for information, 800-828-8804. By *Whistler*, for information, 800-531-0004. By *Cobra*, for information, 800-COBRA22. "Wild Things": **Portable photo CD player** by *Philips*, for information, 800-835-3506. **Laser disc–CD unit** by *Pioneer*, for information, 800-421-1404. **Computer game** by *Sierra On-Line*, for information, 800-326-6654.

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

Page 120: **Suit** from *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, 444 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-281-7200 and 867 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-606-2100. **Shirt** from *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, 960 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-280-1655 and 867 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-606-2100. **Tie** from *Polo by Ralph Lauren*. Page 122: **Suit** by *Vestimenta*, at select Barneys New York stores nationwide. **Shirt** by *Donna Karan*, at select Barneys New York stores nationwide. **Tie** by *Andrew Fezza*, at Macy's, 170 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, 800-44-MACYS. **Shoes** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Maraolo boutiques, 782 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C., 212-832-8182 and 835 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-628-5080. **Suit** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at select Barneys New York stores nationwide. **Shirt** and **tie** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000. **Sunglasses** by *Calvin Klein Eyewear*, available at fine optical boutiques nationwide. **Suit** from *Grays by Gary Wasserman for Greif*, at select Barneys New York stores nationwide. **Shirt** by *JA II by Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud stores, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200; 1335 Fifth Ave., Seattle, 206-223-1331. **Vest** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Tie** by *Andrew Fezza*, at Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's stores nationwide. **Sports jacket** by *Nick Hilton Collection*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Sweater** by *Nick Hilton Collection*, at Garys & Co., 1065 Newport Center Dr., Newport Beach, CA, 714-759-1622. **Vest** and **trousers** by *Nick Hilton Collection*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. Page 123: **Sports jacket, shirt** and **trousers** by *Joseph Abboud Collection*, at Joseph Abboud stores, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200; 325 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT, 203-869-2212. Page 124: **Suit** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, at select Barneys New York stores nationwide. **Shirt** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-3342. **Vest** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, at Tyrone, 76 Spruce St., Cedarhurst, NY, 516-569-3330. Page 125: **Vest** by *Vestimenta*, at select Barneys New York stores nationwide. **Eyeglasses** by *Calvin Klein Eyewear*, at fine optical boutiques nationwide. **Cuff links** by *Cuffton*, at LMN Fashions, for information, 800-847-4097. **Watch** from *Sentimento*, at Sentimento, 14 W. 55th St., N.Y.C., 212-245-3111. **Tie** by *Street LTD Design*, at Bon Marche stores nationwide. **Eyeglasses case** by *Donna Karan*, at fine specialty stores nationwide. **Eyeglasses** by *Alexander Julian*, at optical boutiques. **Cuff links** from *Sentimento*, at Sentimento, 14 W. 55th St., N.Y.C., 212-245-3111. **Tie** by *Joseph Abboud Collection*, at Joseph Abboud stores, Boston and Seattle. **Card holder** and **billfold** by *De Vecchi*, at Ultimo, 114 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-787-0906. **Watch** by *Time Will Tell*, at Time Will Tell, 962 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-861-2663.

ON THE SCENE

Page 173: **Portable DCC player** by *Panasonic*, for information, 800-348-9090. **Portable minidisc player** by *Aiwa*, for information, 800-BUY-AIWA.

sent in a tank to smash the first of three holes in the Koresh compound walls. At 11:00 A.M. they pumped in CS_2, a nonlethal, nonflammable tear gas. Within the day, agents figured, the Davidians' gas masks would become saturated and the group would surrender. Then, shortly after 1:00 P.M., the first flames could be seen rising into the sky.

After I saw the footage on CNN, I thought of sage police theorist Egon Bittner, who said that law-enforcement officials are under the dual pressure to do something and to be right. "The need to disregard complexity," said Bittner, "is built into the occupation." For the FBI in Waco, of course, there could be no replays on the FATS machine, nor a Hogan's Alley debriefing. Koresh and his followers were playing with real weapons. And each stood knee-deep in complexity.

Much, therefore, can be said in the FBI's defense. The bureau inherited a disastrous situation from the BATF. How much better would any other team have fared? For that matter, what other team? Apart from the Defense Department's Delta Force—forbidden by law from operating on U.S. soil—only local police have experience in dealing with armed standoffs. On top of that, the FBI waited 51 grueling days—hardly displaying a trigger-happy mentality. Yet something about federal-agent culture makes the final conflagration seem, if not inevitable, then at least predictable.

Quantico is a world of insiders and outsiders. One secretary I met summed up what I had sensed but not consciously realized: "When I started work here," she said, "I thought, My God, these men all look exactly alike."

She was right. With one exception, a female writing instructor, every agent I met at Quantico was a clean-shaven, clean-cut white male. Most looked like well-muscled insurance executives. Some kept Bibles on their desks or repeated phrases like "We're doing God's work." (Koresh probably said as much to his adherents.) The only blacks I saw were serving lunch at the cafeteria or robbing banks on the FATS machine.

And not surprisingly, given the demographics of its personnel, Quantico teaches a world of clear moral delineation. Every crime scene is peopled with good guys and bad guys. One agent even told me he taught seminars "throughout the United States and the free world." I thought the phrase had gone out with the Berlin Wall. When dealing with a bank robber, or a serial killer, this attitude no doubt works well enough. But when facing someone like Koresh, black-and-white moral categorization is a handicap.

After the Waco fire, FBI negotiators insisted they had been certain Koresh would never commit suicide. Yet many people immediately noted that Koresh's messianic complex made suicide an all-too-likely response. It was subsequently revealed that within the FBI ranks there was dissension about Koresh's sincerity. But, true to their training, agents finally classified Koresh as a manipulative fraud rather than a sincerely deluded zealot, as just another bad guy incapable of moral convictions. A former hostage rescue team agent told me: "Koresh is just a con man. Some guys try to sell you the Brooklyn Bridge. Koresh uses religion." Con men like that, the reasoning at Waco seemed to have gone, don't die for their causes. And this misperception set in motion a chain of decisions that led to the final debacle.

In the face of a perceived Armageddon, mass suicide was only one of many possible disastrous results. What was to stop Koresh's band from tossing grenades at the tank? Or marching out of the compound with the children at gunpoint? And how could the FBI know that the compound walls weren't rigged with explosives?

In the end, however, these niceties lead back to the fundamental question: Why did the FBI suddenly escalate the conflict? Koresh was effectively under house arrest. And it has even come out that plans to build a concrete wall around the compound were considered but scrapped.

Most likely, the ingrained notion that any lawbreaker is probably just an ordinary, amoral crook, and the ethos of "doing it," tipped the balance toward a tactical solution. To the FBI, Koresh represented the supreme insult: a federal-agent killer stringing them along, taunting them with broken promises and bogus deals. It would be hard to imagine an agent not itching to ram down the Ranch Apocalypse walls rather than sweat out another month kowtowing to a con man. As one FBI official remarked: "These people had thumbed their nose at law enforcement."

But the blunt rebuttal to this remark has to be: Frustration comes with the territory. So does enduring a few slings and arrows. In this battle, passion overtook reason. It led to a misreading of Koresh's character and to an unnecessary loss of life.

The FBI is a powerful, pervasive force in our country, and it will become more so as its scientific sophistication increases. We need agents who possess the qualities that imbued Quantico: fearlessness, daring, zeal. But Waco is unsettling evidence that the judgments of agents do not always match the refinements of their technology and the boldness of their tactics. Patience, humility and insight are among the most valuable weapons missing from the FBI arsenal.

"The doctor would like you to disrobe and put this on."

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

NEW TRAVELING MUSIC

Now that Panasonic has launched the first portable digital compact cassette player, competition between it and the already portable minidisc system is heating up. Both recordable digital formats have their advantages, of course, including title-and-artist readouts. DCC-to-go gives you superb sound that's comparable with what you get from CDs—and you can also listen to analog cassettes on a DCC player. (The sound won't be quite as good, but your favorite tapes can still hit the road when you do.) Minidisc players offer great sound, too, and you get instant access to individual tracks, a memory chip that prevents skipping and the kick that comes from being one of the first to own an exciting new floppy-disk-type format. Flip a coin.

Top left: Panasonic's one-pound RQ-DP7 portable DCC system is a playback-only unit with digital readout, a built-in rechargeable battery and Dolby B noise reduction for analog playback, about $550. Bottom: The new Aiwa AMD-100 portable minidisc player and recorder features 21-track programmability, an LCD that lists song titles and artists and an edit function for dividing, combining and erasing tracks, about $800.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

Julie's Tying One On

Does JULIE KRUIS look familiar? She sold La Victoria salsa with Lee Trevino on TV, appeared on a Bud Dry poster, graced the covers of *Swimwear Illustrated* and *Swimsuit International* and has won bikini contests.

Band on the Run

BON JOVI is celebrating a decade of making music together with a tour sold out through 1994. Worldwide that comes to 40 million records, and the latest LP, *Keep the Faith*, is another hit. The boys are currently on tour with Extreme in a city near you. So slap on your gaudy outfit, lace up your dancing shoes and hit the outdoor arena.

Life's Just a Bowl of Cherry

Singer NENEH CHERRY is cheering. Her recent LP, *Homebrew*, was the critics' choice, and the single *Buddy X*, about a guy who talks family values but cheats on his woman, is sneaking up the charts.

Over, Above the Crowd

Model FABI OVER is just getting started. In addition to working on a poster, she has been featured in magazines and fashion layouts. And now we get in on the act. *Grapevine* salutes Fabi.

© SCOTT DOWNIE/CELEBRITY PHOTO

She's a Hit, Not Amis

Critics have called actress SUZY AMIS "mesmerizing" and a "standout," but in so-so movies. Two upcoming roles ought to change that. In *The Ballad of Little Jo* she plays a woman posing as a man, and in *Watch It*, a romantic comedy co-starring Peter Gallagher, Suzy gets to show off. Even more than in this dress.

© A.J. BARRATT RITNA

The Return of the Funkmeister

Party animal and rapper's delight GEORGE CLINTON, along with the P-Funk All-Stars and the Red Hot Chili Peppers, tore the roof off the last Grammy show. He's happy to be sampled, always pushing the envelope and touring again. We say, Hail to Clinton.

ANDY SCHWARTZ

Life's a Topless Beach

Model NICOLE BEACH appears as a model in the Michael J. Fox movie *For Love or Money*. Designer Isaac Mizrahi plays a designer, Julian Russell, à la Calvin. Art imitates life.

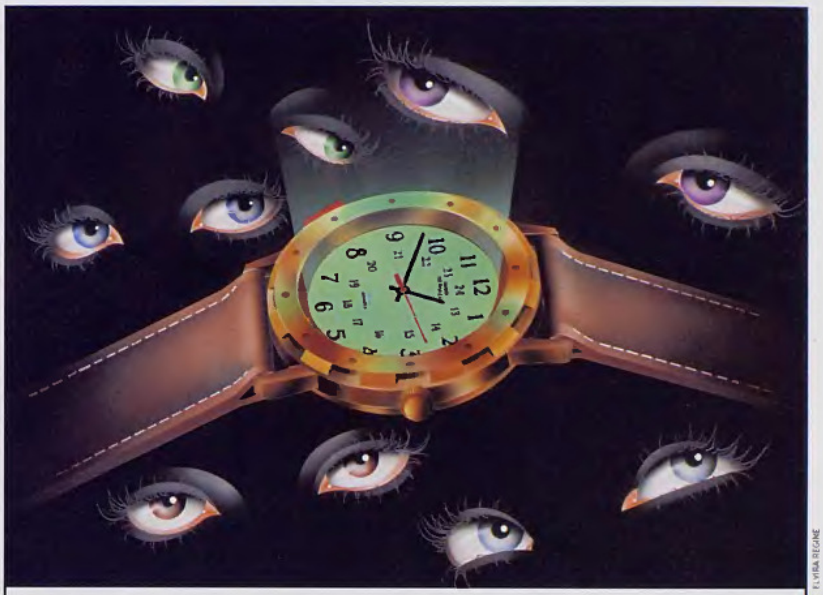
THE BEAT GOES ON

Jack Kerouac on the San Francisco scene. Lenny Bruce doing his *Psychopathia Sexualis* routine. Allen Ginsberg reading from *Howl*. Beat is back, kind of, and Rhino Records is offering a boxed set titled *The Beat Generation* that's a "collage of poetry, jazz, comedy and interviews drawn from rare recordings dating back to the late Forties." The price in record stores: about $40 for three cassettes, $48 for three CDs. Like, crazy, man.

BALLS IN AN UPROAR

More Balls Than Most, Ltd. in Birmingham, Michigan guarantees to make you a legend in your own lunchtime. Its three-ball juggling set comes with a booklet titled *A Short Course in Life Enhancement* that includes an eight-step approach to three-ball juggling. (The soft urethane-coated spandex balls are filled with birdseed and go "thud" when you catch them.) All for $30, postpaid. Call 800-626-4304 to order.

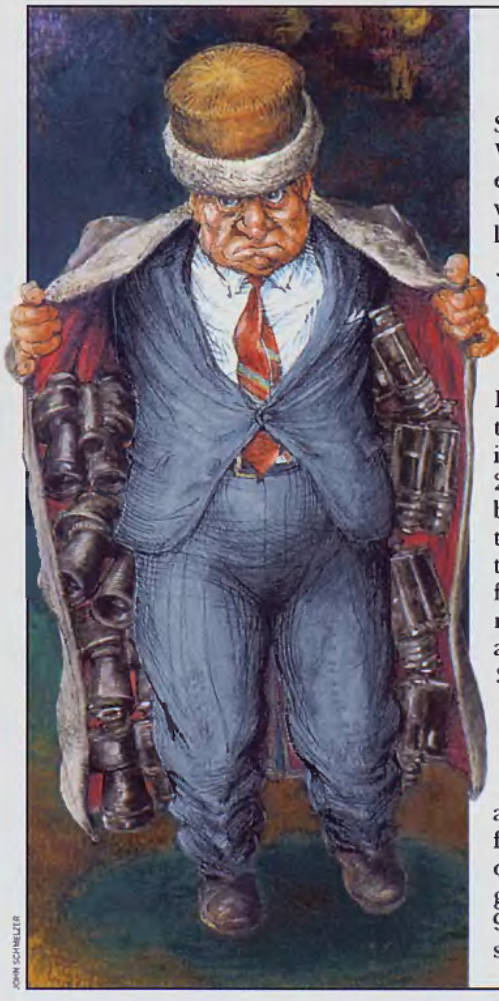
WILLIE DOUGLAS



ELVIRA REGINE

TIME FOR A LIGHT

According to Timex, one of their new Indi Glo Night-light watches illuminated the way down a pitch-dark stairwell when the World Trade Center was evacuated last winter. With Indi Glo, the entire dial is the light source, not just the phosphorescent substances painted on the hands and numerals. The dial emits a bright and steady blue-green light at the push of a button. Twenty-six Timex watch styles incorporating Indi Glo technology are currently available, with more on the drawing board. Prices range from about $40 to $55.



JOHN SCHMELTER

RUSSIAN SPY-TECH, WITH LOVE

Since the end of the Cold War, Russian-made optical equipment such as night-vision binoculars, monoculars, telescopes and other James Bond–type goodies have become as readily available on the international market as vodka and caviar. One importer, Intertech in North Kingstown, Rhode Island, has an inventory that ranges from 20 x 60 magnification binoculars for $179.95 to a telescope powerful enough to enable reading a passport from a distance of 12.4 miles. (The latter sells for about $5500.) And their $1400 gyro-stabilized binoculars, which provide a steady image even when used in a moving car, compare to ones being sold by a Japanese manufacturer for $5800. For information on this and other exotic spy gear, call Intertech at 800-945-9103 and ask for spec sheets.

DINING OUT, RAO STYLE

Power diners in Manhattan know that Rao's (say Ray-Oh's) Italian restaurant at 114th and Pleasant Avenue in Harlem is one of the toughest tables in town. As an alternative to booking months in advance, you can order a 32-ounce jar of its homemade marinara sauce for $10.95, postpaid (or $24.85 for a three-pack), by calling 800-HOMEMADE. The sauce is made from tomatoes that are naturally sweet. Then call 212-722-6709 and reserve a table at Rao's.

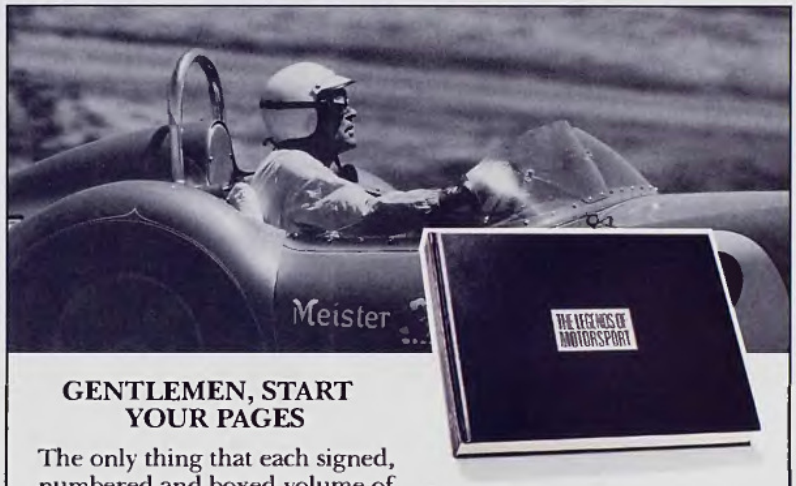
STEVE BOSWICK

A WISH IS A DISH

You have sports cards and PLAYBOY trading cards. Now there's a series that showcases famous foodies of Chicago. Published in a limited edition of 5000 boxed sets, each of the 20 3½" x 4½" cards features the chef's photo on one side and background information and a recipe on the other. Part of the set's $18.50, postpaid, price goes to a children's charity, the Make-a-Wish Foundation of Northern Illinois. To order, a check made payable to the Culinary Card Collection should be sent to the Make-a-Wish Foundation, 640 North LaSalle Street, Suite 282, Chicago 60610.

FIRE WHEN READY, WINDY

Back in 1935 Zippo illustrated the ads for its now-famous windproof lighter with a pert Varga-type spokesmodel named Windy, who was demurely lighting her cigarette on a blustery day. (Of course, her blowing skirt was not so demurely clinging to her long, sexy legs.) Now the company is offering for one year only a chrome lighter featuring a replica of Windy cast in pewter, housed in a handsome lithographed tin. With a suggested retail price of only $19.95 in drugstores and tobacco shops, it's going to be a collector's item.



GENTLEMEN, START YOUR PAGES

The only thing that each signed, numbered and boxed volume of *The Legends of Motorsport*, by Dave Friedman, doesn't come with is the smell of burning rubber. Four of the greatest eras in racing are captured in more than 400 black-and-white photos: Formula One (from 1960 to 1972), sports racers (from 1958 to 1973), Trans Ams and stock cars (from 1962 to 1972) and championship cars (from 1961 to 1969). The price: $158, postpaid, sent to MRI Publishing, 1245 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 90017.

DON'T SPARE THE ROD

R&R Services is an auto glass and body artwork company in Bay City, Michigan that will do finely detailed glass engraving or paint anything that sits still long enough. Its specialty is hot rods, and the company's Hot Rod Horsepower logo, emblazoned with a muscular horse in dark glasses, is well known in the industry. Now you can get Hot Rod Horsepower T-shirts in black or gray for $14, postpaid (sizes medium through extra large), matching sweatshirts ($24), black satin jackets ($60) and other items such as caps ($7.50) and belt buckles ($11). Call 800-447-7669. A catalog costs a buck. Vroom!

PETER PALOMBI

NEXT MONTH

SHEAR MADNESS

CHEATING HEARTS

CALEDONIA COUNTDOWN

PAC BEAUTIES

EQUILIBRIUM—THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE JOEY'S ONCE-MOUSY GIRLFRIEND STARTED PUMPING IRON. NOW JOEY WONDERS IF HE CAN LOVE A WOMAN WHO HAS DEVELOPED MUSCLE—PRIZE-WINNING COLLEGE FICTION BY **ROLAND N. KELTS**

56–0—THE CALEDONIA COLLEGE SHUCKERS ARE IN A SLUMP. ONLY THEIR GRIDIRON TENACITY STANDS BETWEEN THEM AND HUMILIATION—FICTION BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

CHEATING HEARTS—WHEN IT COMES TO THE GAME OF LOVE, NO ONE BENDS THE RULES LIKE A MARRIED MAN. OUR INTREPID JOURNALIST GETS THE INSIDE DOPE IN A SERIES OF CANDID CONFESSIONS FROM HUSBANDS WHO FOOL AROUND—BY **LORI WEISS**

WHO IS BUBBA?—TRAVELING LIFE'S FAST LANE IN A PICKUP TRUCK, BUBBA IS NO HICK, HE'S A STATE OF MIND. IN AN EXCERPT FROM HIS HILARIOUS NEW BOOK, **DAN JENKINS** REVEALS WHAT YOU'VE PROBABLY SUSPECTED: THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF BUBBA IN EACH OF US

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST—FREE AGENCY HAS WREAKED HAVOC IN THE NFL. **DANNY SHERIDAN** UNTANGLES THE MESS AND TELLS WHO CAN STOP DALLAS. ANYONE? PLUS, SPORTS JOURNALIST **PAT JORDAN** HAS A LIVELY VISIT WITH COWBOYS GOLDEN BOY **TROY AIKMAN**

WESLEY SNIPES—HOLLYWOOD'S BLACK ACTION HERO STALLS THE BAD GUYS TO TALK ABOUT WOMEN, BLACK SEXUAL POWER AND BOX-OFFICE CLOUT IN A FEARLESS 20 QUESTIONS—BY **DAVID RENSIN**

JERRY SEINFELD—THE STAR OF TV'S EPONYMOUS HIT IS AN SWM, 39, WITH A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR AND WITHOUT A GIRLFRIEND. READ WHY—AND ALL ABOUT STAND-UP, SNEAKERS AND SELF-ABUSE—IN A VERY FUNNY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW—BY **DAVID RENSIN**

RHONDA SHEAR KEEPS INSOMNIACS LAUGHING WITH HER NINJA-BIMBO WIT. THE *UP ALL NIGHT* CABLE HOSTESS SHARES A BIT OF HER MADNESS IN A DELICIOUS PLAYBOY PICTORIAL

PLUS: PLAYMATE **JENNY MCCARTHY,** TEN GLORIOUS PAGES OF THE WOMEN OF THE PAC TEN, **ASA BABER** TAKES ON HIS CRITICS, BACK-TO-CAMPUS FASHIONS AND ELECTRONIC SCHOOL PRODUCTS

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Marlboro

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